

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



W. & A. JOHNSTON EDINB.





IMPRESSIONS AND EXPERIENCES
OF THE
WEST INDIES AND NORTH AMERICA
IN 1849

BY
ROBERT BAIRD, A.M.

“ Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.”

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCL

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
Sail from Cuba to Mobile—Mobile—Sail to New Orleans— Fellow-Travellers, and their Habits and Feelings, particu- larly towards England — American Steam-Ships — New Orleans—The Crevasse and the Levée—The Mississippi from New Orleans to Cairo—Mouth of the Ohio—Louisville, Kentucky—Sail to Cincinnati,	1

CHAPTER II.

State of Ohio—City of Cincinnati—System of Education—Pork Trade of Ohio—Railway to Sandusky—American Demo- cracy—Sandusky City—Lake Eric—City of Cleveland— Buffalo—Niagara Village—Falls of Niagara and their Con- comitants,	52
--	----

CHAPTER III.

Leave Niagara—Lewistown and Queenstown—Brock's Monu- ment—Lake Ontario—Oswego—Kingston—Ogdensburg and Prescott—St Lawrence and its Scenery—Thousand Islands —Shooting the Rapids—Lachine—Lachine Railway and Montreal—Quebec and its Citadel, &c.—Falls of the Mont- morenci—Return to Montreal—Public Feeling in Canada, and its Causes,	96
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

	Page
Leave Montreal—La Prairie—Railway to St John's—Steamer Burlington—Lake Champlain—Lake George—Whitehall— Rail to Saratoga—Saratoga and its Springs—Railway to Troy and Albany—Albany—Hudson River—Arrival at New York,	131

CHAPTER V.

City and Harbour of New York—English Navigation Laws— Population and Progress of New York—Comparative View of New York and Glasgow in Scotland—Omnibusses in New York—Croton Water-Works—Opera-House Riot in 1849—Summary of Memorabilia of New York—Routes from New York to Philadelphia—Philadelphia, &c.—Girard College—Routes from Philadelphia to Baltimore—Baltimore —Monument to Washington—Railway to Washington— Capital, and its Capitol,	148
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

Leaving Washington—Return to New York <i>via</i> Baltimore and Philadelphia—New York—Route to Boston—New England Railways—The Pilgrim Fathers—City of Boston—Harvard University—Cemetery at Mount Auburn—Town of Lowell, its Original Foundation, Rise, and Progress—Leaving America,	216
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Americans and their Characteristics—American Slavery— International Copyright—Emigration to North America in General, and to the United States in Particular,	244
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Leave Boston and Halifax—Voyage Home—Icebergs—Shoal of Whales—Existence of Sea-Serpent—Old England,	396
--	-----

THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER I.

“Hail, Columbia!”

“United States, your banner waves,
Two emblems—one of fame.”

CAMPBELL.

SAIL FROM CUBA TO MOBILE—MOBILE—SAIL TO NEW ORLEANS—FELLOW TRAVELLERS, AND THEIR HABITS AND FEELINGS, PARTICULARLY TOWARDS ENGLAND—AMERICAN STEAM-SHIPS—NEW ORLEANS—THE CREVASSE AND THE LEVÉE—THE MISSISSIPPI FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CAIRO—MOUTH OF THE OHIO—LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—SAIL TO CINCINNATI.

THE sail from Cuba down the Gulf of Mexico to Mobile Point, on the great continent of North America, a distance of about five hundred and fifty miles, is performed by the steam-ships in somewhere under two days and a half; and when the weather is fine, as it generally is, a more agreeable sea-voyage is almost nowhere to be found. At the time when I

performed it, in the R. M. steam-ship *Severn*, the English steamers did not proceed farther than Mobile Point, whence to the town of Mobile, a distance of some twenty miles, the passengers were conveyed by a small river steamer. At the period referred to, the arrangements of the British West Indian Steam-Packet Company, in some of their operations, were in their infancy—the former place of the steamer's call having been New Orleans. But if matters continued as they then were, (in 1849,) there is much reason, as well as room, for improvement. It is certainly not very comfortable for any traveller, and particularly for ladies and invalids, to be roused from sleep at midnight, and called on to disembark, during a rough night, from the large steam-ship into the small, miserable little screw-propelled steam-boat, into which we were transhipped at the mouth of the Mobile river. The charge, too—three dollars a-head for conveying the passengers from Mobile Point to the town of Mobile in the river steam-boat—seems excessive, particularly to those accustomed to the very moderate fares exacted in the steamers, or rather steam-ships, of the United States. It was, therefore, not without reason that there was much grumbling at such arrangements on the part of my fellow-passengers and myself.

Observing that the cabin-lights remained unquenched beyond the usual hour for “turning in,” and also some other prognostications of a coming change, I had a presentiment that we might be called upon to leave the ship (which would then steam

onward, across the Gulf of Mexico) ere morning dawned. Therefore my preparations were made for such contingency, and with some Spanish fellow-passengers I was "sitting up," waiting the course of events. Several of my compatriots had, however, made up their minds to remaining on board the steamship till daybreak at least, and, animated by such vain expectations, had, so soon as the ship passed into smooth water under the "lee of the land," made themselves comfortable for the night in their circumscribed "state rooms." These voyagers were, as might have been supposed, the chief malcontents. But the disaffection was general. It was an ill-arranged affair; and, if the system be not yet amended, it certainly requires very much to be so. The matter might very easily be more comfortably and more economically arranged. There are numerous excellent steamers sailing between Mobile and New Orleans at very moderate fares, and, by an arrangement with the owner or master of one or other of the steamers, or with some other of the Mobile steamboat proprietors, the English company might very easily secure much greater comfort, at a much more moderate rate, for the numerous voyagers of all countries who patronise their steam-ships, and who, in this age of competition, can only be expected to continue so to do, if due attention be paid to their convenience and comfort.

The approach to that part of the coast of North America where Mobile river debouches, presents

no features of attraction: low, flat, and dreary are its prevailing characteristics. It must also be of very dangerous navigation, and, even as we approached, we saw a large ship of about 700 tons burthen lying stranded on a sand-bank, and with the sea breaking over her at each return of the wave. She had gone on shore some weeks before, laden with a cargo of salt, and efforts were then making to get her off.

The name "Mobile River" is of a nomenclature which is calculated to mislead. Properly speaking, it is the estuary of the Alabama, or at least it is formed by the confluence of that noble stream with the river Tombeckbee. Of the scenery between the bay and the town I can say nothing, (save that report makes little mention of it,) seeing that the four hours spent on it were passed on the small, slow, screw-propelled steam-boat in the darkness of night.

In the town of Mobile there is not much to detain the traveller who has no other objects save pleasure and health in view. Although now a town of some standing, containing about 14,000 inhabitants, it is only of late years that Mobile has sprung into importance. It is a thriving, bustling, and improving place, and carries on a large trade, chiefly in cotton, with many parts of the world, and especially with Great Britain. As a port for the shipment of cotton, it is now second only to New Orleans.

From Mobile to New Orleans the sail is by steamers, and along the coast, inside of certain sandy islets, which stretch along the low flat shore for nearly

the whole way to the entrance to Lake Pont-chartrain. The distance is about a hundred and seventy miles; and the steamer I journeyed in, rejoiced in the once controversial name of the Oregon. She was a large, excellent, well-appointed boat; and for the moderate cabin fare of five dollars, the voyage is made in her in great comfort. Indeed, I may here, once for all, say, that throughout my journeyings in the United States of America, I found that all I had heard or read regarding the comparative discomfort of American steamers from the jostling of fellow-passengers and intrusiveness of strangers, was either altogether untrue or grossly exaggerated. There is no doubt that there are in the United States, as there are everywhere else, varieties in the travellers you are destined to meet with, as well as in the comforts and accommodations of the steam-boats you are induced or compelled to travel in. But he or she to whom such variety is a source of discomfort, or to whom it is not a source of amusement and of interest, had better not travel at all, being altogether unfitted for doing so. Nor need it be concealed that in America, and particularly in the Western States, where society is in a state of rapid advancement and transition, the traveller is more apt to meet with persons of intrusive and offensive manners, than when travelling in the older countries of Europe, or at least in England. But cases of offensiveness are the exceptions, and the rare ones. And it is not even always, when the traveller in America meets with a person peculiarly intrusive, that

he can justly consider the intrusion as impertinence. Ofttimes did I find, on a little cross-questioning of the interrogator, who displayed at any time an unusual desire to make himself acquainted with my past life, present objects, and future prospects, that there was no idea in his mind that the detail could be anything save grateful to my feelings ; and not unfrequently did I discover that the person whose obtrusiveness, when on the river or the road, was most marked, if not most offensive, displayed most anxiety to be useful in facilitating my arrangements at the termination of the voyage or journey. Besides, it should be remembered that the United States of America are peculiarly a "land of travel," where that party which may there at least be denominated *par excellence* "the people" move much about, from one part of the country to another ; so that to give the conduct or conversation of such persons as fair specimens of the conduct and conversation of the more refined circles of Transatlantic society, were to commit an injustice which, however often it has been committed, is most flagrant and unpardonable.

I have thought it just to record these remarks, as the result of my personal observation while travelling in America, because of the frequency with which, even still, and of late years, one sees attempts made to prove that an offensive familiarity and obtrusiveness are very general characteristics among our American brethren. At the same time I never had the desire, and I certainly have not the intention, to be an indis-

criminate panegyrist of the land of "stars and stripes." True to my motto, I will "nothing extenuate," even while I set down "naught in malice." It is therefore that I add that, at least when travelling in the Western States of the American Union, the European traveller must expect to hear and to see many things which, there can be no doubt, contrast unfavourably with European, and particularly with English habits and customs; and which even the educated and intelligent among Americans will themselves admit may be much amended. Only to mention a few of such particulars in evidence of the general truth of this remark:—the habit, I had almost said vice, of boasting, so common in the States, where it is not simply amusing, is certainly offensive. When one finds it deforming the character of a person, otherwise agreeable and intelligent, its exhibition is not a little provoking; but, generally, it is exhibited to an offensive extent only by the comparatively ignorant and illiterate, and is based on an almost entire unacquaintance with the advances made in science and art throughout Europe during the last twenty years. Confining their attention, in a great measure, to the transactions of their own continent, many of the persons one meets with in public conveyances in the United States, know little or nothing of European affairs; or only know of them vaguely, and through the medium of the inferior part of their public press, which, echoing and reflecting the prejudices of "the people," caters for their appetite for praise, by giving only such versions

of what passes in Europe as will afford that comparison with things in the Republic which is most flattering to themselves. Thus it happens that, while all Americans see, as they cannot fail to do, the rapid advances in every department of art and science, made in their own country, they are apt to think that such advances are confined to their Union; that, while they have been progressing, Europe generally, and especially England, has been standing still. Of course, it is not worth while to stop to point out the greatness of such a mistake, or the errors in reasoning into which it will necessarily lead. My object is not to laud my native land, but to give a fair exposition of my experiences when travelling in the United States of America.

But it is only a duty, and a compliance with the principle set out with, to add, that in many, indeed in most of the cases in which I heard ridiculous, ignorant boasting relative to American affairs or American resources, or offensive remarks and allusions to other countries, and to Great Britain in particular, I found, on inquiry, that the ignorant utterer was not a native-born American, but—I confess it with shame—a native of the land to which his obnoxious remarks were intended to refer. I find it recorded among my experiences, when sailing up the Mississippi, that the Englishmen or Irishmen who have left their own country in comparatively early life, and probably from disappointed hopes, and have been located in the United States for some fifteen or

twenty years, are, of all classes, the most offensive which one meets when travelling the ordinary routes of travel in the United States of America. Although, perchance, and not unfrequently, these persons are of those

“Who leave their country for their country's good,”

the idea seems to possess them that the fact of they themselves having been compelled, by want of industry or of success, to leave their native land, gives them a title to abuse her and her institutions. The abuse of such parties, however, is of little consequence, if they would not, at the same time, grossly misrepresent and misstate. But it is not easy for one who feels that the simple knowledge of the truth would go far to promote international goodwill, and who witnesses the efforts of the great and good, both in England and America, to foster a right understanding between these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, to hear, without indignation, the cool misstatements regarding matters in Great Britain, palmed by such Anglo or Irish Americans upon the credulity of the native-born Americans to whom they may address themselves. Most natural is it for an American to judge of the land of his forefathers, and of its institutions and customs, from the report and statement of the person in his own rank in life, and whom he personally knows to have been born in it. Nothing can he know of the fact, that the person who thus professes to enlighten him, left his native land in utter igno-

rance of the nature of its institutions, and without having even visited the chief seats of literature, of elegance, or of commerce, which that glorious land contains : and only can he guess how far, since leaving it in early life, such informant has had the means of knowing anything regarding its progress in education, in art, or in general improvement. He takes the coolest and most flagrant assertions for gospel truths, and flatters himself with the conviction that he has his information on the best authority—on the authority of a native-born subject of the land of which he has spoken. And most natural is it that the American should do so.

The extent and magnitude of this evil, and the extent to which it operates in the way of preventing that clearer knowledge of each other, which is desired by all those who understand the true interests of the two nations, and have the wellbeing of both warmly at heart, must be seen and felt to be fully appreciated. It extends even into high places. Even some of those who know better, find it their interest to keep up the delusion ; and it is surely lamentable to see a newspaper, conducted by a Scotchman, made constantly and systematically the vehicle of circulating through the United States of America the grossest and most puerile, as well as palpable slanders and misstatements, regarding Great Britain, and the feelings of its inhabitants towards their American brethren. Yet so it is ; and the evil descends to the very lowest rank, and exhibits itself even in the most trivial mat-

ters, of which, among many instances that happened under my own observation, I may, for the sake of illustrating my reasoning, mention one which occurred when sailing up the Mississippi in the steam-ship Peytona. A person who was very fond of obtruding his extremely democratic opinions, of making impertinent allusions to English politics, and of making himself otherwise offensive, and whom I found, on a little delicate inquiry, to be a native of Ireland, resident for the last twenty years in the United States of America, and whom success in trade had elevated to a social position—to adorn which he had not received any adequate education—was asked by a genuine Yankee whether any of “these fixings”—pointing to a dish of miserably cooked artichokes—were grown in the “old country.” The cool but unhesitating response was—“No; they have none of these things;” and this valuable piece of statistical information, designed, no doubt, as an illustration of the inferiority of British climate and soil, was of course recorded in the memories of the surrounding Americans (whom education did not prevent from believing it) as something received on the very best authority.

The above observations are the result of no afterthought. They were recorded in my Journal at the time I witnessed the scenes that originated them, and it was not till long after this record had been made, that my attention was directed to the corroborative observation of Mr Charles Dickens, who remarks, in his *Notes on America*, that “In the course of this day’s

journey we encountered some Englishmen (small farmers, perhaps, or country publicans at home) who were settled in America. Of all grades and kinds of men that jostle one in the public conveyances of the States, these are often the most intolerable and the most insufferable companions. United to every disagreeable characteristic that the worst kind of American travellers possess, these countrymen of ours display an amount of insolent conceit, and cool assumption of superiority, quite monstrous to behold. In the coarse familiarity of their approach, and the effrontery of their inquisitiveness, (which they are in great haste to assert, as if they panted to revenge themselves upon the decent old restraints of home,) they surpass any native specimens that came within my range of observation; and I often grew so patriotic when I saw and heard them, that I would cheerfully have submitted to a reasonable fine, if I could have given any other country in the whole world the honour of claiming them for its children."

Other sources of annoyance to the European traveller, on the western rivers of the United States, and in which the Americans have yet much to amend, are to be found in the personal habits and practices of the general run of travellers with whom you necessarily come into some measure of contact, when travelling in the public conveyances. In particular, chewing, and its concomitant spitting, are all but universal; and of this universality the indices are generally to be seen on the decks of the steam-packet

when sailing up the mighty Mississippi. Washed and thoroughly cleaned every morning, ere evening they were reduced to a state in every way abominable, and anything but appetising. The habit of chewing I had long known to be much more general in the United States than in any country in Europe, but, till I saw the extent to which it was indulged in the Western States of America, I had no adequate idea of the magnitude of the evil. There is another evil practice which I may be permitted to characterise under the mild name of habit, which is unfortunately but too often heard on board the Mississippi steamers—I mean the habit of profane swearing. The monstrous Mississippi being as it were the great highway from the south to the north, and its scarcely less noble tributaries the Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, Red River, &c., being as it were “branch lines” which intersect the vast valley to the right and to the left, there is a constant flow of travellers of every kind, grade, and sort, travelling along; while the comparative thinness of the population (there being not more than between eight and nine millions in the whole vast region known as the valley of the Mississippi—a region capable of supporting in wealth and comfort not less than at least ten times that number) renders the restraints of law and of order somewhat difficult to be enforced. These two causes combine to make the routes of travel by the Mississippi the resort of gangs of gamblers, who travel up and down in the steamers, playing, or professing to play among themselves, but constantly on the look-

out for the unwary, and ready to combine to “pluck the pigeon,” when such falls into their trap. I was happy to be informed that, of late years, the audacity of such persons, as well as their numbers, have greatly decreased. Formerly they were peculiarly insolent and even overbearing, confidently trusting in their numbers. But the rapid progress of the Western States in population and civilisation has tended greatly to their discountenance; and it is to be hoped that travellers in these regions will, in a few years, not have a plentiful supply of blacklegs and gamblers to note as among the characteristics of the route. Were it only among such persons that the profanity of language I have thought it necessary to allude to exhibited itself, such a thing were only what was to be expected. ’Twere unreasonable to expect to “gather grapes of thistles;” and, accordingly, that a cheat and gambler by profession should be a profane swearer, is only what might be predicated. But the habit is more general than that. Many persons, whom I found on inquiry to be persons otherwise intelligent, and moving in respectable positions in life, were in the habit of interlarding their conversation with oaths of the most awful description. Than this vice I know not one of a meaner character. Apart from the religious view of the question—which it is surely unnecessary to argue here—it is positively the most contemptible of all vices, the vice of lying perhaps only excepted. The best that can be said in defence of it is, that it is meaningless, inasmuch as the utterer does not really

intend what he says; and what can possibly exhibit the practice in a more degrading light than the fact, that such is the only kind of defence that one ever hears attempted in extenuation of an oath?

When offering these records of my personal reminiscences of wanderings in the Southern and Western States of the American Union, it is right to add that the remarks apply to society as it exhibited itself to myself in its outward phase. The slight opportunities I had of judging of the state of society in the domestic circles would have led me to a different conclusion, and fully prepared me for crediting the statements of sundry friends in the Southern States, that, were my stay sufficiently protracted in one place, to enable me to see much of the domestic life of the resident merchants and proprietors, I would be compelled to form a much more favourable opinion than I could form from the habits of the more migratory portion of the community whom I would find in the steamers of the mighty but muddy Mississippi, and of her almost equally great, but generally more limpid, tributaries.

Mais revenons à nos moutons. To return to the sail from Mobile to New Orleans. The route I went in the Oregon was to Lake Pont-chartrain, (so named during the French proprietorship of Louisiana in honour of a French duke of the name)—and thence by a short line of rail to New Orleans. There is another and a longer route by the Mississippi; but the one by the lake is, I believe, generally pursued by travellers. The fare in the cabin was five dollars; and as this was

the first of my experiences in travelling in an American steamer, I may here record something of the impressions the monster has left upon my mind.

It is difficult to give a graphic conception of such a nondescript as an American river steamer, without the aid of the draughtsman. But a sufficiently clear idea of the particulars which distinguish these steamarks of America, from what is understood by the term steam-boat in Great Britain, will be obtained by imagining a huge barge, gabert, or hoy, covered all over. On this, which constitutes a first deck, are placed the engines, fuel, and cargo. On the top of this, and supported by pillars, is the main or cabin deck, generally with a covered promenade all round, save where an interruption is caused by the paddle-boxes. On the top of this is another, or upper deck, part of which is often occupied by small sleeping cabins, and above all stands a house for the pilot. This house is in the front part of the boat, the wheel being connected with the rudder by chains working the whole length of the deck. These steamers vary somewhat in construction, as they do in size and in elegance; and some of them have even an additional deck or "flat," to those above-mentioned. All have a ladies' cabin, generally a very elegant affair, and to which only ladies, or gentlemen travelling with ladies, have access; baggage-rooms—an office where the "clerk of the boat" takes fares and issues tickets; and a large, long, general cabin, in which the meals are taken, the sides being either occupied by shelves

as berths or beds, or small state-rooms entering from the cabin. However much they vary, they have all a general resemblance; and the above brief description will enable the reader to conceive that they must have (the steam and funnels only excepted) a very Noah's-ark sort of appearance. I have certainly heard persons, both Americans and others, say, that they consider these vessels picturesque-looking, if not graceful. But, with every desire to see wherein the grace lay, I never could discover it. Gay they certainly are—ofttimes as gay as paint and gilding could make them. Nay, some of them—indeed I may say nearly the whole of the passenger-ships—are very handsomely fitted up, as well as very commodious; and the wonder only is, that, at such fares, there should be so much elegance, and so many of the appliances of comfort. But there is no grace or beauty in the general outward appearance of the vessel herself, as she sails, like a huge bellowing monster, upon the water. And, to my mind, the eye that would compare one of them to a well modelled ocean steam-ship, must be signally wanting in a perception of the lines of beauty. None of them have proper masts or sails—at least I never saw a river steamer in America under sail—and nearly all of them have two engines and two boilers, with separate funnels standing in a line across the vessel, and far forward toward her bows. But, unsightly as some may think these river steam-ships of America, no one can doubt their utility. Like most things

our Transatlantic friends have invented for themselves, they are wonderfully well adapted for the purposes for which they are designed. Being intended for river sailing, and to convey large quantities of produce, and great numbers of people by inland navigation and along great arteries of rivers, in which there is little or nothing of what is technically called "sea" to be encountered, Jonathan very soon saw, that to prepare his vessels in the old way, so as to require a lifting up and lowering down of the cargo as it was put on board, and again a lifting up from the hold and letting down on the quay, or into the lighter, of the same cargo as it was to be unladen, was a mere waste of time and of labour. Accordingly, he so constructed his steam-ships to trade in his magnificent and glorious rivers. The cargo, whether it consist of live-stock or of general bales of merchandise, is put on board, and again unladen in the easiest possible way; and, there being little sea encountered in the course of the transit, there is no necessity for holds and bulwarks to prevent the cargo from taking damage by the washing of the waves.

As before remarked, there are some singular features in the sail from Mobile to New Orleans, inside the screen of low sandy islets which stretch along the coast. The shores of the gulf are very flat; and, as might be expected, the water is very shallow, so that skill is required in navigating the ship along. Indeed, in one part, and for a considerable distance, commencing at a place named "Grant's Pass," the

channel of the deep water was staked off by long poles, most of them having brooms on the top, after the fashion used with us, and, I believe, also in America, in indicating that a ship is for sale. At the point named Grant's Pass, there was a house standing midst the waste of brown waters which surrounded it on all sides, constituting what appeared to me about as watery and uncomfortable a location as I could have supposed possible—the discomfort being aggravated by the conviction that a very trifling increase of the waters would sweep the inmates into eternity. I thought so when I saw Grant's Pass; but my after-experience of the log-huts of the Mississippi, when the river was in a state of flood, convinced me that I had much yet to learn of the discomfort to which persons will be disposed to submit in the struggle of life. Entering at Grant's Pass, the impetuous Oregon proceeded in her course throughout what may be most graphically described as a marine race-course, which continued for considerably upwards of a mile. The sea during the whole way was brown and turbid, and reminded me strongly of Captain Basil Hall's description of the yellowish-brown colour of the sea among the Loo-Choo Islands. Leaving Mobile about mid-day, we reached the point of disembarkation on Lake Pont-chartrain early next morning; and, after a damp walk to the trains, started, in tolerable railway carriages, along a line of rails five miles in length, and through a tract of country in which the land and water seemed to contend for the mastery.

Of the country passed through, as well as of the whole country in and about New Orleans, there may be made the remark which Dickens, in his serial of *David Copperfield*, makes of the town of Yarmouth. "A mound or so might have improved it; and, if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, it would have been nicer." That it certainly would. At times the characteristic of New Orleans and of the country round it is, that it is one entire swamp. Dig wherever you choose, the hole fills with water, the consequence of which is that—to use an expression common among the inhabitants themselves—the *cellars* of the houses are of necessity *above ground*. Another consequence is, that in few parts of New Orleans need the lover of such sport deprive himself of the luxury of a rat-hunt.

Such is New Orleans and its environs at all times. I entered the town in the midst of an almost deluge of rain, which lasted for two whole days; and, a few days after that, the "Crevasse" broke out, and occupied the attention of the alarmed inhabitants during the rest of my stay.

It is not my intention to give either a history or a detailed description of New Orleans. The former is sufficiently well known to most readers; and, being a matter of history, can be easily learned from more ambitious works, by any one desirous of knowing more about the matter; while the latter can most readily be obtained from any of the numerous guide-books to

be found in New Orleans, as well as almost everywhere else. But there are one or two things which it would not be proper to leave unmentioned.

The St Charles Hotel, New Orleans, may almost be said to be *the* building of the city. It looks, with its lofty dome, like the capitol of the town; and from the summit of this dome there is to be had about the best view that can be obtained of the whole city and surrounding country.

Called the "Crescent City," from the fact that it is built along a curve on the left bank of the Mississippi, New Orleans consists, in reality, of two towns, which have a very different aspect the one from the other. The smaller and older part is that laid out and settled by the French, who founded New Orleans in 1717, while the larger and newer portion owes its erection to the energies of the Anglo-Saxon race. The marked difference between the two requires to be seen to be appreciated. Words could give only a vague idea of it. But some notion of its stationary character, under its first masters, and of its rapid progress since Louisiana changed hands, may be gathered from the following facts. In 1717, New Orleans was founded by the French, and continued with them or the Spanish (who had it some forty years) till 1803, when it fell into the hands of the United States as part of Louisiana. At that time it could not have been of much importance, inasmuch as, in 1810, it was found to contain only 17,242 inhabitants. In 1820, it had increased to above 27,000; in 1830, to

46,310; and in 1840, to 102,193. At present (in 1850) it may be fairly considered as containing above 150,000 inhabitants, and therefore the fourth city in the United States in point of population, while it is the third in point of commerce.

As I have already mentioned, the Crevasse broke out while I was in the Creseent City, and during my stay it formed part of the priniepal topics of conversation. And well it might. Imagine, reader, a mighty—the mightiest—river in the known world, having broken (not merely overflowed, but *broken*) its banks for a space of some half mile or so, and gradually, despite all the efforts of the energetie human inhabitants of the surrounding eountry, (by sinking of barges, steamboats, and otherwise,) increasing the extent of its debouchure, and pouring its waters into the *lower* level of the conterminous lands. And imagine, too, that in the midst of the scene, or rather at the point most exposed to its ravages, the luxurious inhabitants were making the increase of the waters, in their streets and around their dwellings, the subject of light-hearted chat—that in the morning your drive down the “shell road” was so surrounded with water that you might almost have fished out of the windows of the earriage as you passed along; and your evening journey, as you drove to the *conversatione*, the dance, or the theatre, was through water, which mounted some inches up the spokes of your earriage-wheels; and add to all this, that the occasional—I had almost said constant—subject of

conversation, was the probability of New Orleans being, some fine, or at least some floating day, washed down bodily into the Gulf of Mexico!—many sage reasons being given, and many great scientific authorities being quoted, to prove the exceeding probability of such an event: and so imagining, you will have some idea of the characteristics of New Orleans society at the time of my visit, in 1849. It scarcely required the ravages of cholera, which was then visiting the city, to add anything to the dismal of the scene; but so it was. In the town of New Orleans, and specially in the neighbourhood, and in the vessels on the river, cholera was raging to a very considerable extent.

Certainly, therefore, it cannot be supposed that my visit to the Crescent City was made at a time calculated to leave on my mind a very favourable opinion as to its salubrity; and it is chiefly on that account that I have troubled the reader with the above details. For notwithstanding the fact that my opinion was formed under circumstances so disadvantageous to arriving at a favourable one, I maintain and record the fact, that the unhealthiness of New Orleans is much exaggerated. No doubt the yellow fever visits it much oftener, and commits in it more fearful ravages, than is at all desirable; but there are few places secure from the attacks of epidemics—and it is generally conceded that, with the greater attention now paid to sewerage and cleanliness, the deaths from yellow fever have greatly decreased, so that there is every reason to hope that the very circumstance of

its being necessary to adopt many precautionary measures against such periodical attacks may, in the course of time, render New Orleans as healthy a town as almost any in the American Union.

In connexion with the subject of the Crevasse, and in the almost hourly speculations as to what part of New Orleans was to be carried down into the Gulf, or whether any part of it was to be spared that fate, I heard such frequent mention of the “Levée,” as to lead me to make special inquiry as to its nature, uses, and history. The Levée of which one is doomed to hear much during their stay in New Orleans, and which occupies so important a position, and discharges so important a duty, as fully to justify such constant and respectful mention of it, is neither more nor less than a simple embankment to prevent the waters of the mighty Mississippi from inundating the fertile though marshy plains which stretch away from either bank. Opposite the city, the Levée is of considerable breadth, and it looks as if it were competent to the task assigned it of saying to the turgid waters of the “Father of Rivers,” thus far shalt thou come but no farther. But farther up the stream—and it extends upwards for a great distance, above a hundred miles—it seems singularly inadequate, being in many places little more than a comparatively small earthen mound or (*Scotticé*) “turf dyke.” During my stay in New Orleans the Mississippi rose to a greater height than it had done for many years before; and the consequence was that a large portion of the Levée,

about five miles above the city, and to the extent of above half a mile long, gave way; and the waters continued for many days to pour through the gap and into the surrounding country, destroying property to a very large amount, and ruining many planters; after which it found its way down to the town, many streets of which were covered with water for days. During this overflow large numbers of snakes, and other reptiles from the swamps, found their way into the streets of the Crescent City. Conger snakes—the most venomous known in the country—were seen in the water in several parts of the town; and a little girl in the Faubourg Trièné, while wading in the waters flowing along the street, was, in May 1849, bitten by a snake or some other reptile, and that so severely that she died in a few hours. Such are part of the effects of a Crevasse in the Levée which protects the town of New Orleans from the waters of the great Mississippi. At the time I write of, great fears were entertained for the safety of a considerable portion of the town itself; but by dint of great exertion, sinking of boats, bales, and rafts—in the course of doing which, many of the Negro slaves employed at the work perished of cholera or of fatigue—the Crevasses were stopped, and, for a time at least, the Creseent City is safe. I confess that it engendered somewhat of a strange feeling to be in the city day after day, while the overflow was progressing, and conseious that it had not been stopped, and that thousands of tons of water were

pouring in on the plain in which was your dwelling—to listen and take part in the conversation which speculated on the chance of the site of New Orleans being some day or other added to the Gulf of Mexico—or the town at least washed down into the Gulf. There is a very prevalent opinion in New Orleans, that the bed of the Mississippi is annually rising, and most plausible reasons are assigned to prove that such must be the fact. I do not feel warranted, by sufficient acquaintance with the habitudes of this mammoth river, nor have I sufficiently studied the sciences of hydrostatics or hydraulics, to entitle me to pronounce an opinion on the subject; but, without troubling my readers with the *pros* and *cons* of the argument, I may be permitted to express a hope that they will concur with me in thinking that, if the bed of Father Mississippi rises from under him, Father Mississippi would be quite entitled to resent the indignity by getting up from his bed. Seriously speaking, however, there does seem some cause for the opinion referred to; and it is to be hoped that some one of the many courses which the science and skill of modern engineers have suggested, may be adopted, and may be found sufficient to ward off the apprehended danger. That a large emporium will exist on the site of New Orleans, or as near thereto as the waters will permit, till the end of time, or at least so long as American or Anglo-Saxon civilisation lasts, will be abundantly evident to any one who thinks of the matter with a map of the country in his hands, and

some slight knowledge of the land to enable him to understand it. Situated at the outlet of the Mississippi, itself navigable for large vessels for nearly three thousand miles—and by it and its giant tributaries the Missouri, the Ohio, the Arkansas, the Red River, &c., connected with a plain of unexampled extent, all of it a region of great fertility—already partially peopled, and now fast peopling, with the energetic Anglo-Saxon race—it is next to impossible that New Orleans, or whatever the city may be called that takes the place of New Orleans, as being situated at the extremity of this line of inland communication, can ever fail to be a place of enormous trade and exceeding prosperity.

New Orleans is pre-eminently a city of trade—and being so, the most interesting view in or of it is that of the harbour from the river, with the forest of masts stretching almost as far as the eye can reach. Nevertheless, and although trade is written in large characters on almost every building, and on almost every face, the Crescent City makes great pretensions as a city of gaiety and fashion. It contains three theatres—one French, and the other two English. It generally has an operatic company, and dances, masquerades, and fancy-balls, are of very frequent occurrence. That these should be the characteristics of a city so very much given up to the turmoil, bustle, and business of mercantile life—that men whose time during the greater part of the day is devoted to sugar hogsheads, tobacco, and cotton bales, to ships' freights and car-

goes, should in the evening feel disposed to an excess of devotion to music and to mirth may seem surprising. Yet so it is. New Orleans is a place of great gaiety at certain seasons of the year; and if the fact that the very devotedness of its inhabitants to trade during the forenoon induces them to relax in the refinements of gay life in the evening, be not a sufficient explanation, the only other one that occurs to me is, that, where there is a large migratory and changing population—as there unquestionably is in New Orleans—there are generally found many means provided for public amusement. It is often said, and there is much truth in the remark, that the theatres of London and Paris are mainly supported by the casual visitors to these great cities.

The cemeteries of New Orleans may be classed among the notabilia of the place. The same causes which compel the inhabitants to make their cellars above ground regulate the nature and formation of their last resting-places. These are likewise built *upon*, instead of *in* the land. Both the Catholic and Protestant burial-places are worthy of a visit. The former is the larger of the two, and a description of one will suffice for both. The Roman Catholic cemetery of New Orleans is a very interesting place, and it is rendered more so by the flowers and shrubs with which it is tastefully and appropriately adorned. It occupies a large space of ground, and contains various monuments, many of them both appropriate and beautiful. Accustomed to associate undulating grounds, caves,

shady walks, and deep groves, with my ideas of a fitting necropolis, I had not conceived that, without such adjuncts, a place of tombs could be made so grateful to the feelings of a sorrower as was this cemetery of the city of New Orleans. Like the Campo Santo of Havanna, already described when writing of Cuba, the Roman Catholic graveyard of the Crescent City is surrounded by a high wall, which is of great thickness, and occupied by a succession of recesses, to which access is had from the inside. These recesses form family places of sepulture. The space within the walls is occupied by tombs of marble or of stone, built upon the land, and constructed so as to hold one or more bodies, which are thus literally buried above ground. Some of these sepulchres are of very elegant formation, but none of the inscriptions that caught my eye seemed to warrant transcription.

The characteristic of the Protestant cemetery is the number of that most graceful of all graceful trees—the weeping willow. These are planted so as to overhang and overshadow the sepulchres, and they flourish luxuriantly in a soil so rich, and otherwise so congenial.

Ere the Crevasse had ceased to pour forth its waters, I embarked at New Orleans in the steam-ship Peytona, to proceed thence direct to Louisville, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio. Even now I can recall the singular conflict of feelings with which I took shipping for the voyage up the mighty Mississippi. It was a disappointment, and yet it was not so. Since boyhood had I been in the habit of associ-

ating the name of this Father of Rivers with ideas of indefinite greatness, the very vagueness of which formed the chiefest attraction. And now I was at last upon its waters, which, great as I felt them to be, and while they dispelled at once the pictures imagination had formed, certainly did not supply by the reality a scene adequate to fill the place left vacant. Opposite New Orleans the Mississippi is not more than half a mile wide, but it is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet deep; and certainly one of the most striking circumstances, if not the most striking circumstance, connected with a sail up this gigantic river, is found in the fact that, for such a long distance—a distance of above fourteen hundred miles, (equal to that between England and Madeira,)—and notwithstanding the frequent pouring in of tributaries, almost as gigantic as himself, the Mississippi appears to vary little either in breadth or in depth. Few things could, I think, give a more graphic idea of the magnitude of a great river than the fact that it could receive the volume of waters continuously poured into it by streams almost as large as itself, without the traveller on its “waste of waters” perceiving that any change has taken place.

It requires a very graphic pen to make a detailed narrative of river scenery interesting, and it is not my intention to try the patience of my readers in this way. Besides, I doubt not but the scenery exhibited to view during an ascent of the Mississippi has been often described; and have we not Banvard's pano-

ramie painting, exhibiting at least the main features of the river, almost from its birth in the Rocky Mountains till its grave in the Gulf of Mexico?

But I desire, for the guidance and information of those who may read my book, and afterwards visit the scenes, to record my impressions and experiences when making this voyage. Some of them may not be found to be much of the nature of allurements to follow my steps; but, whatever my record may be, I can at least promise my reader that it will be a true and faithful one.

And first, then, of the steam-ship *Peytona*, in herself a very favourable specimen of a Mississippi steam-ship. As a matter of course, (seeing the scene of her exploits was the Mississippi,) her engines were high-pressure, but, notwithstanding this fact, she had been a considerable time sailing the river without having met with a "blow-up," or, indeed, any accident of a serious kind. Apropos of explosions on the Mississippi, there is a very exaggerated notion on this subject prevalent in Europe, and even in the northern states of the American Union, the impression generally being that explosions on the Mississippi are matters of every-day, or at least of very frequent, occurrence. But I can assure my readers—and I am sure that Captain Browne of the *Peytona* will readily corroborate my assurance—that whatever tourists may say to give piquancy to their narratives, and whatever painters may delineate to add interest and excitement to their representations, an explosion of a Mississippi

steamer is the exception, not the rule. It is too expensive a trade to be much indulged in.

The Peytona—so-called in honour of a famous southern racing mare, the property I believe of a Mr Peyton—is, or was, a large superior vessel of her kind. Her extreme length was two hundred and sixty feet, of which two hundred and twenty-four were occupied by her principal cabin—off which were the state rooms, fifty in number, and containing two berths in each. These state rooms had doors entering from the cabin and again from the gallery outside. The extreme breadth of the ship was seventy-two feet, and the paddle-wheels were thirty-three feet in diameter. The vessel was 750 tons burthen, and, notwithstanding all this, the depth of her hold was only eight feet three inches: a fact only to be explained by reference to the great breadth of the framework by which the whole was supported. She was propelled by two somewhat coarsely fashioned steam-engines, and had two cylinders of thirty and a half inches diameter, with a ten feet stroke.

Take her all in all, the Peytona was—and I hope is—an unquestionably fine steam-ship. If she had not the mirrors, mahogany, rosewood, and gilding, one is accustomed to see in the steam-ships of the Clyde, she had much roomier cabins, and everything as bright and clean as paint and scrubbing could make them—so bright, so clean, and so uncontaminated *in the morning*, that it was truly vexatious, if not worse, to see the deck, ere evening came, scarcely visible

through the defilements of tobacco juice, expectorated by the passengers at a great expenditure of jaw as well as of health.

But the Peytona was not only good, but fast ; and in traversing the Mississippi and the Ohio, for the fourteen hundred miles or thereby up to Louisville, Kentucky, we overtook and passed nearly all—if not all—the steamers that had sailed from New Orleans for distant ports on our route, within four days of our leaving New Orleans. The Niles we passed without compunction or competition ; the Bride we overtook, but deserted on the river ; the Concordia we overreached and beat, after a struggle which elicited shoutings from the Negro crews of either vessel which were the very reverse of concord ; and several other competitors shared the same fate. Most of these vessels were literally filled with steerage passengers, chiefly natives of the Emerald Isle ; and powerfully graphic must be the pen that would give a proper idea of the sufferings these poor people frequently have to endure in the prosecution of such a voyage in search of a foreign home—sufferings chiefly, if not altogether, caused by their ignorance and inexperience, and consequent inability to make proper arrangements even to the extent of their limited means. I have much to say on this subject, but for the present will forbear, as I shall have an opportunity of recurring to it in some after remarks on emigration to America, which I propose introducing at the close of the book, but which the reader may pass over if he pleases. Meanwhile, I

would only record the fact that, at the time of which I write, hundreds of unfortunate emigrants, who had gathered their all and left their native much-loved land, and crossed the broad Atlantic in search of a foreign home, perished in the steamers, and on the shores of the Mississippi, from damp, exposure, and the ravages of cholera thereby induced. On board the *Peytona* we had comparatively few steerage passengers, owing, no doubt, to the passage-money being somewhat higher than in most of the other steamers. In the cabin, the charge was twenty-five dollars from New Orleans to Louisville; and when it is considered that this charge included board at a very excellent table, and a sleeping berth during a voyage of above fourteen hundred miles, it will not be regarded as anything but exceedingly moderate. For about the same distance—viz., from Southampton to Madeira—in the British West Indian steam-ships, the fare is five times as much. In this, as well as in some other respects, we have surely something to learn from our Transatlantic brethren; and if *they* would improve somewhat on their present system, by seeing that it is no inroad upon the general principle of all men being equal as regards political rights, to allow those willing to spend five dollars to have the accommodation proportioned to five dollars, without tyrannically compelling them to pay only one dollar, and to be content with the accommodation which it secures;—*we* at same time would much improve our present system, if we took greater care that we did not “pay too dear for our whistle.”

Before leaving New Orleans—ay, before leaving Scotland, or setting my foot on the continent of America—my ear had been familiar with extravagant statements as to the extraordinary speed attained by the steam-ships of the Mississippi. Being somewhat inclined to credit the marvels I heard, my consolation for the more mediocre state of things in my native land of able but considerate engineers, was, that the lightning-like rapidity of the States was attained at a commensurate risk to life and limb. Even in New Orleans, and while studying the proportions or no-proportions of the marine monsters that lay alongside of the wharves, I have heard the bile of many a northern, as well as my own incredulity, excited by statements that the Peytona, and other high-pressure Mississippi steam-ships, ascended as well as descended the river at the rate of fifteen, eighteen, twenty, and even twenty-five miles an hour, a preference being obviously given to the latter number: and many a warm-hearted southern, whose general veracity it would have been gross injustice to have questioned, being prepared to close the argument with his ready “fact—*meipso teste*.” Twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and against a current flowing at the speed of some three and a half miles—and that attained by a steam-ship costing not above one-third the sum per ton that is expended in such vessels in the river Clyde! Hear this, ye Napiers and others, who have advanced the name of Scottish engineers all over the globe, and who have, by the steam-ships of your fashion-

ing, to cross the Channel and the broad Atlantic, done more to promote the great cause of civilisation, to bind man to man, and to consolidate peace, than has been done by all the ambassadors and plenipotentiaries ever sent forth, or all the statutes placed upon the statute-book. Hear it, and tremble for your well-earned laurels, *if the statement be true*. But it is not true : no such speed has ever been attained on the Mississippi, even by the most go-ahead blow-up style of craft that was ever launched upon his turbid waters. The statistics already given might have shown that the Peytona is anything but among the inferior of the steamers navigating this great highway of waters—in fact she is one of the very best, and likely to continue so—and yet, on the voyage in question, she took exactly six days to go from New Orleans to Louisville. The distance is slightly more than fourteen hundred miles ; so that, making allowance for about half a day occupied by the repair of a paddle-wheel, injured by coming in contact with a snag or sawyer, her average speed was at the rate of about ten miles an hour. No doubt this was against a somewhat rapid current—a current generally, and by those anxious to vaunt the superiority of the Mississippi boats over those of the northern rivers, or of Europe, said to run at the rate of four miles an hour ; and which, after estimating its rapidity by the movements of the rafts, logs of wood, travelling ships, &c., which passed while we were stationary, repairing our paddle-wheel on the shore of Arkansas, I deliberately assert does not flow faster

than three and an half miles an hour. But the reader (particularly if a southerner,) may be ready to exclaim, ten miles an hour against a current running at the rate of three and a half miles is a great speed. No doubt it is—and this is just one of the many instances in which people would act wisely if they “let well alone.” The Mississippi steamers go fast, but they don’t go faster than the steamers of England and Scotland, or of the northern states of the American Union.

Again, it may be natural to ask, if such is the speed of the steamers when sailing up and against the stream, what is their speed when moving down, when they are not only relieved from the obstruction of the current, but aided by its flow in the direction they are sailing in? I cannot speak from personal experience of this, never having sailed *down* the ocean rivers of the Western World. But I have made inquiry on the subject when on the spot, and I have tested the truth of the information I received in answer to my inquiries, by a piece of real evidence which could not deceive me. Having been detained an extra day at New Orleans, waiting the arrival of the Peytona from her downward voyage from Louisville, I had occasion to know, and did know, when she reached New Orleans; and when on board of her going up, I observed and read the notice on the board which contained the announcement of the time at which she had actually left Louisville on her said voyage downwards. The result corroborated the verbal statements made to me in answer to my inquiries on the subject, which was,

that a steamer takes about as much time to go down as she does to go up. The fact is so; and the explanation is, that, when going down, these steamers are laden, if not overladen, with enormously heavy cargoes of merehandisc—cotton in particular. No one who has seen a Mississippi steamer laden with cotton bales, going down the Mississippi, will discredit this statement. They look literally like floating storehouses of cotton; and when it is kept in view that each of these steamers brings down from one thousand to three thousand bales, the illustration will not seem in any way extravagant. Nor are the numbers of such ships, met with on the voyage upwards, by any means small; it was by no means a rare or an unusual sight: many were encountered between sunrise and sunset, and those that met and passed us in the course of the night may reasonably be presumed to have been at least as numerous.

Such and so numerous are the steam-ships of the Mississippi. Of the general character and characteristics of the travellers met with, in traversing its waters, I have already written according to my experience of them. Next to these, the inquiry will naturally be as to the scenery opened up to view in passing along these rivers. And here too, I fear, my truthful narrative must be scarcely in accordance with those of more enthusiastic voyagers. That there is much to interest in a sail up the Mississippi, is undeniably the truth. The very vastness of the river itself, as it pours its waters along through the wilderness; the

deep solitudes through which you pass ; the solemn gloom, which is the prevailing characteristic of the whole scene ; and the giant rivers, only second to the great Father of Waters himself, which from age to age continue ceaselessly to pour their waters into his mighty and turgid stream, but without making any apparent change either in its opaqueness or in its volume, are all circumstances which render the scenery of the Mississippi peculiarly striking. But if the landscape is impressive, it is certainly only impressive from its lonesomeness and its vastness. There is a dismal sameness about it which is most depressing to the spirits ; and, during the whole of the passage from New Orleans to Louisville, I felt a depression most foreign to my nature, and most inimical to anything like jest or amusement ; while, if I might judge from the demeanour of the rest of my *white* fellow-voyagers, my feelings were participated in by nearly all on board. No doubt, brother Jonathan is not generally either a mirth-loving or a mirth-moving animal—at least, as regards his public appearances, it is but seldom that he perpetrates a joke—and nothing can be more solemn (I had almost said ridiculously solemn) than the gravity and seriousness with which the travellers on the great routes and highways of the United States set to the business of eating and drinking, at their public tables. No doubt, with all wise men, the business of eating and drinking is quite entitled to be considered as a serious affair ; but there is certainly neither philosophy in, nor necessity for, the extreme

solemnity and silence with which, at their public tables, (in private it is very different,) our republican brethren address themselves to their meals. Dickens, in his *Notes*, asserts, with reference to such meals in America, that "undertakers on duty would be sprightly beside them; and a collation of funeral baked meats, in comparison with their meals, would be a sparkling festivity." The remark is unduly severe, and in it truth is somewhat sacrificed at the shrine of effect. But there is enough of truth in it to make it worthy of consideration on the part of those to whom it relates. A joke (even though a bad one) is a great improver of social intercourse, as well as an important aid to digestion; and light, cheerful discourse is unquestionably the very best seasoner of all repasts. It may be said of a joke what the Scotchman affirmed of a dram—a good meal deserves it and a bad one requires it; so that, whether the viands be good or bad, the general comfort and happiness is improved thereby. But the meals on board the steamship *Peytona*, when voyaging on the Mississippi, were even more melancholy affairs than usual. Even now, I can recall them only with the feelings with which one recalls the performance of a duty; and, midst the whole reminiscences, I can scarcely remember one flitting smile as having passed over the faces of any of my fellow-travellers, (albeit there were several fair ones among them,) while engaged in the discharge of their daily task of eating and drinking. As, therefore, I felt unwonted depression under the influences of the

scenery, it is fair to imagine that similar feelings were experienced by my fellow-voyagers. On, on we went, by night and day, through a continuity of forest scenery of a perfectly same character—so much so that, when looking out on the bank of the river at night, before going to bed, and again when gazing forth in the same direction next morning, you could have sworn that you saw the same morass and the same trees, although a distance of eighty or ninety miles divided the one spot from the other. But, dismal in their dreary and pestilential solitudes as the shores of the Mississippi are at all times, they were especially so at the period of which I write. The river was very high—higher than it had been since 1816; and, for several hundred miles above New Orleans, the land along its banks was one flooded as well as wooded swamp. The slimy water was seen far in among the trees, far as the eye could penetrate; and log huts, and other dwellings of the people who lived along the banks of the river, were so completely surrounded with water, as to render it necessary for their occupants to use boats as their means of entrance and of exit. In point of fact, the only living inmates of such locations that seemed to be at all in circumstances of tolerable comfort, were the ducks or geese, which sailed about the dwellings “rejoicing like boon companions over their liquor;” and even these animals must occasionally have felt the want of a dry nest to repose in, after the fatigue of a day’s ploughing in the muddy waters of the great Father of Rivers. In many

eases the waters had risen far above the level of the floors of the dwellings; but, not being privileged to see the interiors of the “Edens of the west,” we could not say how far the inhabitants may have succeeded in turning the circumstances to good account, or in resisting its evil influences.

With such scenes presented day after day, and hour after hour, it was only a fitting tribute to the gifted author of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, that the recollection of his description of Martin and Mark Tapley going to and at the site of the projected city of Eden, should have risen frequently to my mind. “By degrees the towns in the route became more thinly scattered, and for many hours together they would see no other habitations than the huts of the woodcutters where the vessel stopped for fuel. Sky, wood, and water all the livelong day, and heat that blistered everything it touched.”

Another general characteristic of voyaging, or rather of steaming, on the Mississippi, is the total absence of sailing craft. For thousands of miles on the Mississippi and its tributaries, you will not see a single vessel under sail. In this respect it contrasts remarkably with its lovely rival in American scenic fame, the sprightly, glorious Hudson, on steaming upon which you are continually greeted with that loveliest of all lovely objects connected with a river or sea view—a host of vessels under canvass. In lieu of such, but a very poor substitute, the Mississippi has her flat-boats or floating storehouses—her travelling shops and

family moving mansions—and occasionally her floating theatres or places of public exhibition. But all these are going down, floating lazily on the downward stream, guided, but scarcely impelled, by long poles or sweeps held in the hands of the boatmen ; and if any of them sported anything of the nature of a sail, it was so far remote from a sailor's idea of such, that it may without injustice be left out of consideration altogether.

Previous to the establishment of steamers, the whole trade of the Mississippi was conducted by means of those flat-bottomed boats ; and even yet they form so distinct and so characteristic a feature of the sail, that any description of the river, without prominent mention of them, would be incomplete. In such vessels or hollow rafts, the produce is floated down from distances of three thousand miles, and lesser distances, to the town of New Orleans, there to be disposed of by shipment or otherwise. The boats are little more than square boxes, the roof somewhat rounded, and a large space occupied as the hold, containing Indian corn and other farm produce, and a smaller portion being occupied by the human inhabitants of this floating habitation. The boat moves along with the flow of the river, which runs at the rate of about three and a half, and under four miles an hour ; while the boatmen regulate its motions by means of long poles. In piloting themselves along, these boatmen encounter much risk as well from steamers during the night as from “snags,” “planters,” and “sawyers” both by night

and day, and even still more from the eddies, of which many are to be found in the river. I was told a story of a party on board a flat boat being surprised to hear a continuous strain of music and mirth, for some six or eight hours, which fell on their ears, as they imagined themselves to be floating onwards at the rate of four miles per hour. But when morning broke, they found that they had been merely sailing round and round in an eddy, in one of the bends of the river—the said eddy being caused by one of those sudden changes which are so frequent in the Mississippi, and the music being the strains from the fiddle of a man, whose solitary house they had passed and repassed in the course of their gyrations. Some of these flat boats are of smaller size, and are occupied as floating shops, containing and retailing supplies of tea, tobacco, candles, groceries, and other articles, for the use of the inhabitants along the banks. In some others, the trades of tinkers, smiths, &c., are carried on, as they journey down the rivers, making fast to the river side at every place where circumstances make it expedient. All at last reach New Orleans, where, as it is impossible to sail up again against the current, they dispose of their temporary floating-house, (or abandon it, if the market for such articles be glutted,) and return by one or other of the steamers to the place whence they had originally set out, probably to repeat the same thing again and again. Sometimes the interest, in one of these floats and its motley inhabitants, is increased by hearing from it the strains of a fiddle, or

of a banjo, or by perceiving that the Negroes, or others on board, are amusing themselves with dancing. When formerly writing of the apparent depression of spirits exhibited by the party on board the *Peytona*, I used advisedly the term "white" fellow-passengers, for assuredly the remark does not apply to the Negro. Sambo is generally in good spirits, and boisterous in his mirth, as any one will admit who has heard the shouting, laughing, jibing, and singing, between the Negroes on board two Mississippi steam-ships, as they struggle for precedence during one of those too common and very dangerous races up or down the river.

As a matter of course, wood is the fuel used in the Mississippi and Ohio steam-ships, although, after ascending a considerable distance, some coals may be had, and are often taken on board. But wood is the principal fuel, and the mode of wooding is a very simple one. In going down, the steamer requires to stop and come to, to get the wood put on board from the floats on which it is lying, heaped up in what is called "cords," or piles of a certain specific length and depth, because the floats could not be brought back if allowed to float to any distance down the current. But in going up, this detention is avoided. The steamer goes close to the bank—the woodman and his assistants having been previously hailed, and being ready to put off his float or floats; and, one or more of the boats or rafts being attached by the hawsers of the steamer to the panting monster, the latter then proceeds on her upward course, dragging the wood boats with her, and only slightly

retarded, and panting a little more by the additional weight which she has thus to drag through the waters. This being done, the clerk of the steam-ship, or his assistant, proceeds on board the raft or rafts, and measures the wood, and the price being then adjusted, (if it has not been so before,) parties from the steamer then proceed to aid the boatmen to empty the floats of their cargoes, by throwing the large billets (four feet long) on to the deck of the steamer. "Many hands make light work;" and it being a matter of importance to both parties concerned, that, on the one hand, the steamer should not be retarded by the wood boats longer than is absolutely necessary, and that, on the other hand, the woodmen should have as short a return-voyage as possible, it is striking the rapidity with which large floats are emptied of their contents. At first I was surprised at the numbers of workmen that poured from the steamer to the raft, so soon as the moorings were fastened—or even before—and erroneously imagined that the Mississippi steamers must have an unusually large compliment of hands. But on inquiring at the master (and I believe owner) of the ship, I found that the many hands who thus make light work of the wooding were most of them Mississippi boatmen, who, having sailed down the river with their rafts and merchandise, and having disposed of both the latter at New Orleans, were now returning to their homes, and thus "working their passage" upwards, in a very praiseworthy spirit, saving their pockets by aiding in putting the fuel on board the steam-ship.

In sailing up the Mississippi, from New Orleans to its junction with the Ohio, and again up the Ohio as far as the town of Louisville, in the state of Kentucky, and of Cincinnati in the state of Ohio, you pass in succession, either on the right or left hand, along the shores of the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. You thus have a fair opportunity of contrasting at least the general outward aspect of some of the slaveholding states, with that of states where slavery is unknown, or has been abolished; and, truth to say, the contrast is very great—so great as to be in itself a powerful sermon in favour of abolition. But the “sermon” here is not “in trees,” but in the want of them. The white labourer, with his arm of freedom, seems alone capable of struggling successfully against the giants of the forest; and, wherever you see a tract of ground more than usually clear, and of more than common fertility, as you sail up the mighty stream of the Mississippi, and gaze on the vast solitudes which are to be seen on its banks, rest assured that the part you are so gazing on belongs to a free state, and not to a slaveholding one.

When mentioning the process of clearing, I am reminded of the singular effect produced by the mode in which this is gone about. Once or oftener, in the course of a day, there is to be seen, from the upper deck of the steamer, a large tract of still wooded country, over which it would seem as if the angel of death had cast his shade. A blight has passed

over all the gigantic forest trees within a large circumference, and the viridity of their still flourishing neighbours, by whom the plague-struck spot is surrounded, only renders the blasted and brown appearance of the stricken trees the more remarkable. And truly they are stricken—literally stricken—and that by the axe wielded by the stalworth arm of the backwoodsman. The process which engenders the appearance described is shortly this: When it has been resolved to clear any portion of land of the timber growing on it, the first step taken by the woodcutter is, to cut a notch some inches deep into and through the bark, at the bottom of the trees. This prevents the ascent of the sap; the trees wither and decay, and of course speedily assume the blighted appearance already referred to—and thus they stand until, being sufficiently decayed, the next powerful storm of wind comes in aid of the woodcutter's operations, by leveling them with the ground. Ere this consummation is attained, the trees have the blasted appearance to which allusion has been above made.

Who is there who has heard of the navigation of the Father of Rivers, without hearing of the "snags" and "sawyers," which form impediments and dangers to be encountered in navigating his stream? The vast volume of waters moving through the great alluvial plain, and oftentimes overflowing large portions of it, frequently changes their course and direction. The bank on one side is undermined for a considerable distance, and then disappears in the

mighty, muddy stream, carrying down to the bottom with it the trees growing upon its surface; which trees oftentimes get stopped by some shoal, and are then embedded in the bottom of the river by gradual accumulations of sand. On the other or opposite bank, in most cases, there is a proportionate part of the former bed of the river left exposed and comparatively dry, and the part from which the water has thus receded is speedily—indeed ere the season closes—covered with a luxuriant crop of young cotton-wood trees. The trees overwhelmed and sunk in the new channel the river has formed for itself, are known by the terms “snags” or “sawyers,” according to their powers of doing mischief. When the submerged tree stands upright and fixed, it is less objectionable, and is called a “snag,” or occasionally a “planter;” while, when the end which rises above the water points in a slanting direction, and dips up and down as it is moved by the current, its characteristically descriptive name is a “sawyer.”

Thunder-storms are of very frequent occurrence about the shores of the Mississippi; and what has been already said of the liveness of the scene, will prepare the reader for the statement, that there is much that is very imposing and impressive in the rolling and reverberating of the thunder, and the flashing of the lightning on this gigantic river, and among these vast sylvan solitudes. It seems as if it were the only artillery proportionate to the scene.

Another feature of the Mississippi, already noticed

when writing of the steam-boats, is the total absence of vessels under sail. During a ten days' sail on the broad deep stream, I did not perceive any nearer approach to a white sail than was to be seen in the square dirty rag of some bargeman, who was thus endeavouring to aid the power of the downward current, by seeking a little assistance from a favouring breeze.

About three hundred miles up the river from New Orleans stands the town of Natchez—containing some five or six thousand inhabitants—divided into Natchez *on* the hill, and Natchez *under* the hill, and having a short time back a very villanous reputation, as the place of harbourage of various bands of gamblers and other disreputables, but now enjoying a somewhat better and an improving character.

About two hundred miles beyond Natchez, the steamer touches at the very picturesque little town of Vicksburg, (famous for the summary justice some years ago executed on the persons of a band of these very same gamblers, already mentioned ;) and steaming onwards for some five hundred miles farther, and passing various small stations, including Helena, a town of about five hundred inhabitants, (lately the scene of a diabolical tragedy in the burning of a slave,) you arrive at the town of Memphis, a town which—despite the ancient name that has been given to it—bears as many of the marks of modern movement as any upon the route. One or two days' farther steaming brings you to the mouth of the Ohio,

into which I passed, with anything save a feeling of regret that I was exchanging the dull oppressive sameness of the Mississippi, for the somewhat bolder and more varied scenery of the Ohio. Up the latter river we proceeded through a succession of views, which, although certainly a great improvement on that of the larger stream of which it is a gigantic tributary, did not, in my opinion, exhibit any peculiarities to induce me to add to the descriptions of previous writers.

We proceeded, in the first place, to the town of Louisville, in Kentucky, (a very improving town of some 40,000 inhabitants,) and thereafter to Cincinnati—now the largest city in the Western States of the American Union.

CHAPTER II.

“ The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief fav’rites share.”

COWPER.

STATE OF OHIO—CITY OF CINCINNATI—SYSTEM OF EDUCATION—
PORK TRADE OF OHIO—RAILWAY TO SANDUSKY—AMERICAN DEMO-
CRACY—SANDUSKY CITY—LAKE ERIE—CITY OF CLEVELAND—
BUFFALO—NIAGARA VILLAGE—FALLS OF NIAGARA AND THEIR
CONCOMITANTS.

DICKENS and others have called Cincinnati a “ beautiful city ; ” and, while I am not prepared to admit the entire appropriateness of the appellation, I certainly think it a very handsome town. The extraordinary rapidity of its progress is, however, the most important circumstance connected with its history. Even Mrs Trollope would now scarcely recognise Cincinnati, so much has it changed and increased during the few years that have elapsed since it was made by her the chosen spot of her temporary sojourn ; and, judging of former manners by her portraiture of them, those of the inhabitants of Cincinnati must have made equal progress with the buildings of the city.

“ Fifty years ago,” said General Harrison, in a discourse delivered by him before the historical society of Ohio, “ there was not a Christian inhabitant within the bounds which now comprise the state of Ohio,” (an extent of territory of nearly forty-four thousand square miles ;) “ and if, a few years anterior to that period, a traveller had been passing down the magnificent river which forms our southern boundary, he might not have seen in its whole course of eleven hundred miles a single human being—certainly not a habitation, nor the vestige of one calculated for the residence of man.” And now what a change ! In 1790, the whole population of the state of Ohio did not exceed three thousand ; in 1840 it had reached 1,519,467 ; and now, in the close of 1849, it cannot be much less than two millions. But the contrast between the past and present is best illustrated by confining attention to the town of Cincinnati. In 1796, Cincinnati was simply a small village of log cabins, consisting of some dozen wooden huts or houses ; and I saw, in the possession of an intelligent citizen, a sketch of it, representing it as it was in this condition. Now, within little more than half a century, it is a city of nearly 120,000 inhabitants ; and it is still, by births and emigration, increasing (as I was informed by professional gentlemen of influence and intelligence) at a rate of about ten thousand annually. The streets of Cincinnati are wide, regular, and at right angles with each other ; and were they somewhat better paved, it would be a

great improvement. This is, however, a charge which may be generally advanced against the Transatlantic cities. In some of them, indeed, good paving is not to be expected. Although named by the ambitious term city — of which term our American brethren seem much enamoured, (witness the city of Cleveland on the banks of Lake Erie, Sandusky city, &c.)—their right to the title is yet in embryo. To entitle them to the name of towns, much less of cities, they want these very necessary elements, houses and inhabitants; and, inasmuch as there are few, if any, among them, so favourably situated as Cincinnati, centuries will probably elapse ere many of them have expanded beyond what would be denominated villages in the “Old Country.” In such “cities to be,” it were unreasonable to expect well-paved streets; but even in the generality of the larger towns, the paving is anything but good. If I except Boston and Philadelphia, I did not find well-paved well-kept streets in any of the large towns in the American Union. I had thought, before leaving Scotland, that my native city of Glasgow—which, in the extraordinary rapidity of its progress in size, beauty, and wealth, displays more of American growth than any city in Europe—enjoyed a somewhat unenviable distinction in having the carriage-ways of many of its streets in great disrepair. But Glasgow contrasts favourably in this respect with any of the large cities of the American Union; and had the Cincinnati Jarvey who attempted to extort six dollars from myself and friend, for a

two hours' drive to the Cincinnati Observatory, attempted to justify his extortion by an appeal to the badness of the streets and deepness of the ruts, he might have succeeded in making out something of a good special case.

Cincinnati contains some good public buildings, such as the Observatory, already casually noticed, which is built on a hill called Mount Adams, that rises immediately above the town, and which contains a telescope of large size and power imported from the continent of Europe—the new Catholic Cathedral, of which the spire and portico are really fine, although the spire is perhaps somewhat too high—the College—and some others. But none of them are of such beauty or dimensions as to attract much of the attention of a traveller, who has seen the architectural beauties of Great Britain. But there has been very recently erected at Cincinnati a building which deserves that honourable and prominent mention should be made of it, were it only because it is intended to be, and will be, till some vaster scheme outrivals it, the largest hotel in that country, where monster hotels are the rule, and not the exception. When I visited Cincinnati in 1849, there was in course of erection a hotel, which, I was informed, would contain the almost incredible number of above five hundred separate bedrooms, besides eating and other rooms, proportionate to the extent of the sleeping accommodation. But hotel-keeping in America is on a very large scale, and the practice among the merchants and traders of boarding at the

hotels—ofttimes with their wives and families—and merely sleeping in their own houses, gives great encouragement to these mammoth establishments. But my American friends must excuse my preferring the more secluded English system. No doubt, the hotels in the United States are generally not only large, but handsome, and handsomely furnished, (although certainly neither superior in these respects to the ordinary hotels of England and Scotland, nor equal to what may be termed the first-class hotels of London, and of some other of the principal towns of Britain;) and, the very reasonable amount of the charges considered, the supply of viands is usually unexceptionable in all the particulars of quantity, quality, and cooking. But, prejudice or no prejudice, I prefer the English system, where men are not so gregarious in their eating: and thus it was that, on my first visit to New York, I was attracted to the very superior hotel called “Delmonicos,” simply by the remark of a friend that the matters of the table were there conducted more after the English fashion—the *cuisine* being decidedly and *excellently* French.

But to return to Cincinnati. There is perhaps nothing connected with the *present* position of the city, or the present development of the energies of its inhabitants, more creditable, or more worthy of remark, than the attention paid to the cause of education. The system of national education in the United States of America has much in it that calls for consideration from all who have the real wellbeing of

the great family of man truly at heart; and great things may be expected from the effects it is calculated to produce on the rising generation. Actuated by a wise and an enlightened policy, the States of the American Union have recognised the necessity of combining mental improvement with material progress; of making education keep pace with national wealth, and increase in civilisation at home go hand in hand with increase of power abroad: thus it is that there is a larger proportion of the population of the United States engaged in attendance on a course of instruction than is to be found in any other country on the face of the whole globe. All honour to them that such is the fact. This, however, is a subject too ambitious, and too extensive, to be discussed at length in a work like the present; but having had my attention prominently directed, while in Cincinnati, to the zealous and highly liberal manner in which the system is wrought out in that city, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of here introducing a few remarks upon it.

In the majority of the instances in which error is committed, in reasoning on matters connected with the United States of America, the mistake arises from confounding, or at least from not discriminating, between the powers and constitution of the Federal Government, and the powers which the separate States have severally reserved to themselves. No doubt, the constitution and laws of the United States are declared to be supreme—so supreme, that no State law is valid which comes in competition with the constitution, or

with any law of the United States; and it has been well remarked by that distinguished American statesman, the Hon. Daniel Webster, that it is this very principle, which makes the united laws of the General Government supreme, that constitutes the American constitution. Without this, the Union would be merely a confederacy. As a general theoretic constitutional principle, then, it may be affirmed of the constitution of the American republic, that the law of no state of the Union can be valid where it conflicts and is at variance with any law of the General Government; and that, if at any time any question of interference should arise, the power of decision between the individual state and the Union is placed in the hands of the Supreme Court at Washington, which also has power to decide questions that may arise between one state and another. It will be at once seen how important is the existence both of this principle and of this power, and also that both are essentially necessary to the integrity, and indeed to the very existence, of the Union itself. But while the line of demarcation is in some cases not very well defined, and in others not much respected, there are, at the same time, matters and powers which the individual states have reserved to themselves, and with which the General Government has nothing to do. Of this the education of the people is one. There is, properly speaking, no general State education. Each state is at liberty to legislate on this subject as it pleases, and each state has legislated regarding it; and, to the

credit of our American brethren, let it be remembered that there is now no country in the world where the secular education of the people is better attended to than it is in the United States. I say secular, not because I can, of my own knowledge, say that the religious education of the people is neglected, but because *that* is left to each religious denomination itself. In America, where there is no State church, all that the state governments do, in connexion with the public education of the people, is to provide schools, in which the children receive a secular education at the public expense, a portion of the local taxes being appropriated for that purpose. Every state in the Union has some provision of that nature, although, as has been already mentioned, no one state has the power of controlling another, through the medium of the General Government or otherwise, in relation to this matter. In every state of the Union there is an ample provision for the support of schools for the education of white children; and, while I of course cannot vouch for the truth of the statement of myself, I had it from several influential gentlemen of Louisiana, that in that, as well as in some other slave states, provision would have been made for the education of the children of the slaves, had not so violent a spirit of opposition been excited, of late years, in the south, by the proceedings of the abolitionists of the north. It may seem a strange thing to say that the movements of northern states to abolish slavery should have operated as a preventive to the southern ones

educating, in some degree, their black population; but it is easy for one who has personally witnessed the keenness of feeling that has been excited on this question of abolition, to see that such is likely to be the case. To judge from the language of some parties in the New England states, one would suppose that they considered all arguments and stratagems fair, provided only they tended to further the "abolition ticket." *Fas aut nefas* seems the motto. In May or June 1849, an instance occurred of the seizure of a box, despatched per rail from one of the slave states, (Kentucky,) directed to Philadelphia, which, when opened, was found to contain two live slaves, whom it was *thus* intended to remove from slavery to freedom; while the extreme among the anti-abolition parties of the south are as unscrupulous, and fully more extravagant, in their doings or language. To judge from the language of some of them, no punishment is too bad for the conduct of their opponents; and to form an opinion from the remarks of nearly all of them, whether in public or in private, it would seem as if they would rather dismember the Federal Union than give way to the abolition movement—at least for some time to come. [Even in Congress, such language is occasionally used, and the scenes to which its introduction leads are occasionally very strange ones for a legislative assembly. The following, taken from a report of proceedings in the United States' House of Representatives, on 13th December 1849, will suffice for a specimen. The

scene occurred on the discussion of a resolution of Mr Brown of Mississippi, that the Hon. H. Cobb should be elected to the highly important office of Speaker:—

Mr D——r said that the resolution of Mr Brown, in effect, called upon the Whigs to make an unconditional surrender. He would vote for anybody but a *disunionist* to occupy the chair.

A VOICE.—There is no such person in the house.

MR D——R.—I think so.

VOICES.—Where is he?

MR D——R pointed to MR M——

MR M——DE.—If the gentleman charges me with being a disunionist, it is false!

MR D——R.—You are a *liar*.

Immediately Mr M——de left his seat on the opposite side of the house, *and rushed towards Mr D——r*. The parties were not more than four feet apart, when members rushed between. There were cries of “Fight!” The sergeant-at-arms hurried down, with the mace of office in his hand. There were loud cries of “Order.” Lobby members mounted the side scenes. Mr M——de beckoned Mr D——r to follow him to the Rotunda. There were motions of adjournment, midst a scene of the greatest possible disorder.

But such scenes are very rare, and when they do occur, the words used cannot be regarded otherwise than as the dictations of temper and of haste. But the feelings which they display have been evinced even in the Upper House of the American Legislature; and that they were there enunciated and argued

on with great decorum, dignity, and ability, only proves that they are deeper seated than some parties in America or in England are willing to admit. Of this any one may satisfy himself, by perusing the published speeches of Messrs Hayne and Webster, delivered in the United States' Senate in January 1830. There the *ostensible* subject of discussion was what is known in America as the "nullification" question, or the right of an individual state to declare a law of the General Government null and of no effect within that state's own particular limits or territory—a doctrine which Mr Webster justly characterised as one which would reduce the Constitution to a mere confederacy. But although that was the ostensible subject, the whole tenor of the argument goes to prove the extreme dissonance that exists between the north and the south on the question of slavery. That this dissonance ever will lead to a dismemberment of the American Union, however, I am far from thinking. If there be one thing of a national character which an American values more than another, it is that he is a member of the Union. It is not that he is a citizen of New York or of Massachusetts, of Carolina or of Alabama, of Kentucky or of Ohio, but it is that, being such, he is a member of the Great American Union or Republic; and, without going the length of saying that a separation of the north from the south could not be made without in any way interfering with the peaceful relations between the two, I certainly would, were I an American, regard a dis-

memberment of the Union as the greatest misfortune that could befall my great and rising country. But of such an event I have little fear. The northern and southern states of the American Republic stuck together even at a time when the latter had the greatest and most obvious of all possible interests to secede from the cause of the former; and it were well that the northern party should now remember this fact, when urging their southern brethren on this tender subject of slave emancipation.

This, however, is a digression. To return to the question of state education. In each of the states there is a provision for the secular education of the children of freemen, at the expense of the state itself. In some states the allowance is greater than in others, even taken in proportion to the population. The state of Connecticut has the honour of standing at the head of that list that would enumerate the states of the American Union according to their respective public provisions for the education of the people. With a population not exceeding 400,000, the sum annually devoted by the state to the support of the public schools is about £26,000 sterling; and it is a fact worthy of record, were it only as a somewhat singular coincidence, that while Connecticut is thus distinguished above all the other states of the American Union for the large amount of its public school fund in proportion to the population, it is also the only one in the republic in which theatrical representations are prohibited by law. Different par-

ties will interpret these facts, and connect or separate them, according to their prepossessions for or against the theatre, and its uses or abuses. But the circumstance, that these two things should co-exist in the same state, is one which is worthy of being made prominent mention of. In 1849, an attempt was made in the local legislature of Connecticut to repeal the law prohibiting theatrical performances within its own territorial limits; but the bill introduced for this purpose met with the most determined opposition—an opposition based not so much on objections to such amusements themselves, as on objections to that class of persons by whom they are usually supported, and whose increase in the state might be reasonably expected to follow an alteration in the law. The opposition prevailed, and the bill was almost unanimously rejected. But to return to the state provisions in the United States of America, for the education of the people.

Maine, with a population of about 600,000 inhabitants, has permanent school funds yielding an income of above 60,000 dollars, or above £12,000 sterling. Massachusetts, with a population considerably under a million, has public schools in which fully 80,000 children are annually educated at the public expense; and the state of New York, with a population approaching closely to 3,000,000, (in 1845 it was 2,604,495,) has a common school fund, the aggregate capital of which amounts to about half a million sterling; while, from the general statistics of education

in the state, it appears that, of the whole population, about four out of every thirteen were under instruction during some part of the year, in the elementary and more advanced branches of English education, and in the classical departments of the academies.

Similar details might be given in reference to others of the states in the Union, all going to show that the education of the people has occupied, and continues to occupy, that attention in America to which it is so well entitled. But it is not my intention either to compare the provisions in the different states, or to enter into details with reference to any of them. My limits preclude, for the present, the possibility of my doing so. The object now is to illustrate, by the mention of a few indisputable facts, the general truth of the remark, that the state governments of the American Union have shown themselves most wisely provident, and alive to the best interests of their great republic, in the ample provisions they have made for placing a sound elementary education within the reach of every free inhabitant they contain. The words "wisely provident" are here used advisedly, for, if there be a country in the world in which national provisions for education are more necessary, or more likely to be productive of beneficial results, than another, it is in the American Union. The constitution of the American confederation appeals to the understanding. It is in the conviction of the thinking and intelligent mass, that it is the constitution best adapted for the country, and for the promotion of the

general good, that its stability and permanenee depend. And besides this, the Ameriean Union is yearly reeeiving into its bosom vast masses from the old countries of Europe, more particularly from England, Scotland, and Ireland. Many of these emigrants, no doubt, add to the intelligence, as they do to the population and wealth of the far off land of their adoption ; but it is also true, and lamentably so, that many of them earry with them to America little save their poverty and their ignorance. If emigrants of this elass are to add much to the real strength and prosperity of the nation, they, or at least their children, must be educated. To use the words of an esteemed professional friend in Cineinnati, (himself one of the truest and best friends of education to be found in any land,) whose letter on this subjeet is before me, this elass of emigrants require not only to be Amerieanised, but to be in a great measure enlightened, civilised, and edueated, ere they can be of much real benefit in assisting towards the onward progress of the land to which they have emigrated.

While the general attention paid to the edueation of the people has thus been creditably great in almost the whole of the states, the state of Ohio, notwithstanding its eomparatively recent occupation and rapid growth, has not been behind in the race, as the following few statistics, with reference to the common schools of the town of Cincinnati, will sufficiently prove.

In referenee to the edueational system pursued in

its common schools, Cincinnati is divided into twelve districts. In each of these districts there is a school-house, having a male and also a female department, with a principal and assistant teachers presiding over each. The principal teachers over the male departments have fifty dollars a-month of salary, the assistants somewhat less. The principal teachers of the female departments have twenty-eight dollars a-month, the assistants from sixteen to twenty dollars. In some of these district schools German is taught in connexion with English; and as a large proportion of the population of Cincinnati is German, (a fact evinced by the numerous German sign-boards and inscriptions you see as you go along the streets in certain parts of the town,) these schools are certainly a peculiarly interesting feature in the Cincinnati school system, and strongly illustrate the liberal and enlightened spirit under which they are conducted.

Besides the twelve district schools, there is a central school, established in November 1848, for the farther education of such children above ten years of age as are found on examination to have a "competent knowledge of reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, modern geography, mental and practical arithmetic, history of the United States, mental algebra, or written algebra, to equations of the second degree."

In the common schools the usual branches of an elementary education are taught, while in the central school the education is of a more advanced character,

and includes Latin and Greek. As an adjunct to the whole, there is an orphan asylum school.

The total number of pupils who attended the district schools of Cincinnati between October 1847 and October 1848 was 27,316, being an increase of above five thousand on the year previous.

The above details, which are mainly taken from the nineteenth annual report of the trustees and visitors of the common schools of the city council of Cincinnati for the year ending June 30, 1848, prepared under the authority of the board, by my able and excellent friend Bellamy Storer, Esq., (some time corresponding secretary, and last year the president of the board of trustees and visitors,) will sufficiently show that the general commendation of the school system of Cincinnati, with which I set out, was not without ample and sufficient foundation.

That the efforts thus making, throughout nearly the whole of the American Union, to increase the knowledge of the general body of the people, may continue to prove eminently successful, must be the anxious and ardent prayer of every wellwisher of the great family of man.

One of the greatest businesses carried on in Cincinnati is the killing, curing, and packing of hogs. More than 400,000 hogs were packed in Cincinnati up to January 1848, for the season of 1847-8; and for about two months of each year, the herds of these animals driven along certain of the streets leading from the river are almost continuous. In-

deed, the statistics of the pork trade of the Western States, Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, are so extraordinary as to be scarcely credible to those who have not seen the evidence of its extent. In 1847, the number of hogs brought to market from these three states was fully seven millions. But the fact is, that the states above mentioned are peculiarly adapted for the culture of Indian corn, (called in America “corn” *par excellence*;) and this food supplies not only the cheapest, but the best means for fattening these useful animals.

Of the price paid for hogs in Cincinnati and its neighbourhood, I have no note taken when on the spot. But the price cannot, for very obvious reasons, be materially different from what it is in the immediately adjoining state of Kentucky; and in or about Louisville, the largest city of that state, and itself a great market for the killing or curing of hogs, the price varies from one dollar and a half (about 6s. 6d.) to two dollars and a half, (10s. 6d.,) according to the weight—animals weighing 175 lb. bringing the smaller sum, and those weighing above 250 lb. the larger.

The circumstances thus alluded to have led to the settlement at Cincinnati, and also in the town of Louisville, of sundry emigrants from the Emerald Isle, who, in these towns and their neighbourhoods, exercise the trade and calling with which they were most familiar in “their own green isle.” But it is not only Paddy who indulges in the hog-curing calling in these parts; a large proportion of the German settlers are engaged in the same trade; and it must have been in this por-

tion of the Union that the following case occurred. A German settler lost several valuable hogs, and, finding some animals exactly answering their general description in the possession of an American or English neighbour, he claimed them as his lost favourites, and went to law in vindication of his right to them, on his claim being disallowed. The proofs on both sides were balanced and conflicting, and the lawyers were at their wits' end, when it occurred to the advocate of the German claimant to demand the recall of his client's son, who had been one of the witnesses. On his recall, the counsel asked him if he was in the habit of calling his porkers, and how he called them. The answer was affirmative, and that he called them in German, and they answered to the call. Thereon the judge and jury adjourned to the defendant's hog-yard; and on the German vociferating his war-cry, the pigs he had claimed, and only those out of a very large flock, responded to his call. It is scarcely necessary to say that this piece of real evidence decided the question at issue. It is said of a certain great king that he characterised German as the language most adapted to horses, but this probably was the first instance of its ever being supposed to be best suited to the capacity of pigs.

The extensive trade in the rearing and killing of pigs is generally supposed to be somewhat adverse to a spirit of cleanliness, and perhaps it may be partly owing to this that Cincinnati suffered so greatly from cholera about the time of the visit in question in 1849.

The epidemic had begun to be felt, but had not reached its height, when I was in the city ; but there is now before me a letter, dated 30th July 1849, written to me by an influential professional gentleman in Cincinnati—one who interests himself constantly and warmly in everything that conduces to the wellbeing of his fellows, in which he says—“ Since you left us, our city has been terribly scourged ; we have lost nearly five thousand of our people by the pestilence that has everywhere prevailed.” He adds that the ravages of cholera were even then prevalent, although “ present indications are decidedly favourable to the rapid decline ;” while I find it stated in a Cincinnati newspaper of a subsequent date that above 6000 had perished, and that there were fully 2500 houses in the city then unoccupied and to let. It appears that the greatest mortality was for the thirty-one days ending 16th July 1849, and that the daily average of deaths during that time was one hundred and seventeen. The largest proportion of deaths was among the foreign population, the comparative numbers being, of emigrants 70.1—Americans, 22.6—the difference being no doubt caused mainly by the fact of the new-comers being as yet unaccustomed to the climate, and ignorant what food to take and what to avoid.

Leaving Cincinnati at the somewhat inconvenient hour of five o'clock in the morning, a ride of about sixteen hours in railway cars brings you to the city of Sandusky, on the shores of Lake Erie. The distance travelled is only 217 miles ; and if the time

occupied in the transit would seem to indicate an unusually slow speed for railway travelling, it must be remembered that this line (for it is literally one line) of rails, runs through a comparatively unpeopled country: and although one of its termini is at the populous improving town of Cincinnati, the other is at Sandusky, which, although specially rejoicing in the ambitious title of Sandusky city, is nevertheless only a sparsedly built village, containing a population which does not exceed 2500 inhabitants. In making this journey I heard sundry sneers, on the part not merely of Old but of New Englanders, on the subject of Western railways, particularly when the career of the train was stopped, and the steam-whistle was loudly sounded, until intrusive cattle or hogs were frightened off the line. I could not, however, sympathise to any extent in the severity of my English or Yankee friends on the subject of Western railways. Surely it is better to have one line of railway, and cars travelling on it at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, than no line of railway at all; and if the profits of working the railway from Cincinnati to Sandusky only suffice, in the course of a few years, to the accumulation of wealth sufficient to lay down a railway of more English-like capabilities and pretensions, the parties who own the present works will be entitled to have the laugh quite the other way.

An American railway car has been too frequently described, to render description on my part either necessary or likely to be interesting. The main

feature is the absence of different classes of carriages, it being seemingly assumed by the directors, that in a country of republican equality, every one must be ready to adopt the same mode, and be content with the same accommodation, when travelling. For myself, I do not complain much of the arrangement, although it appeared to me then, as it does now, that it was nothing short of the most downright tyranny. Because A cannot, or will not, pay two dollars for his seat in a car, why should B be compelled (for it amounts to compulsion when there is no other mode of transit, or none equally good,) to be content with the comforts and accommodation that can be purchased for one dollar? This, however, is but one of the many developments of that tyranny of the many, which unquestionably prevails to a very large extent in the United States of America. For the present the government is in the hands of the Whigs, and I should think that every true friend of the land of stars and stripes would wish that it were long to continue so. The grand policy of that government is decidedly, and almost necessarily, conservative; accordingly, in private, some of the most intelligent men belonging to the Whig party, hesitate not to acknowledge that the real danger, which the federal constitution has to dread, arises from the too rapid growth of the democratic principle—from the tendency everywhere observable of referring all power to the mass of the people—of taking every opportunity of appealing to “the people,” and flattering their prejudices by making

them the source of all power. For an illustration of the operation of this democratic tendency, I was indebted to an intelligent military officer of the United States—a gentleman who had held the rank of general in the Mexican army, up to the time the United States declared war against that feeble sister republic, and who now holds a high place in one of the military colleges in the United States. He mentioned that, in one of the Western States—Louisiana, I think—much excitement prevailed at the time, in consequence of its having been mooted, as a weapon of popularity, to have the local judges annually elected, and by the voice of the general body of citizens. The question had been debated in the local legislature, and the resolution there come to was to leave the question of a change to be determined by the majority of the electors themselves. Once mooted, the representatives of the people would not face the odium and unpopularity of deciding it in such a way as excluded the people from power. Could anything more strongly show the tyranny of the *vox populi*, when all considerations are made to give way to it? If there be one question in government better settled than another by the wisdom of ages, it is that the judges who are to administer the laws, who are to hold the balance of justice, should be elected for life, without consideration of party or of party politics, and made as independent as possible of all considerations of a political character.

But the above is only one of many illustrations of

the manner in which the really judicious statesmen in America seem trammelled and gagged by considerations of policy and popularity. Again and again, and in every quarter, was I struck with the different tone of sentiment which pervaded the remarks of my intelligent Whig friends in private, as compared with what they said in public. It would seem that, in private, they universally spoke their own thoughts, while in public the one ruling consideration was what might or would be thought by the mass of the people. This is surely to be deeply regretted as fraught with evil tendencies, particularly in a country which is annually receiving into its bosom vast numbers of European emigrants, most if not all of whom are drawn from the most democratic portions of European society. It were well, I think, that the wise and good of the United States were to reflect more on this important fact,—viz. that the elements of society, drawn by them annually from the old countries, have many of them a strong leaning in favour of levelling principles, even before they set their feet on the shores of the great republic. It may be—it is—no doubt true, as stated in the annual report of the Cincinnati schools for 1848, now before me, that America must, “for many years to come, be the home of thousands who will have left Europe to escape oppression.” But it is also true, that the thousands whom such causes have moved to emigrate to America are outnumbered by the advocates for license, the pretended victims of an imaginary oppression. Judging from the foolish paragraphs

relative to European affairs, which so often deform the pages of the newspaper press in the United States, there seems to be a great appetite for intelligence regarding the "tyrannical governments of Europe." No absurdity, on this subject, seems too gross or too extravagant for the popular taste. The rhapsodies of some of the American newspapers on the subject of the late outbreak in Ireland, exceeded in violence and absurdity of falsehood even the most lying effusions of *The Nation*. The ravings of such men as Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, Meagher, *et hoc genus omne*, were lauded as the height of political wisdom, and the utterers themselves held forth to the public as patriots and martyrs, instead of being simply and truly characterised as charlatans, impostors, or political empirics. This may be all very well as regards the sale of a newspaper, and the mass of the United States' public may be forgiven many widely erroneous notions regarding England and Englishmen, and English freedom, when they have to gather their opinions from such impure sources, or from the equally inaccurate statements of the renegade sons of Great Britain who take refuge on their shores. But the wise and dispassionate of the republic will do well to remember, that while they are a republic—and while a large element in a republican form of government is the democratic principle—there are foreign ingredients annually mixed with the native mass, which have all a tendency to strengthen the principle referred to. Washington—the truly great Washington—although a republican,

was very far from being a democrat: no one saw more clearly, or inculcated more strongly than he did, the necessity of discipline and subordination, to insure the continued prosperity of that Union which he was so instrumental in forming.

Mais revenons à nos moutons—to return to Sandusky City, which affords a fair specimen of the village cities of the United States of America. Standing on a bay which opens into Lake Erie—and communicating with New York, on the one hand, by means of the lakes, canals, and railways, and with New Orleans on the other, by means of the Cincinnati railway, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, Sandusky seems destined, at one period or another, to assume the magnitude which is presupposed in the term “city;” but for the present it is but a village, and not a very large village either, containing about 2500 inhabitants, and having only a few streets, or rather roads, which are destined to be streets when the interstices or vacant spaces have been occupied by buildings.

Leaving Sandusky early in the morning by the steamer for Buffalo, you arrive early next morning at the latter place. On going down the lake, the steamer touches at Cleveland; and I took advantage of the two hours occupied by “coaling” at that place, to visit the town, and was very much pleased that I had done so: for although there is, in the broad road-like streets and sparsedly-sprinkled buildings of Cleveland, much to include it in the same category with

Sandusky, there is unquestionably great taste displayed in the general laying-out of the town. The streets are very broad; they are also at right angles one with another, and well planted with trees for shade. The present population of Cleveland numbers about twelve thousand. It boasts a medical college, which, although a recent establishment, is represented as being in a very flourishing condition; and, like most of the small towns of America, Cleveland rejoices in a number of churches—above twenty; a number which seems unusually great, considering the comparative smallness of the population. Cleveland also enjoys the advantage of a very fine harbour on Lake Erie, which harbour is protected by two piers jutting out into the inland sea. It also communicates with the Ohio, on the other side of the state, by means of a canal; and being thus connected, by direct lines of water communication, with the Mississippi on the one side, and with New York and Canada on the other, and situated in the midst of a great wheat-producing country, there is everything to justify the expectation that Cleveland in Ohio, will, in course of time, attain the position of a very important, and the appearance of a very handsome, city.

Lake Erie, although standing only fourth amongst the American lakes in point of magnitude, is fully entitled to the appellation I have above given it—namely, that of an inland sea. Its extreme length is 240 miles, and its *average* width is nearly 40 miles. The larger lakes are—Lake Superior, which is 420 miles

long, and of an *average* breadth of about 100 miles ; Lake Michigan, which is 340 miles long, by about 60 miles broad ; and Lake Huron, which is 270 miles long, with an average width of about 70 miles. These gigantic fresh-water lakes are connected together throughout their whole extent ; and the reflection that the river Niagara, to whose stupendous falls I was now rapidly approaching, formed the only natural outlet for the vast body of water (about one-half the fresh water on the whole surface of the globe) which is contained within the areas of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, deepened the impressiveness of the feelings with which I now approached a scene that had oftentimes been present to my imagination from the days of my boyhood, floating among the ideas of my mind in a sort of misty, dreamy indistinctness. The impression that I now stood within a few miles of the great fall was paramount to every other ; and only stopping for a few hours in the bustling, busy, town of Buffalo, (which is situated in the state of New York, and forms, as it were, the very centre of the canal and lake navigation, and railroad communication,) so as to enable me to take a rapid drive through it—thereby seeing enough to justify the affirmation, that the town of Buffalo is a rising, rapidly improving city, pleasantly situated on the borders of Lake Erie, at the head of the river Niagara—I proceeded by rail to the village and Falls of Niagara. The distance is only about eleven miles, and may be traversed either by railway, along the banks of the

river Niagara, or down the river itself by means of the steamer. I chose the former mode, but a comparison of notes with intelligent scenery-loving friends satisfied me that the latter was the best; and when I next approach Niagara from the side of Lake Erie, it is my intention to do so by means of the steamboat. On arrival at the village, or place of debarkation, the first visit will naturally be to the world-renowned

FALLS OF NIAGARA;

and, strange as the remark may at first sight appear, I would add, that the sooner this first visit is paid, *and over*, the better. Those who have visited the scene will understand the observation. The first few minutes of the contemplation was to me positively painful, and left an oppressiveness on my spirits for all the rest of the day. It was not that I was disappointed—that I could not say; and yet the cataracts were something very different from what I had conceived them to be. But the preconception and the reality were so totally unlike, that comparison of the one with the other was completely out of the question; and *that* reality was so great, that disappointment was equally precluded from my feelings. I felt oppressed, however, by the first view; and the companion who accompanied me acknowledged, as we sat together in the evening listening to the roar, that such also was his experience. It was with a feeling of relief that I turned away from the scene; and it was not till I had been at Niagara for some days, and had visited these

glorious Falls at all hours, and for hours together, that I felt from the contemplation of them that satisfaction (I cannot think of a better word) which I had anticipated.

Oniawgara, or the Thunder of Waters, is the expressive Indian name for these cataracts. Before visiting them, I had seen many views, and read many descriptions of them, and attempted to form some adequate idea of their dimensions and appearance by studying their statistics. But although I thereby acquired some knowledge of the feelings with which the view had inspired others, and ascertained the enormous number of tons of water that continually pour over this precipice of 160 feet high, and that have continued ceaselessly so to do, probably, since creation first began, and while generation after generation of men have been disappearing from the face of the globe; I cannot say that such studies in any measure prepared me for the scene I actually witnessed. For this reason I will not attempt any detailed description of the Falls, or of their concomitant rapids and whirlpool, but content myself with noting down such suggestions, as to the mode of seeing them, as may spare some after visitor a little of the unnecessary trouble I encountered myself, and aid him in making the best use of his time; to which I will add one or two remarks as to those points which appeared to me to form the distinctive characteristics of the magnificent scene.

These, the most stupendous cataracts in the world,

lie partly in the state of New York and partly in the British possessions of Canada. Near the middle of the river, but rather on the American side of it, stands Goat Island—or, as it ought to be called, Iris Island, that being the name assigned to it by its proprietor, and to which it is well entitled, by the numerous spray-created rainbows that play in the vicinity of it. This island contains about seventy acres of land, and by it the river is divided at the Fall, and for a considerable space above it—the main body of the stream passing down on the south-western side, and being precipitated over what is called the Canadian, or (in allusion to its shape) “The Crescent or Horse-shoe Fall;” and the lesser portion passing on the north-eastern side of Iris Island, and falling over the American Fall. But the waters falling over the American Fall are divided previous to, and at the point of their descent. After passing the upper end of Iris Island, they are divided by what is called Bath Island, and by some smaller ones; and at the point where they are precipitated over the cliff, they are separated by a very small island, called in the guide-books Prospect Island, but named by my informant by the more euphonious name of Luna Island. The comparatively small portion of waters which falls over between Goat Island and Prospect Island is known as the “Centre Cascade;” and this fall is from the highest point of the precipice, the height of the descent here being 162 feet, while the height of the American Fall, which lies between Prospect Island and the state of

New York, is 160 feet—the Horse-shoe Fall being of lesser altitude by a few feet.

The above general description will be sufficient to show that these falls, to be properly seen, must be viewed not only from below as well as above, but from both sides of the river; and, as there is ample accommodation for the reception of travellers on both sides, much is said and written as to which is the best side whence to view the falls. The guide-books being chiefly manufactured in the United States, of course, and with a natural enough preference, generally say all they can to induce the traveller to take up his abode at Niagara village, on the New York side. I did so, and I certainly have every reason to write, with unqualified eulogy, of the comfort and attention felt and experienced in the Cataract Hotel. But the fact is indisputable, that by far the finest view of the falls is that obtained from the other side of the river. From the door or from the windows of Clifton House, which is the name of the principal hotel on the Canada side, the view is grand in the extreme—ininitely more so than is any other general view that can be taken of these stupendous cataracts. In front lies the great Horse-shoe Fall, with its sea of waters continuously pouring over the precipice into a caldron of scarcely known depth, whence a constant cloud of spray springs up, encircling, and sometimes obscuring, the fall itself. On the left is the scarcely less magnificent American Fall, hurrying onward—the waters discharging them-

selves over the precipice they have to encounter, as if impatient to join the kindred waters from which they have been so lately separated, and regardless of the obstacles which interpose to resist their doing so; while between the two there sparkles in the sunbeams the noble Centre Cascade—a fall which would be in itself an object of attraction and gratification in any other presence than that of its monster brethren.

For this reason—namely, because it places constantly before his observation the most imposing general view of the falls, and also because the more, and the oftener, and the longer, these falls are viewed, the more will they fill the mind of the contemplative visitor—I advise the traveller not to follow my example, by taking up his abode exclusively on the American side, but, after living two or three days on on that side, (whence Goat Island, &c., is alone approachable,) to cross over and take up his residence for at least two or three days longer on the Canadian side.

I have already said that, despite the fact that the Falls of Niagara had been the subject of my dreams almost from boyhood, and notwithstanding my having read at least half-a-dozen attempts at description of them, I found, when I stood in view of these cataracts, that I really had not had any preconception of them whatever. Thus I feel it will ever be. The only thing that struck me on this subject was, that whereas, in my preconceptions, I had surrounded the Falls of Niagara with

many elements of grandeur, separate and independent of the mere waterfall itself; when I stood on the spot, when expectation and imagination had been swallowed up in the reality, it was the falls—the falls alone—that occupied my attention and filled up the view. Above the falls, and at the point where the sea tumbles over the precipice, there is no mountainously grand scenery to attract or distract the attention. The broad and deep, but clear and rapid river flows smoothly along from the waters of Lake Erie, with a hasty but unbroken current, until it begins to be divided by the islands above the falls, as it approaches the brow, as it were, of the mountain ridge on which it is flowing. Before being so divided, the river is nearly two miles broad. After being divided, and as it approaches the upper end of Goat Island, the channel contracts, and the waters accelerate their course. Down the rapids they hasten, boiling and agitated, as with a consciousness of the fearful plunge that lies before them; but still preserving enough of their calmness and continuity, as to sweep over the verge of the precipice in one unbroken and continuous stream. The great depth of water, at the point where it commences its fearful perpendicular descent, ere it breaks into crisping foam—which it does not do until it has fallen some twenty or thirty yards—is powerfully exhibited in the sea-green colour of the water about the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall. Indeed this sea-like colour, and the continuity (so to speak) of the waters themselves, at the point where the descent

commences, form two of the facts connected with the Falls of the Niagara that now present themselves most vividly to my recollection. Shortly below the falls, the depth of the water is about 250 feet ; but there, and for some miles, and down as far as Lewistown or Queens-town, the river is greatly pent in. I could not learn that any attempt had ever been made, or could be made, for ascertaining the exact depth of the river at or about the centre of the Crescent Fall, ere it throws itself from the top of the precipice, but the green colour alluded to shows that it must be very great.

The Indians had a superstition that the genius who presided over the Falls of Niagara required the annual sacrifice, at this his shrine, of at least two human victims. Ere the Red man lost this part of his once broad but now contracted possessions, the supposed merciless Spirit of the Cataract was scarcely ever disappointed or defrauded of his victims. At least two human beings have annually passed into eternity, by disappearing over the falls, for as far back as any annals of these cataracts exist. Since the white man succeeded to the proprietorship, the number of such victims has certainly not diminished. His habitual enterprise and daring have multiplied them greatly ; and many are the harrowing accounts of such fearful accidents to be found in the guide-books, or to be heard from the narratives of the guides, who here, as in all such places of general resort, haunt and occasionally annoy you. Even about the time of my visit, and within a few days of it, an accident occurred, second in point of

of lamentable, harrowing incident to none of those which have preceded it. Having stood on the very point whence the victims were precipitated, and that immediately before the accident took place, and having the whole of the terrific event graphically present to my mental vision, the scene has often since recurred to my recollection—particularly during the hours of midnight—with a startling vividness and personality which is excessively painful. The lamentable circumstance to which I refer, was shortly as follows. Names are repressed in the narrative, because, unlikely though it be that this book shall fall into the hands of any one connected with the victims, it is still a possible thing that it should do so ; and I would not run the hazard of giving pain where I could avoid the possibility of doing so. Besides, names are not necessary to give touching effect to such an incident, which is one of recent occurrence and well known, at least in the localities where it occurred, or which it affected.

A party of pleasure, composed chiefly of the members of two families about to be more closely united by intermarriage, had visited the Falls of Niagara from the New York side, and were enjoying the superb view of them to be witnessed from Iris Island and the neighbouring little Prospect Island. One of the party, a little girl of about twelve years old, with the giddiness natural to her years, had gone too near the water and the precipice, and had been repeatedly called back. On repeating the inconsiderateness, a young gentleman, the affianced of the sister of the child,

followed her to bring her back, and having caught her by the dress, playfully attempted to frighten her, by holding her forward towards the water, as if he would drop her into the river. Fearful to narrate, the part of the dress by which he held the child gave way in his grasp, the child fell into the hurrying, eddying, tossing waters. In a vain hope of saving her, or maddened to desperation by the scene, the youth sprang after her, and both were instantly launched into eternity, by being thrown with great force over the precipice into the boiling caldron below. It is scarcely necessary to add that the dead bodies were not found for some days afterwards, and then at or about the whirlpool, a considerable distance down the river.

Many such incidents have occurred through the temerity of visitors at Niagara. Some years ago a young lady lost her life by going too near, and falling over the precipice on the other side of the river; and the unfortunate event is chronicled, on a board exhibited by one of those persons who earn a precarious livelihood in the vicinity of the falls, in lines strongly suggestive of the fact of how nearly, in this world, that which is ludicrous approaches, if it be not allied to, that which is sublime. The doggrel inscription sets out with a compliment to the whole race of woman-kind, and is in these words—

“Woman, most beauteous of the human race,
Be cautious of a dangerous place,
For here Miss —— at *twenty-three*
Was launched into *eternity*.”

It is to be hoped that, if any poet of the falls attempts to chronicle the event which sent Mr A—— and his little friend to an untimely tomb, he may be more successful in his endeavours, by narrating the story in verses worthy of its touching truth.

Before visiting Niagara, I had heard much of the great distance at which the cataract makes itself both seen and heard—seen by its clouds of mist and spray, and heard by its deep booming and unceasing roar. I cannot say that my expectations in these respects were gratified; on the contrary, I did not see the spray, neither did I hear the sound, many miles off. But these are matters which depend so much on the direction of the wind, and on the nature of the weather, as well as on the acuteness of vision and of hearing in different individuals, that I merely notice that the fact was so. But the roar of the cataract itself, as you stand before it, is quite another matter. With *that* I was not disappointed, although I cannot at present remember any sound I can liken it to so as to give a fitting idea of its nature—

“Only itself can be its parallel.”

It is like the voice of thunder as I have heard it on the Mississippi, and also among the mountains of my native land—it is like the noise of the contending elements of wind and rain, as I have heard them in a storm on the ocean—it is like the roaring of the surf, as I have heard it breaking among the islands of the Hebridean sea, after having crossed the broad Atlantic

—it is like all these, and all these combined ; but it has a sound peculiar to itself—a sound which impressed me with deeper awe than any noise I had ever heard before. How is it that, in such a scene, the heart so longs for solitude ? To be alone is the predominating desire ; and yet how little does one feel alone on such an occasion, when no human eye rests on the view but your own ! The voice of the living cataract speaks in your very ears ; it thunders forth eternity ; it tells you of a power which is illimitable—of a Being who is omnipotent in His majesty, as well as eternal in His duration. And even while you feel that, as a mere man, you are gazing on a something which is far beyond your capacity to form, or your power to control, you feel at the same time that there is an omnipotent Being to whom that great waterfall is but as “ a drop in the bucket ;” and that you are allied to Him by a never-dying principle, which places even you supremely above and beyond the most stupendous of nature’s formations ;—a something which will live and may luxuriate among the boundless works of Him, an emblem of whose majesty and might you are here contemplating, even when that noble cataract shall have ceased to flow. Most truthfully can I affirm that, never do I remember of being so deeply impressed with the almost sense of a present Deity, than I was as I stood alone, and at a late hour on a moonlight night, contemplating from the Table Rock the waters of the Niagara, as they tumbled successively and continuously, and with a ceaseless

roar, over the precipice of the Great or Horse-shoe Fall. Dickens' description of his feelings at Niagara is one of the very few parts of his *Notes on America* that seem to me worthy of his fame as a descriptive writer. In particular, I can fully sympathise with him in the passage in which he says—"It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked—great heaven! on what a fall of bright green water—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

"Then, when I felt how near my Creator I was standing, the first effect and the enduring one, instant and lasting, of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace!—peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness, nothing of gloom and terror—Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever.

"Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering waters!—what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths!—what heavenly promise glistened in these angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around and twined themselves above the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbow made!"

There is not—I know and feel that there is not—the slightest shade of exaggeration in the statement

that, in every word of this most beautiful description of the effects, the abiding effects, produced in the mind by contemplating this sea falling over this mountain range, I can most fully sympathise ; and, as I could not hope to describe the scene in terms as eloquent, I see nothing objectionable in borrowing part of his description, at same time that I acknowledge the source whence I have received it. Even now, in the hour at which I write, amidst the scenery of my native much-loved land, and with all nature lying around me in deep repose, and everything still around me, there is nothing of the past—nothing connected with my journeyings by land or by sea—that I can more readily recall than the realities of Niagara. I can see vividly, though but in mental vision, the broad deep river coming on in smiling placidity, as unconscious of its dreadful fate. Anon some symptoms of feeling pervade its waters. It tosses and tumbles, as if it would strive against its fate, but yet onward, onward it comes ; and when it sees its fate to be inevitable, it meets that destiny with calmness and resolution, as it quietly falls over into the abyss in one continuous sheet ; while from below there rises a veil of mist and vapour, as if gracefully to conceal the death-struggles of the river from the view of the spectator.

The concomitants of the falls are the rapids above them, and the whirlpool and suspension-bridge below them. All of these are well worthy of inspection : in particular, both the rapids and the whirlpool deserve,

and will repay, a lengthened visit. It is the phraseology of the guide-books, and even of some tourists, to speak of the rapids and whirlpool as almost as wondrous as the falls themselves ; but this is simply nonsense. They are extraordinary and wonderful ; they are not magnificent. As appendages to the falls, they are worthy appendages. Apart from the falls, there would not be much in either of them, although the writers I have alluded to speak of the whirlpool as fully as dangerous, if not as wonderful, as the great Maelstrom whirlpool on the Norwegian coast.

Of the two "rapids," I prefer those immediately above the Creseent Fall. Both rapids are best seen from Goat Island. The whirlpool should be viewed both from the top of the bank and from below. The scene above is very different from that beneath ; and it is only by viewing it in both positions that you become fully alive to the great power of the circling eddies.

The suspension-bridge, which has been thrown across the river at the distance of about a mile below the falls, is a remarkable work, although, in these days of engineering talent and enterprise—an age which witnesses a railway carried by tubes across the Menai Straits—it seemed to me that my Transatlantic friends were disposed to make somewhat too much of the difficulty and magnitude of the undertaking. Still, to throw a bridge across the river Niagara, at the point in question, was a work requiring no mean

mechanical skill and attention. The contractor was a Mr Ellett. Having established the first connexion by means of a kite, Mr Ellett, after successively replacing a string with a rope, and the rope with a wire cable one inch in diameter, was himself carried over in a car suspended from the latter. The distance between the bridge and the surface of the water is 230 feet; the depth of the water below the bridge is 250 feet; the length of the bridge is 650 feet, crossing a river of nearly 350 feet in breadth. The present bridge is merely a temporary erection, intended to give place to a more substantial structure. But even the present erection affords accommodation for the passage not merely of foot passengers, but of carriages and horses, from the Canadian to the American shore—these latter, however, being only allowed to cross it slowly, and at a walking pace.

When viewing the Falls of Niagara, I felt it difficult to repress the wish that I could have seen them when some stupendous object of man's fashioning were precipitated over the precipice and into the abyss, were it only to have ocular demonstration of the feebleness of human power to contend with this cataract of nature's forming; and probably no one will ever see "the Falls" to greater advantage than did those who saw the steam-ship *Caroline* pass over the main cataract in a burning state, at midnight, in the month of December 1847. With the political view of that matter—whether the act was justifiable or unjustifiable—I have here nothing to do. I have my own opinions on

the subject, but it were foreign to the nature of this work to make any mention of what these views are; besides, there are a sufficient number of the extravagant and over-zealous, on both sides of the Atlantic, to keep up any little soreness that the burning of this steamer by the British may have excited at the time of the event. That such soreness exists is, however, but too evident; and it would be strange were it to happen that Canada should be annexed to the United States through the agency and instrumentality, and with the wishes, of those very British who were instrumental in creating the irritation referred to by the forcible seizure and burning of the *Caroline*.

But it is with the destruction of the *Caroline*, not as a political, but as a picturesque, affair, I have here to do. At midnight, in a winter's night, a party of men from the Canadian shore boarded the *Caroline*, as she lay moored at Navy Island—cut her out, set her on fire, cast her loose, then abandoned her, and left the blazing vessel to drift slowly down, casting a lurid light on the surrounding objects, until the whole was suddenly, instantaneously quenched, as the doomed vessel disappeared over the great or Cresecent Fall. It must have been a very imposing sight.

CHAPTER III.

“ These are thy glorious works, thou Source of good—
How dimly seen, how faintly understood !
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair ;
Thy power divine, and bounty beyond thought,
Adored and praised in all that thou hast wrought.”

COWPER.

LEAVE NIAGARA—LEWISTOWN AND QUEENSTOWN—BROCK'S MONUMENT
—LAKE ONTARIO—OSWEGO—KINGSTON—OGDENSBURG AND PRES-
COTT—ST LAWRENCE AND ITS SCENERY—THOUSAND ISLANDS—SHOOT-
ING THE RAPIDS—LACHINE—LACHINE RAILWAY AND MONTREAL—
QUEBEC AND ITS CITADEL, ETC.—FALLS OF THE MONTMORENCI—
RETURN TO MONTREAL—PUBLIC FEELING IN CANADA, AND ITS
CAUSES.

IT was with much reluctance that, after spending at Niagara one of the best-remembered weeks of my life, I resumed my journeyings, by proceeding onward, by a horse-drawn railway carriage, from Niagara to Lewistown. Before leaving the scene which had afforded me such deep delight, and which I know not if I may be spared and privileged again to see, I spent the forenoon in revisiting the various views that had most deeply impressed me ; and these last looks are among the most vivid of my recollections : they also

supplied me with much food for reflection in my after wanderings—

“ Adieu to thee again—a last adieu !
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine :
My mind is coloured by thy every hue.”

The village of Lewistown is situated on the Niagara, immediately before it enters the waters of Lake Ontario. It is on the American side of the river, and on the opposite or Canadian side stands the picturesque improving town of Queenstown. From one or other of these places there are constant opportunities of proceeding down Lake Ontario by some one of the numerous and very superior steamers which ply upon the lake, carrying the British standard or the American flag, just as ownership or *interest* dictates. At Lewistown or Queenstown, or rather shortly before reaching them, the river Niagara emerges from the gorge or valley in which it has been flowing ever since it sustained its trying fall at the village of Niagara. The fact that the highlands thus continue down to Queenstown, and that the river between Niagara and Queenstown flows at a level so much below that of the surrounding country, has given rise to the opinion that, at some long antecedent period, the falls were situated about that point of the river opposite which the town of Queenstown now stands. In theory, there is much to be said in favour of this view of the matter; but the difficulty is to assign a date when this retrocession of the falls can have taken place, inasmuch as the oldest description of

them extant—and there are some very old ones—describe them as occupying very much the same position, and exhibiting very much the same shape and appearance, that they do now. If the receding was gradual, it must have taken many thousands of years for the falls to have worked back from Queenstown to Niagara. If sudden, and by a convulsive operation of nature within the annals of time, it is incredible that some tradition of the event has not been handed down among the Indians who composed the Six Nations which formerly occupied and possessed the territory lying on the banks of the river Niagara. Moreover, written accounts of the falls, at a period more than a century anterior to the present date, are in existence, and these indicate no retrocession of the river, or even any material alteration in the position, or in the general appearance and features, of the falls themselves.

The view from the top of the hill, as you descend upon the river at Lewistown, is exceedingly picturesque. Before and immediately under you stands the village of Lewistown, with the town of Queenstown on the opposite side of the river; while on the heights above Queenstown towers a monument to the memory of Lieut.-General Brock, which, though now almost in ruins, forms a very imposing object in the view. On the left hand, as you enter the village, flows the broad, deep, clear Niagara river, moving swiftly, but yet in calm grandeur, almost as if it were taking time to recover from the effects of its late extravagance, and as yet only partially successful in

its efforts to assume a less vexed appearance; while, to complete the picture, the deep blue sea-like waters of Lake Ontario are seen stretching beyond and before you, and away into the extreme distance.

In reference to the present dilapidated condition of the monument erected to the memory of the gallant Brock—which appearance arises from the unsuccessful attempt of a miserable miscreant to blow it up with gunpowder, during the insurrection which occurred in Canada in 1837 and 1838—I could not help heartily execrating the dastardly spirit that could take such a mode of exhibiting either its politics or its passions. I audibly expressed myself to this effect, in the society of some United States tradesmen, who were going down from Niagara to Lewistown on a trip of pleasure, and who occupied the ear with me. On so doing, I was delighted to find that not even national prejudice could blunt their sense of the miserable impropriety of such an act: one and all of them joined me most heartily, by expressing their detestation of the heartless dastard by whom it was committed.

Arrived at Lewistown, we immediately proceeded on board the American steamer, yecept the *Lady of the Lake*, and speedily unmooring, the power of the steamer, aided by the rapidity of the current—which here runs at the rate of about seven miles an hour—very soon brought us into the waters of Lake Ontario. The scenery of the lower part of the Niagara is very pleasing, as is also that portion of the American side of the lake which I saw ere the shades of evening

closed on the view. But I find I have especially noted the colour of the waters, both of the river and of the lake, as remarkable as well as pleasing. Clear, bright, and sparkling, the foam created by the movement of the paddles of the steamer seemed to me to have a creaminess and a consistency superior to the froth of ordinary water. But perchance the recollection of the brown muddy-looking waters of the Mississippi was then fresh in my memory, and rendered the waters of a purer stream more beautiful and grateful by the contrast.

Lake Ontario stands only fifth among the gigantic lakes of the New World in point of magnitude. It is 180 miles long—is, at its greatest width, 52 miles broad—and has an average width of about 40 miles. It is, moreover, very deep.

The first place at which the steamer touched was the town or village of Oswego, on the American side of the lake, and in the state of New York. Oswego is a gay, sparsedly built, but improving town of considerable size, having many American features, badly paved streets inclusive. It enjoys a large and an increasing trade in flour. Even at present, the number of flour-mills at work in Oswego is very great. I was credibly informed on the spot, that these mills could, and often did, grind 9000 barrels of flour per day. Indeed, it appears from statistics of the Oswego mills, prepared for a forthcoming Gazette of the State of New York, that 600,000 barrels of flour were ground at the mills during the year 1848. In that

year thirteen mills were in operation; the number, at the time of my visit, had been increased to sixteen.

From Oswego the steamer proceeded to Sackett's Harbour, also in the State of New York; and then crossed the lake to the town of Kingston, in Canada West. My stay in Kingston being limited to the two hours of the steamer's detention there, I had no opportunity of doing more than taking a very general survey of its appearance, so that my report may be summed up in this:—That, although I had the same fault to advance against the general paving that I have stated against some of its republican neighbours, and to complain that some of the *trottoirs* or side-walks were of wood, I thought Kingston, on the whole, a pleasantly situated, handsome-looking place, having somewhat more of a finished town-like appearance than American towns of the same size generally exhibit. The Town Hall, in connexion with which is the Post Office, a massive building, and the French cathedral, the English church, and some other public buildings, have some pretensions to architectural beauty.

Kingston stands at the commencement of the river St Lawrence, which forms the outlet of Lake Ontario. As therefore the Niagara forms the feeder, and the St Lawrence, as it were, the waste-pipe, of the same lake, it would have been more natural, and it might have been as well, had the two rivers, or rather the two parts of the same river, been called by the same name, distinguishing their position by the terms upper and lower.

But it were too late to try to change this now. It were difficult to name any two rivers in the world, naturally connected with each other, with which such an experiment could not more easily be made. The Falls of the Niagara, and the Thousand Islands of the St Lawrence, have conferred upon each of the streams in which these celebrities are to be seen, a reputation which precludes the possibility of a change of name as regards either of them.

Beautiful St Lawrence ! others have expressed themselves disappointed with thee ; but writing only as I found and felt, and without reference to the impressions even of more gifted travellers, I am constrained to confess that, in no part of my wanderings by sea or by land—the unapproachable Niagara alone excepted—did I feel more interest and excitement than I did when sailing, often shooting, down the waters of thine arrowy stream. The variety of the islands, which, although named The Thousand, are said to be in reality of much larger number ; the racing speed at which the river runs, with the occasional boiling and blustering of the rapids, and the also occasional transition from narrows to lakes, and from lakes to narrows again, give an interest and a variety to the sail, which is exceedingly pleasing. True, the islands are none of them high, and some of them are covered only with stunted brushwood. But then they are in constant succession, and most of them are clothed with trees of very graceful foliage. True, also, the river has lost the green clearness it possessed when it passed

under the world-renowned name of the Niagara, or while its waters formed part of the waters of Lake Ontario, and it has now assumed a browned and comparatively turgid aspect. But then it is still full of activity: it toils, tosses, and tumbles like a thing of life. Often it is difficult to understand what all the toil, trouble, and turmoil is about. Like a numerous class of would-be politicians, whose characteristic features are graphically touched off by Wordsworth in the line—

“Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud,”

the St Lawrence seems resolved to make the most of everything—to make a vast noise and bluster as well without as when there is occasion, and to keep up the excitement even long after all apparent cause for it has ceased.

Shooting the rapids! Who has not heard of the Rapids of the St Lawrence, or read in the days of boyhood, when the taste for the marvellous is keen, of the danger and excitement of “shooting” them? But the danger may fairly be considered as one of the things passed away. The excitement, however, still remains. And it was exciting and interesting enough to feel the gigantic steamer steadying herself, as it were, before entering the tossing turbulent waters of the Long Sault Rapids; and then hurrying along and down through their boiling billows with the speed of a sea-bird. In shooting these rapids on this occasion, the steamer had to pass a sailing vessel bound for

Montreal or Quebec, which was going down at the same time, and for a while it seemed as if a collision was almost inevitable. Both vessels required to keep a particular channel, where the rocks were covered by the greatest depth of water, which channel was indicated by the particular appearance of the boiling of the water. But the sailing-vessel did not seem to "answer her helm" readily; and, had not the steamer done so very sharply, a fearful collision must have taken place. Indeed, it is only from insufficiency of steering that accidents are likely to occur, and the very rapidity of the steamer's motion gives her what is, I believe, technically called good steerage-way. At all events, the Indian pilot who steered the steamer *Lady of the Lake* down the rapids of the St Lawrence, did not seem to think there was anything of danger in his occupation; and if he was not one of the best judges of the amount of the danger, he certainly ought to have been so.

The group called the Thousand Islands commences about ten miles below Kingston, and extends for a distance of upwards of fifty miles; and the wanderings of the steamer among the various channels seemed sometimes strange enough—creating often much of what may be termed lake scenery, as it was not till we seemed to be almost running on shore, that the channel through which we were to pass opened to our view. An hour or so after leaving the islands, the *Lady of the Lake* shot into the mouth of the river Oswegatchie, and moored at the harbour of the town

of Ogdensburg, which stands at the mouth of this dark-coloured stream of unpronounceable name. As the American steamer *British Empire*, which was to convey me onward to the capital of Canada, had not arrived, and was not expected for some hours, I devoted the time so gained to landing, crossing the long wooden bridge, (on which I observed the notice so usual on such structures in the States, prohibiting carriages from passing quicker than at a walking pace, under a penalty of some ten or twenty dollars,) and traversing the length and breadth of the town of Ogdensburg. But, although I think it is by such wayside visits to comparatively unvisited places, that one can best form proper notions of the general progress of a nation, at least as regards their internal trade, such rambles do not afford many incidents or particulars for description ; and the only note of Ogdensburg I find in my daily memoranda, is to the effect that it is of the same rough business character with some of the other minor American trading places I have already described ; that a large trade in grain, and in grinding grain, is carried on in it ; and that it bears many indications of increasing wealth and importance. At the same time, and although there are some neat-looking villas to be seen from the bridge, cresting the lofty banks of the stream of the Indian name, Ogdensburg does not as yet boast much beauty of an architectural nature.

When describing my voyage on the Mississippi, I had occasion to mention the prevalence of the habit of

chewing and its many unpleasantnesses. When in a shop in Ogdensburg, I had an illustration of the extent to which it is carried, and the manner in which it is acquired, by the juvenile portion of the community. I had made a small purchase, more with the view of getting into conversation with the intelligent-looking proprietor, than from any desire for the thing bought ; and finding the party I addressed very obliging, and (on my at once, and in accordance with my custom, asking him to excuse my questions, on the ground of my being an entire stranger,) very communicative, I continued my conversation with him as to the trade of the town, which he represented as in a flourishing condition. While I was talking, two or three well-dressed boys came into the shop asking for some sort of gum, adding to it a name I had not before heard ; and on my asking the little purchaser what he wanted, and offering to get some of it for him, the owner of the shop said, " Oh never mind, sir, he wants what I have not to give him—he wants Burgundy pitch to *chew*."

" Burgundy pitch to chew !" said I—" that is surely a strange taste."

" Yes it is," said my friend the storekeeper, " but that is generally the way in which the habit of chewing is at first acquired in this country. They begin with something which promotes the flow of the saliva, and then gradually come on to the weaker kinds of tobacco, and thence to the more pungent."

He added that even some of the fairer part of

creation, in the United States, occasionally tried the first part of the process. But this last statement was, I trust, a scandal, as I also hope is Captain Marryat's story of the American young ladies carrying packages of pig-tail ornamented with ribbons for the use of their swains, and to promote their eloquence when they flag for want of a quid—of which practice, however, I certainly never saw anything, although I was in the most chewing districts of America. Indeed, I agree with an American gentleman I lately travelled with in England, that it is to the ladies of the United States that we must look for the banishment of this filthy habit of chewing; and I also cordially concur in his remark, that I cannot conceive of one of the fair, beautiful girls, of whom I saw so many in the United States of America, permitting a lover disfigured by chewing to approach, much less—time and place convenient—to kiss her. There is here surely a kind of *quid pro quo*, which is anything but flattering to the good taste of the ladies of the United States.

Opposite Ogdensburg, and on the other side of the St Lawrence, stands the Canadian town of Prescott—a steam ferry-boat plying between the two.

Leaving Ogdensburg in the very superior steamer called the British Empire, we touched at Prescott, and then resumed our voyage down the spirited waters of the dancing St Lawrence: a mill near Prescott being pointed out to us, in passing, as the scene of a rencontre between some of the *then* rebels to the British government, and the *then* Canadian

loyalists, in 1837 or 1838, when the former were defeated, and their leader slain on the spot—or taken and executed, I forget which—and a few hours thereafter we approached and passed down the great Sault Rapid, of which I have already written. At six o'clock P.M. of the same day, the steamer reached Lachine, nine miles from Montreal, where, like most of my fellow-travellers, I took the railway for the metropolis of Canada—not deeming the advantage of shooting the rapid of Lachine sufficient inducement to lead me to spend a night on board the steamer, or in the village on shore.

Arriving at Montreal, I took up my temporary abode at the very excellent hotel of Donnegana, now unfortunately among the things that have been, having been burnt down during one of the late unseemly riots (for it were folly to call them more) of which Montreal has been the theatre.

The destruction of the houses of parliament at Montreal, by fire, had occurred only a short time before my arrival; and the popular riots at New York, said to have originated in the disputes between Mr Macready and Mr Forrest, were also of recent happening, and the two divided the general conversation by rail, by steam-boat, and by stage. I shall have a little to say on both subjects; but I shall reserve what I have to say on the first till my return to Montreal from Quebec, and of the latter till I shall have reached New York.

Montreal disappointed, while it pleased and surprised

me. It disappointed me as a whole, but some parts of it gratified while they surprised me. I expected to find a finer town, taking it altogether; but I was unprepared for the breadth of some of the streets, and the symmetry of many of the lines of buildings occupied by shops and counting-houses in the new town.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral of Montreal is generally pointed out to the visitor as, in an architectural point of view, the most important building in the city; and I observe that a late writer has said that, "with the exception of that in Mexico, it is the finest ecclesiastical edifice on the (American) continent." But, without professing to see beauties where I did not see them, I cannot acquiesce in this praise. The Catholic Cathedral of Montreal is a large building—so large as to be capable of containing about seven thousand worshippers; it is also a handsome structure, and has a noble and imposing front; but the towers or turrets which surmount it destroy much of the effect it would otherwise produce. They are much too thin and narrow for the size of the building. Indeed, there is in the immediate vicinity of the cathedral, a building of far more modest pretensions, which I would venture to prefer to it, in so far as symmetry, proportion, and keeping are concerned. I mean the building occupied as the Montreal Bank, which I admired very greatly, and which, recording my own impressions, and uninfluenced by those of any one else, I characterise as the chastest of all the architectural beauties of the capital of the Canadas.

The building at present used as a market-place, but which there was some talk of having converted into Houses of Assembly for the Legislature, in room of those destroyed by fire, (which do not seem to have been either handsome or favourably situated,) is also a handsome massive stone building, and beautifully situated, facing the river.

The best general view of Montreal is to be obtained from the hill above the town, and by taking a drive round it. It is termed *par excellence* the Mountain, and it affords, I was told, a very extensive and delightful view. But I can only speak of it, and recommend it, on the report of others, as the weather and other causes of interruption disappointed my oft-formed expectations of being able to visit it.

Leaving Montreal at night, a sail of about twelve hours brings you to Quebec, although the distance is nearly two hundred miles. Quebec has been called the Gibraltar of the new world. Never having seen the latter, I cannot say anything, *pro* or *con*, as to the sufficiency of the resemblance; but most undoubtedly Quebec citadel is a very strong place, and, defended by a British force, I should think it impregnable. It reminded me somewhat of the castle of Stirling in Scotland, near which some of the years of my boyhood were spent: for although Quebec is stronger, and is washed on one side by the broad deep waters of the St Lawrence, and thus differs from Stirling, there is a general resemblance in the rocks on which the two citadels are built, and also in the

neighbouring heights by which they are severally surrounded.

The lions of Quebec and its neighbourhood are, the citadel, to which access is to be had by ticket on application—the Heights of Abraham, and the spot where the gallant Wolfe fell—the plains of Abraham—the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, (a monument in its design, if not in its execution, one of the most pleasing ever reared to departed worth; for what can be more noble, or more proper, than that the differences and contests of this world should not overleap the grave?) and, in the neighbourhood, the Falls of the Montmorenci—the Indian *lorette* or village, and three lakes (Calvaire, St Charles, and Beauport) at some distance. Of these the reader will here only be troubled with some account of the Falls of the Montmorenci, and the natural steps on that river.

With Niagara fresh in my recollection, and treasuring the memory of it as a never-dying reminiscence, I confess that it was with some surprise even to myself that I so much enjoyed the Falls of the Montmorenci. I will not attempt to analyse, much less to justify the feeling, farther than by saying that I always doubt the capability truly to enjoy fine scenery of that man who, even when in the midst of a scene which possesses any of the elements of beauty or of grandeur, can find heart to compare it, in a critical way, with any other scene of which he may have been an observer. Nature is free, and rich as free. She derides the critic's narrow view. She revels in variety—ever varied,

ever new. Thus it is that every scene of nature's forming has beauties peculiar to itself—beauties which other scenes may rival and exceed, but which they cannot exactly parallel; and I confess it always raises my bile to have my feelings, on being privileged to witness a really grand and picturesque view, outraged by overhearing some such remarks as this—“It is very beautiful, but nothing to the Falls of ——.” On one occasion, and when viewing the Falls of Niagara, there was obtruded on me, and by a fellow-countryman too, the remark—“What do you think of the Falls of Clyde now?” I had a personal friendship for the man, but I could have knocked him down at the time, for the total absence of scenic perception which his observation displayed; while I simply responded, “As much or more than I ever did,”—at the same time increasing the distance between us, so that I might not be further interrupted by any of his intrusions.

The Fall of the Montmorenci is into a bay, at which it joins the river St Lawrence, and over an almost perpendicular rock of above two hundred and fifty feet high. In falling over such a precipice, it is needless to say that the waters of the river are driven into flakes of foam; or that these flakes, again rising, partially in the shape of spray, form clouds which, assuming the prismatic colours, give great beauty to the scene. The river, at the point whence it is precipitated into the abyss below, is fully a hundred feet broad; and the basin into which the agitated, convulsed

waters are received, is bounded by steep cliffs of upwards of three hundred feet in perpendicular height. It is a scene of rich and rare magnificence, and, like all such, mere description is tame to give an adequate idea of the emotions it excites.

Leaving the falls, a walk of some two miles through the fields, and in a direction upwards, along the course of the river Montmorenci, brings you to what is called "the Natural Steps," or, as they might be more appropriately termed, the Rapids of the Montmorenci. Here, for about three hundred yards, the pent-up river rolls in foam; and, dashing itself against opposing barriers of sandstone rock, through the main body of which it has in course of ages worked its way, (so as to create that appearance of steps which has given a name to the scene,) spouts up, when the opposing obstacle has proved insurmountable, at least for the time, in flakes of foam, only to fall back again, and to take another direction for its exit. The term picturesque is, beyond question, the epithet that may be most correctly applied to such a scene. The banks of the river are throughout thickly clothed with trees; and their effect, combined with the foaming current and the scattered masses of sandstone rock, compose a scene to which the words wild and picturesque with much propriety apply.

Returning from the Falls of the Montmorenci, after paying a visit to the Indian village, I was much struck with the view thus to be had of Quebec, with the tin roofs of many of the houses sparkling in the

beams of a summer sun; and the pleasure of the return was enhanced by the accidental meeting with a reverend friend from Scotland, whom I had last seen in my native country, at a distance of some three thousand miles.

Having bade a long farewell to Quebec and its many beauties and celebrities, I returned, by the same route by which I had come, to the city of Montreal, and spent other two days in an endeavour to appreciate its scenic peculiarities, as well as in an attempt to ascertain the feelings which animated the mass of its sixty thousand inhabitants in regard to recent events. This, therefore, seems the proper place for introducing the few notes I made of my observations on the latter subject, which is at present an important one in relation to this extensive and valuable colonial possession of Great Britain.

CANADA, AND CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

That the Canadians, from being the most loyal among the loyal, should become so disturbed and disloyal, apparently all of a sudden; and that the dissatisfaction should chiefly, if not solely, prevail amongst that party who, in 1837 and 1838, displayed so energetically their attachment to Great Britain, in vigorously putting down the insurrection then attempted, are two facts which, at first sight at least, struck me as seemingly anomalous. Nevertheless, they are facts which are capable of being easily explained: the union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada furnishes the explanation of the whole.

That union was carried through, in accordance with the report published under the signature of Lord Durham. Into the vexed question of whether it was entitled, in very truth, to be regarded as a fair exposition of the views of the talented nobleman whose name it bore, or whether the proposition for a union of the provinces was one that would have received his continued support, had he lived, in unimpaired mental vigour, to see the experiment tried, it were idle now to inquire. The union was carried, and it has worked very ill. As to *that*, all parties are agreed. But why so? Simply because that, whatever were the relative proportions of the two parties, as actively engaged in the disturbances of 1837 and 1838, the party with which the *then* disloyal were connected, and by whom they were politically supported, was numerically stronger than the party of the loyal. Hence the former acquired in the united legislature a political majority, which enabled them to do whatever the possession of such a majority entitled them to do. Nor were they slow to take advantage of the power, the constitutional power, of which they thus found themselves in the possession. Not to occupy time, by detailing matters familiar to most readers, the result of the union of the two Canadas into one province, was to place the disaffected party of 1837 and 1838 in power, and to oust therefrom the party by which the British rule and government had then been supported. While Messrs Papineau, Lafontaine, and their friends, (who in 1837 had incited the people to

appear with artillery and muskets at meetings called for the real, if not the avowed, object of overturning the British rule,) stepped or were hoisted into power, —Sir Allan M'Nab and the rest of the royalists, who had so courageously suppressed the would-be rebellion at much risk, inconvenience, and pecuniary sacrifice, found themselves displaced and in a minority. Such a state of matters was in itself calculated to excite feelings of the strongest discontent in the minds of the British party in Canada, and they were not allowed to calm down even into a sort of acquiescence. They were kept fully alive by the *successful* attempt of M. Papineau to claim his salary as speaker of the Lower House, for the period during which he was absent from the colony, if not for the purpose, at least to the effect, of avoiding being brought to trial for his participation in the disturbances of 1837 and 1838; and by other measures of a similar character, (including *all* the public appointments,) until the matter was brought to a climax by the passing of the bill for the indemnification of parties who had suffered loss through, or in the course of, the disturbances which had been so successfully suppressed. So far as the letter of that act goes, it certainly might be so read as not necessarily to lead to the consequences anticipated by the British party in their opposition to it. But they well knew what was meant, and what it would unavoidably lead to; and, despite the express declaration of the speaker of the legislative council, and of other officials of the colonial ministry,

the view universally taken of the Indemnity Bill was and is, that its purpose is to pay the rebels who were in arms against the British government in 1837 and 1838 for their alleged losses in the course of the insurrection. It is this, or rather the Governor's giving the royal assent to that bill, that has brought to a climax the feelings of the party who supported and maintained the British connexion in 1837 and 1838. They think themselves trampled upon, and that their feelings have been outraged ; and prejudice itself must admit that they have some grounds for so thinking. No doubt the British Government, having adventured on a scheme of conciliation, might be expected to give it a fair trial. No doubt also, a union of the provinces having been carried, it was to be expected that, as a general rule, the home government would be prepared to sanction whatever measures might be approved of by the majority of the colonial legislature of the united provinces. But this was an extreme application of these principles. To make no provision for the reward of those by whom, and through whose loyal efforts, the insurrection of 1837 and 1838 had been so easily repressed, and yet to sanction a bill for the indemnification of those whose sufferings, if they did suffer, were caused by their rising in arms against the British rule !—it is to be questioned whether a more extraordinary piece of legislation is to be found in the whole histories of the past. Our friends and kindred in the American republic boast of the liberality of their government, and govern-

ment measures : they would find it difficult to parallel this conduct of Great Britain, in thus "heaping coals of fire" on the heads of its most determined enemies. The object, no doubt, was to turn these parties into friends, and, to appearance at least, it succeeded. The rebels of 1837 and 1838 are the loyalists of 1849 and 1850. But is this attachment to British rule more than seeming? Bought loyalty is generally but lip loyalty ; and were it not that the party in Canada who at present have a majority in its legislative assemblies, possess the strongest of all interests to maintain the connexion with England, and resist annexation to the United States, I confess I would fear much for the permanency of its devotion. But the party referred to have the very strongest of all possible interests to prefer the English to the republican connexion ; for, if a visitor to the states of the Union and to Canada sees one thing more clearly in the whole matter than another, it is this, that the preponderance, if not the very existence of the present dominant party, depends on the exclusion from Canada of the Anglo-Saxon race and Anglo-Saxon principles that prevail in the neighbouring republic. Assuredly, if it should ever happen that Canada is annexed to the United States, the hour that dates the connexion dates also the downfall of the party that presently have the rule in the Canadian provinces. Whatever Messrs Lafontaine and others may be, or may think themselves to be, when under the protection of the heavy power and outstretched wings of

England, they will find their glory departed if ever England permits them to fall into the iron grip of Brother Jonathan. It was the fashion in 1849, and it is probably the fashion still, to speak there, as here, of there being a war of races at present going on in Canada. This mode of speaking is scarcely correct. The dominance of British power, and its principles of *Tros Tyriusve*—of giving equal protection to all—prevents any such conflict; nay, had the two Canadas only been kept asunder—had they not been brought into political, in addition to topical juxtaposition, it is the opinion of many persons intimately acquainted with their history, that the two races which inhabit them would have gradually blended into each other, so as to leave little trace of their separate existence. But should British connexion be exchanged for the rule and domination of the American republic, there will then be no doubt of the propriety of the phrase “conflict of races,” as applicable to the state of things that will then exhibit themselves; while there will be as little doubt as to the manner in which such conflict will eventuate. If, as a professional gentleman in Montreal, who was taking a very active part in the annexation movement, expressed himself, when I was discussing the matter with him—if, unfortunately, the affair should ever come to the arbitrament of the musket, the French party in Canada will raise it in defence of the British connexion; but it will be the interest of self-preservation, and not a real love of England, that will influence them in so doing.

No doubt strong efforts are now making by the repeal party, in their vain attempt to promote what is called "peaceful annexation," to win over the French Canadians to the cause. But their success, hitherto, has been but slight. At an annexation meeting, organised and "got up" at Stanstead Plain, close to the United States' line, and in a neighbourhood where there are many parties born in, or connected with, the republic of North America, only some twenty or thirty responded to the call. The parties who arranged the affair afterwards resorted to the common expedient of concocting a paper of grievances, with a suggestion of "peaceful annexation" as the cure. This paper was hawked about for signature, and it is said that, by "hook or crook," some six hundred were induced to subscribe their names to it—So say the Canadian papers on both sides : and it will give the reader some notion of how far he can safely trust to the accuracy of the statements of some portions of the republican press on this, to them, tempting subject of Canadian disturbances, to be informed that several of the New York papers, in commenting on this document, asserted that the signatures appended to it amounted to twelve thousand!!

The fact to which I have thus referred is, indeed, the main distinction between the discontents of 1837 and those of 1849. The former took up arms against the British government in 1837, because they disliked England and English connexion, influence, and rule ; they defend it in 1849, because it is their interest and

their safety so to do. The latter complain bitterly, and they made their complaints visible by disturbance and riot in 1849, because they found their loyalty unrequited, their attachment spurned, and the disloyal whom they had overcome, preferred to influence, power, and emolument.

True it is, that the force brought out in 1849, to quell the riot at which the houses of parliament in Montreal were burned down, saw among the individuals they were required to disperse or to apprehend, men who fought by their side in 1837, and this without a change of service on the one side, or of sentiment on the other. Surely the existence of such things prove that there is something wrong in the mode of governing Canada. Surely such things ought not to be.

Inquiries when in Canada, and attention paid to Canadian affairs since my return to this country, lead me to the conclusion, that the state of the public mind in Canada, although very unsettled, is yet so undetermined as to any particular line of conduct, that everything now depends on the course that may be pursued by the legislature of England.

My visit to Montreal was made immediately after the burning of the building in which the two houses of parliament held their sittings, and which, unfortunately, included the valuable libraries and archives of the province. As a matter of course, both parties deplored the Vandal-like act, while they ascribed it to different causes: one party alleging accident, the other incen-

dianism. But all agreed in this, that the riot had been greatly exaggerated, both in American and in European newspapers. Judging from details heard on the spot, the opera-house riot of New York in 1849 was infinitely more serious than the so-called Montreal insurrection of the same year. Indeed, the latter seems, in its origin and nature, to have been more like the disgraceful, but fortunately short-lived, riots in Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1848. The consequences, however, of the Montreal disturbance were more serious. The library of the legislative assemblies, containing a numerous and valuable collection of books and the archives of the province, was totally destroyed; and by this heathenish act an irreparable loss was sustained, not by Canada or Great Britain alone, but by the whole civilised world. Of all destructive actions the wanton destruction of literary property is the most indefensible. I think I never felt ashamed of my countrymen but once, and that was when, at the Capitol of Washington, an American friend drew my attention to the tokens which yet remain of the burning of the library there, by some British troops under General Ross in 1814. There is no proper excuse for such acts, even in warfare. The only apology is the expression of a hope that it was more the result of accident than of design; and that the person in command cannot be fairly made responsible for the individual acts of his soldiers, when out of the sight of himself and his subordinate officers, and excited by opposition, or by the license engendered by success.

But to return to Canada. It seemed strange that, neither on one side of the boundary line nor on the other, did one hear half so much about American annexation as we do daily in Great Britain. Neither in the States nor in Canada was it much spoken of in May and June 1849. In the States, so little was said about it, that it appeared either as if the recent questionable annexation of Texas, and acquisition of California, from the weaker sister republic of Mexico, had satisfied the American thirst for territorial aggrandisement; or that American statesmen had learned the lesson that a smaller territory, well cemented and more united, were better than a vaster union of more heterogeneous materials. It was, therefore, with some surprise that I shortly afterwards perused the Vermont manifesto in favour of peaceable annexation. The resolutions of the Vermont legislature, on this subject of the annexation of Canada to the United States, are interesting, solely because they aid at least in arriving at a right estimate of the feelings prevailing on the subject in that part of the republic which marches with and borders on the British possessions. These resolutions proceed on the narrative, that the original articles of the American Confederation contemplated the admission of Canada into the Union; that the state of feeling in Canada indicates a desire for such union, and "therefore" the State of Vermont resolve that it is desirable to effect such union, "without a violation, on the part of the United States, of the amicable relations existing with the British Government, or the

law of nations." The second "resolution" is in accordance with this general principle, being in these terms ;—"Resolved, That the peaceful annexation of Canada to the United States, with the consent of the British Government and of the people of Canada, and upon just and honourable terms, is an object in the highest degree desirable to the people of the United States." These words are all fair enough ; what they really mean—whether the profession of a desire for peaceful annexation be not a mere tribute at present paid to British power, and whether there be any probability of annexation taking place with "the consent of the British Government and of the people of Canada, and upon just and honourable terms"—time will show. For the present, the speech of the British minister must have somewhat staggered the believers in the possibility of such an event. However, the State of Vermont—and also the State of New York, which has since followed the example Vermont set her—have an interest in the matter peculiar to themselves—an interest separate and independent from that of the other states of the American Union, (save perhaps Maine and New Hampshire,) and one in which these other states, or at all events the Southern States, are not at all likely to sympathise. Their immediate juxtaposition to Canada East, and their division therefrom by a little more than imaginary boundary, creates the interest, and renders it very natural that they at least should desire that their fertile neighbour should become a member of the same confederation with

themselves. But the advantage to the states removed from the Canadian border it is more difficult to see. Indeed, it would be easy to show that, while the interest of the Southern States—Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, &c.,—is decidedly adverse, none of the states, save those which touch on the Canadian border, have any interest at all in the matter which is favourable to annexation. But my business here is more properly with Canadian than with United States' affairs. Contenting myself, therefore, with the remark that, whatever other effects Canadian annexation might possibly have on American destinies, it would give the non-slaveholding interest such an overwhelming majority in the United States' Congress as would greatly hasten, if it did not precipitate, the overthrow of the system of slavery throughout the whole of the continent of North America; I proceed to say, that while, from this absence of much general acknowledgment of the likelihood of annexation with the States, one is apt to consider the chance of such an event as one beyond the limits of reasonable calculation: still, on more minute inquiry, you are led to consider it not so very impossible, only the British Government persist in their present system of colonial mismanagement. It was an observation made to myself by a professional gentleman in Montreal, who had been my school-fellow in Scotland, and who has, since the conversation referred to, taken an active part in the movement, that he never contemplated any measure

with more reluctance than he did a separation between England and Canada, and that he would only advocate it from a conviction that the Canadians, and their wants and wishes, never would be properly understood or legislated on in the mother country, or *at least at the Colonial Office*. Such views are general amongst men of influence, education, and talent in Canada; and the men who entertain them are men not to be put down by the *sic volo sic jubeo* of a Colonial Secretary. These parties unite in acknowledging that the Canadas have been very grossly mismanaged, and that some radical change is necessary. They no doubt differ in regard to what that change is to be. A separation of Upper and Lower Canada, accompanied by a new territorial division between the two—a Federal Union of the British North American provinces, under the nominal dominant authority and protection of Great Britain, with one of the royal family of England as the executive head—a union of the same provinces into a separate and independent republic, but in amity and connexion, and under the protection of Great Britain—or a peaceful separation of the Canadas from England, and their annexation with, and incorporation into, the family of the great federal union of the United States of America. All these schemes and measures have their several supporters, the only bond of union among them being the universal admission that some change is imperiously required. It is not intended to discuss the relative value of these several panaceas, propounded for Canadian disaffection

and distress; but it may be remarked on them generally, that either of the first two would suffice to put an end to the present clamour; that the second seems infinitely preferable to the third; and that, without British consent, it seems to be conceded on all hands, that the last is not to be thought of, and that it neither could nor would be accomplished.

The Montreal Herald seems to be the mouthpiece of the annexation party; and if the reader in Great Britain judges from *it*, he will form a very exaggerated notion of the feeling of the party it professes to represent. But, indeed, this paper labours under a charge of inconsistency, which greatly militates against, and detracts from, the effect of the statements and arguments which it now puts forth. So late as March 1849, we had it full of loyalty, patriotism, and devotion to English connexion. Comparing the then state of Canada to the condition of the Italian Exarchates of the tenth century, and quoting the eloquent passage in Gibbon, where he says of these that “they shared in all the eclat which belonged to the most mighty monarchy in the world, and enjoyed all the military and naval protection which that condition could afford,” &c.—these observations of the Roman historian, on the Italian Exarchates of the tenth century, the Montreal Herald, in March 1849, applied to the Canadas in their connexion with England. But, alas for newspaper inconsistency! In the close of the same year we have the same paper, under the same management, declaring that nothing can remove the evils under

which, in their phraseology, Canada now groans, save a separation from Great Britain, and her incorporation into the great family of the North American Republic. But, many as are the intelligent men in Canada who are to be found on the side of a radical change, I have misread the general mind in that country, if this particular change would be considered as the best one, or as anything save a choice of evils. Most Canadians are disposed to count the cost of American annexation. While they admit that it might *probably* raise the value of fixed property in Canada, and *possibly* create somewhat greater activity, from an influx of Anglo-Saxon spirit and enterprise, they at the same time see clearly that it would destroy the importance of the leading towns in Canada, deprive it of the whole expenditure of the British military, naval, commissariat, and ordnance departments—introduce the American tariff on imported goods, which is, in very many particulars, much higher than the existing one—remove much capital from Canada to the more central districts of the States—and involve Canada in whatever odium attaches to the participation of the American Federal Republic in the sin or misfortune of slavery.

My impression therefore is, that annexation principles in Canada have not progressed so far as some parties in this country, or in the States, would represent them to have done. The question has been mooted; many persons are interested in pressing it on the Canadian public—and the most unscrupulous

mis-statements have been and will be put forth to urge its forward movement ; yet still it is anything but palatable to the great body of the Canadian people : than whom there are none constitutionally more loyal, within the limits of the wide dominions of Queen Victoria. But, at the same time, there is danger in delay. Such principles exist ; and if Great Britain would keep these North American colonies, justice as well as sound policy requires the instant adoption of some legislative measures *which will satisfy the British party in Canada*, and appease the prevailing discontent, even though that should involve the going back in some measure upon our free-trade policy. The indications by the Government of America, of their intention to draw tighter their tariff protection to the native industry of the United States, furnish Great Britain both with a reason and a justification for reconsidering the position that *free* trade must, of necessity, be *fair* trade. It were desirable that our leading Free-traders were more plain and explicit than they have yet been on the great question of the British colonial empire. It is difficult to know from Cobden, *et hoc genus omne*, on what grounds they defend the present system of legislating for the colonies : whether it be because the colonies are not worth keeping, at least at the price we have been paying for them, or can keep them at ; or whether they think the course they advocate is the best means for promoting colonial regeneration and improvement. If the latter be their view, I would oppose facts—stubborn facts—to their theories. If

the former, the answer is an entire difference of opinion. Many wise and some great men have thought, as I do, that, without her colonies, Great Britain, instead of being the greatest of powers, would sink into the position of a third or fourth rate one ; and that not only are our noble colonies worth paying a heavy price to redeem, but that, properly legislated for, and relieved from charges and expenses they have no right to bear, they have been, and they are destined to be, great sources of wealth to the parent state. In their proper time and place, these are positions I am prepared to discuss to the best of my humble ability. Meanwhile I draw to a close my remarks on the subject of the importance of the Canadas to the mother country, by observing that there is the soundest political philosophy in the sentiment of Sam Slick, when—likening the part that the Canadian trade bears in the general trade of Great Britain to the contribution the Ohio makes to the mighty waters of the Mississippi—he says that, although to all appearance it does not make it broader or higher, it makes it an “everlasting sight deeper.” Just so with the colony trade: though you can’t see it in the ocean of English trade, yet it is still there—there, to the effect of giving much greater depth to the general business of the mother country.

CHAPTER IV.

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene ;

This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold

Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

BYRON.

LEAVE MONTREAL—LA PRAIRIE—RAILWAY TO ST JOHN'S—STEAMER
BURLINGTON—LAKE CHAMPLAIN—LAKE GEORGE—WHITEHALL—
RAIL TO SARATOGA—SARATOGA AND ITS SPRINGS—RAILWAY TO
TROY AND ALBANY—ALBANY—HUDSON RIVER—ARRIVAL AT NEW
YORK.

CROSSING the St Lawrence from Montreal to La Prairie, (a distance of eight miles,) in a steamer called the Iron Duke, I proceeded onwards through an uninteresting country to the village of St John's, where I took the steamer Burlington, (so called after the town of the same name, the capital of the state of Vermont,) *en route* for Whitehall, situated at the upper end of Lake Champlain. I have since observed that it was in a steamer of the same name that Mr Dickens travelled over the same route, and he describes the vessel as a "perfectly exquisite achievement of neatness, elegance, and order." The

distance of time scarcely admits of the belief that the two vessels were the same, or to be identified on any known principle of marine architecture, save on the supposition that, like the Highlandman's gun, their had been a gradual but total renewal of the whole "stock, lock, and barrel," the name and general identity remaining nevertheless. But if not the same, they were certainly similar, for a more elegant or a more orderly steamship than the Burlington, in which I passed through Lake Champlain, could scarcely be imagined.

The chief characteristic of Lake Champlain is its great length, as compared with its limited breadth. It is 108 miles long, while its greatest breadth is only 12, and its average width only 8 miles; and being dotted over with numerous picturesque islands, reposing as it were on its bosom, the sail from the one end to the other is very varying: so that, although no part of the scenery is entitled to be denominated grand, or to be compared, as it has by some been, to the much more majestic scenery of the lakes of Scotland, a sail on Lake Champlain is exceedingly agreeable and interesting—and that independent even of the historie associations connected with the many conflicts of which its waters, islets, and banks, were the arenas, during the war between England and her revolted colonies or their French allies. That war is but a relic of barbarism, and that it is ever to be deplored and avoided by all honourable means, is no doubt true, and all reflecting minds will subscribe to

this opinion in the abstract. But there are cases where force or resistance becomes a duty ; and, whether the victims may have died in defence of the right, or in vindication of the wrong, there ever will be felt a generous sympathy for those who have fallen in the battle-field, or when contending navies have struggled for the mastery : and dastardly must be the soul that could refuse a passing sigh to the memory of departed heroism, even though it had exhibited itself in the person, and in the actings, of one whom he may have considered the natural foe of his country or his race. Thus it is that the scenes of Lake Champlain afford a kind of classic ground for the novelist or the poet, and that they can scarcely be traversed by any one without emotions of interest or delight.

Only a small portion of Lake Champlain is in Canada, and the part that is so is at the lower end of the lake. In sailing along it you very soon pass the line of demarcation, which separates the territory of the United States from that of Great Britain. The general features, and, indeed, the particular scenes of the lake, have been so often described by previous travellers, that I shall content myself by compressing my notes upon it into the sentence ; that the shores and scenery of Lake Champlain are, at its lower extremity, flat and uninteresting ; while it gradually improves, and towards the upper end there are some scenes of great and romantic beauty—some which reminded me, in many respects, of the scenery among

the islands at the lower end or broadest part of Loch Lomond in Scotland.

If the traveller wishes to visit Lake George, he must not proceed onwards in the steamer to Whitehall, but leave her at Ticonderago. I did not do so, being deterred from the execution of my intention by the information that the steamer had not yet commenced sailing on this smallest but most romantic of the American lakes, and that I would find a difficulty in getting the means of conveyance. However, on comparing notes at Boston with some friends, (who had been my fellow-travellers during a part of my journeyings, and whom the terrors of the cholera on the Mississippi, or their preference of the Charlestown route, had caused to make choice of a different course of travel;) I regretted much that I had not carried out my original intention of visiting Lake George. These two gentlemen—both of whom displayed capacities to enjoy, and powers to appreciate, the beauties of nature—assured me that all they had previously heard of the picturesque beauty and grandeur of the scenery of this little lake (which is not more than twenty miles long, by about one mile broad) had not exceeded the truth. They described it as exhibiting much of the wild sublimity of the scenery of my native Scotland, combined with much beauty peculiar to itself. On the report therefore of Mr Davis, Mr Child, and others, I recommend my successors to stop at Ticonderago and visit Lake George, instead of proceeding, as I did, straight up the canal-like upper extremity of Lake

Champlain, round the Devil's Elbow, to the bustling, trading, irregularly built and wretchedly paved, town of Whitehall, whence I proceeded through a pleasing country, but by a very indifferently laid, jolting railway, to the famed springs and village of Saratoga, somewhere called the Cheltenham of America: but, if so, *similis sed longo intervallo*. Although the speed at which we travelled was not great, not being quite up to twenty miles an hour at any time, the jolting I have referred to was excessive; and as the effect was to make the inmates of the long carriage (which contained some sixty people) bob up and down on the new spring-cushions, the result was very ludicrous, and would have been simply amusing, had it not been for the sense of danger that attaches to every kind of unexpected noise or unwonted motion, when travelling on a railway.

Although my visit to the now far-famed springs of Saratoga, was paid at a period of the year a little too early for seeing the village in full dress, and the motley scene it annually exhibits during what is called the "gay season," yet I gladly made it a resting place, having been travelling almost continuously since I had left behind me the glorious Falls of Niagara. But in reference to this place, and indeed to all places of pretty general resort to which the traveller may repair in the United States of America, (the same observation may be made of other countries,) he will study his comfort if, previous to his arrival at any place, he fixes definitely on the hotel

in which he intends to take up his temporary abode, and adheres to his resolution on arrival, despite the allurements of accidental fellow-travellers and others to induce him to go elsewhere. Vacillation in this respect is sure to engender a host of importunities, and ten chances to one that, during the confusion, the different portions of your luggage are made to part company, and to go to different localities. But a little previous arrangement will prevent all this; and it is only justice to say that, if confusion does occur, it is in general the traveller's own fault. In particular, I have often admired the arrangement generally acted on in the United States, for the forwarding of luggage when accompanying a passenger on a long journey, to be performed partly by rail and partly by sea. On getting your ticket at the railway station, or in the steamboat, by or in which the journey is commenced, you may get tickets put upon each separate package or portion of which your luggage consists. These tickets bear each a separate number, and, duplicate tickets bearing the same number being given to the passenger, he has nothing more to do at the end of the journey—however many may have been the transitions, as regards the modes of conveyance, through which he may have passed—than to give his duplicates to a porter, telling him to attend to the receiving of the “personals” at the general delivery, and to bring them to the hotel at which he may have resolved on sojourning. Such at least was the course I pursued, by passing over everything into

the public charge, on the security of the duplicate ; and, albeit that there are but too well authenticated stories of numerous thefts committed on rivers and railways in the United States, and despite an abortive attempt to rob me, by picking the lock of my door and knocking off the lock from one of my portmanteaus, in a hotel in New York, I did not lose anything of consequence during the whole of my erratic sojourn in the great republic.

The waters of Congress Spring, Saratoga, are not only drunk in large quantities at the spring and in the village, but they are bottled in equally large quantities, and sent to all parts of the American Union, and sometimes even to Europe. But there is a vast difference between the water as drunk from the spring, and the same species of water as drunk from the bottle. In both there should be some effervescence, but at the spring it sparkles and effervesces like soda-water, and with a clearness which is quite delightful to behold. To my taste it is singularly pleasant ; and, judging from the large quantities of it swallowed in the morning, and even at other periods of the day, by fairy forms of comparatively small dimensions, the taste for it seems to be quite a general one. Judging from the manner in which it is extolled and used by the general travelling public of America, one would suppose that Saratoga water—or Congress water, as it is more generally called—was a panacea for all the ills that human flesh is heir to ; and there seems to be no doubt but that, like some of our

British springs, it is highly useful in many, if not in most complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and bowels, and also in complaints of a rheumatic character: but it is undoubtedly injurious in phthisis, and indeed in all pulmonary affections arising from primary disease of the lungs. It was, however, the acceptability of its taste that would have made Congress water to me an infinitely more drinkable beverage than any other mineral water I had ever tasted, either in Great Britain or elsewhere, had it not been for the above-stated fact of its inaptitude in cases where there is the suspicion of phthisical complaint. Whence this agreeability proceeded, I am not enough of a chemist confidently to say. Those who are may be able to do so from perusal of the following—which is, as I was on the spot informed, Sir Humphrey Davy's and Professor Faraday's analysis of the solid contents in a gallon of Congress water:—

	Grains.
Chloride of sodium,	385·44
Hydriodate of soda,	4·02
Carbonate of lime,	116·00
Carbonate of magnesia,	56·80
Oxide of iron,	00·64
Carbonate of soda,	00·56
Hydrobromate of potash, (a trace,)	00·00
<hr/>	
Solid contents in a gallon,	563·46

Besides the Congress Spring, which is the one generally resorted to, there is, at Saratoga, another spring called Rock Spring, the waters of which, although of greatly inferior strength, and therefore little used, are

worthy of a visit, were it only on account of the singular formation and appearance of the detached round stone or rock *up* which they seem to come, and out of which they unquestionably flow. The theory is, that the water holds in solution a considerable portion of lime, the gradual deposition of which, on the escape of the carbonic acid gas, has, in the course of ages, and while the land was in the possession of the red man, formed the very singular stone which now constitutes one of the objects of the white man's curiosity.

By the last census, the resident population of Saratoga was 3700 inhabitants; but it will be readily understood that the town depends mainly for its existence, as well as for its importance, on the migratory population from the north and south, who swarm in the hotels, occupy the colonnades, perambulate the road-like streets, and lounge, gossip, and flirt at the springs during the three months, or thereby, which form the Saratoga season.

The hotels of Saratoga are large and numerous, there being about half-a-dozen mammoth establishments, besides several smaller ones. The streets are long and broad, and the chief street or avenue (in which the principal hotels are situated) is shaded by trees on each side. But, being mainly built of wood, Saratoga has suffered, and is yet likely to suffer much, from being devastated by fire.

From Saratoga I proceeded to Troy, passing not far from the village of Balston Spa, where there are springs formerly held in repute, (having been first

discovered from it being observed that the wild deer frequented the spot,) somewhat akin to, but now in a great measure eclipsed by, the more fashionable and popular springs of Saratoga. The distance from Saratoga to Troy is thirty-two miles, and the journey is performed by a railway, which is carried over the Hudson by a square wooden tunnel, of rather gigantic dimensions, and extraordinary as well as ingenious formation. The *city* of Troy, as it is called, is a town of some 20,000 inhabitants, and is one of those places which, by the rapidity of their progress in wealth, extent, and population, speak more forcibly than do any other appearances of the onward progress of the American nation.

Though only seven miles distant from the older, larger, and, as yet, much more beautiful, town of Albany, Troy has advanced and is advancing with very rapid strides; while it is said that Albany, with all its apparent advantages, is making but little progress. Probably this is owing to the relative position of the two places. Both towns are situated on the Hudson, and both owe their importance to their connexion with that noble stream. But Troy is higher up, and at the extremity of the river navigation, and thus seems likely, eventually, to draw to itself the larger share of what may be called the “through traffic;” so that it will, in all probability, in the end become the great *entrepot* to which will be sent the goods exported from, or imported into, the large and fertile country on the frontier of which it may be said to stand.

It were a mistake to suppose that the progress of all the towns and cities of the American Union has been an onward and an improving one. There, as in the Old Country whence she has sprung, everything depends on the judiciousness of the site. As a general rule, land in the United States has risen, and will rise, in value. But this is not universally true: there are lands in very many places, in almost all the states of the American Union, that do not rise. In short, the elements of success in the new, are just the same as they are in the Old Country. The same cause—namely, the excellence of its position, and the greatness of its resources for trade, which have in the New World caused New York to increase in wealth and population with such enormous rapidity—has, in the Old World, advanced the city of Glasgow, in the same respects, in nearly an equal ratio.

For the facility of traffic, the railway is laid through the centre of the principal streets of Troy; but, to lessen the chance of accident, the locomotives are detached, (here as well as at other places,) and the cars drawn through the streets by means of horses.

The distance between Troy and Albany is, as I have already mentioned, only seven miles; and to perform this short journey the traveller has the choice of the stage, the steamboat, and the railway. I abjured the former, induced thereto by the warnings of others, and some slight personal experience; and of the two latter modes of progression, I made choice of the rail, simply because, at the time, it involved least trouble.

The town of Albany is believed to stand on the spot which formed the extreme point to which Henry Hudson ascended, when he discovered the river which bears his name, in the year 1607; and the city received its present name from the English settlers, who named the town at the mouth of the river New York, and this place Albany, in honour of the brother of King Charles II., whose titles were Duke of York and Albany. Being thus of more than ordinary antiquity for a Transatlantic city, Albany displays more than the usual Transatlantic solidity; and although it cannot boast the hot-bed progress of such towns as Cincinnati, or that it has kept pace with the gigantic sister city which shared with it the titles of the English Duke, Albany is nevertheless a very pleasing town, of some fifty thousand inhabitants, and about as handsome, in many parts, as I think it is possible to make a town of a purely trading character, and which is mainly built of bricks; for, accustomed in earlier life to the stone edifices of Scotland, I feel it difficult to disabuse my mind of a cotton-mill impression, when I look along a street which is entirely composed of brick houses.

Albany contains some public buildings of merit. The City Hall, built of white marble, with its Ionic façade, pleased me much, and not the less so in that it appealed to my nationality by a portrait of Sir Walter Scott which it contains. The State Hall, in the vicinity of the City Hall, is a large building; and the Capitol is a third edifice deserving a visit. Of the

streets, State Street is the principal; and it is a very handsome, broad street, although of varying widths.

Having devoted only a day to a general inspection of Albany, I embarked, with some impatience, on board a steamer called the *Alida*, at seven o'clock in the morning, so that I might have the whole day to observe the scenery of the Hudson or North River. I say I did so with impatience; for although I had, within a very short period, and but a short time before, witnessed a great succession and variety of river scenery on the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Niagara, and the St Lawrence, (not to speak of the previously seen river scenery of the Old World,) yet the accounts I had heard from friends in Europe, and from fellow-travellers in America, of the extreme beauty of the scenery of the Hudson, had raised my expectations to a high pitch. Such past experiences and present expectations, do not seem to be such as were likely to make me an easily pleased observer; and yet I can most honestly say I was not disappointed. The Hudson equalled, and in many places surpassed, in beauty and in grandeur,—but chiefly in beauty,—my most sanguine expectations. Indeed, I feel that, even had it been less attractive than it is, I would scarcely have been disappointed. So far as my own feelings enable me to judge, I think that the more one sees of the beauties or the majesties of nature, the more easily will they be pleased with succeeding scenes of a similar character. The taste for the sublime and beautiful in nature palls not, nor does it become easily

satiated ; on the contrary, and like Virgil's beautiful impersonation of fame,

“ *Vires acquirit eundo—*”

it gathers strength as it proceeds. And not only so, but the perception, like the memory, becomes more acute by exercise ; and new beauties are perceived in each successive scene, simply because, by the experience acquired when visiting previous ones, the eye has become more acute and alive to beauty and grace. Such was my experience at the Falls of Montmorenci : I did not admire them less because I had Niagara fresh and living in my recollection. Such were my feelings now : I did not for a moment feel that there was any jostling between the claims of the St Lawrence and the Hudson ; each had its own ideal, which, while it permitted contrast, admitted not of any close or invidious comparison.

Mere descriptive writing, save from the hands of a master of such composition, is very apt to weary ; and as I cannot with truth say that my voyage down the Hudson, from Albany to New York, was varied by any of those “ moving incidents by flood or fell,” or by any of those extraordinary conversations with Yankee fellow-passengers — or still more extraordinary dialogues between Irishmen and negroes, with which some writers of travels in the United States have been able to intersperse, garnish, and give spiciness to their narrations — I will in the course of a very few sentences epitomise the numerous

notes I have made, relative to the characteristics of of this noble and majestic river. True, were I to sacrifice truth for the sake of effect, I might here introduce some of the numerous stories of Negro cunning, and Yankee art, or rather practical joking, of which one hears so much in the West Indies and in America: And—particularly as my trip down the river was made only ten days after that appalling accident, the running down of the steamer *Empire City*, by the schooner *Noah Brown*, when, at the hour of midnight, above a hundred and twenty human beings were at once sunk in the Hudson, to rise no more in time—I might intersperse my narrative with some details of the dangers attending steam-boat sailing on the rivers and in the bays of New England. But all this would be to borrow from the experiences of others, under the pretence of describing my own, while my main, and indeed sole object, is to give an exact impress of facts as they occurred. As, therefore, I neither saw nor heard of difficulties, dangers, or marvels, I have none to record. But I have to record that, for about ten hours, I enjoyed one of the most delightful sails it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy, passing during that time a space of some hundred and fifty miles, down a briskly running, clear, bright, and often broad river, and through a succession of scenery which, while it was at all times fine and ever varying, was in many places majestic if not sublime. In particular, that part of the scenery where the river, with a narrower and more pent-in channel, but with

greater speed, and as it were more determination, forces itself through the Highlands, is rich in scenes of exceedingly picturesque beauty. For some hours after leaving Albany, the banks, though by no means devoid of beauty, are comparatively flat and tame; but about fifteen miles above West Point, and when you come in clear view of the Catskill Mountains, the scene changes, and for some time the sail lies between picturesque hills on either side, through the midst of which the noble river seems to feel, and occasionally to force, its way. At West Point, (as beautiful a spot as the eye can rest on,) the scene is at its loveliest; and for ten miles below, and some ten or fifteen above, there is a succession of mountain and lake scenery, which is exceedingly beautiful and pleasing, and which, were the mountains somewhat loftier, and more storm-scalped, would not be unlike some of the noble scenery to be seen in the Firth of Clyde. But in making this comparison, and while I would place the scenery of the river on the banks of which I was born second to none I ever saw, the observation is not meant as involving anything disrespectful or derogatory to the Hudson. 'Twere sacrilege to think so. If the hills of the Hudson would look tame in the presence of the majestic mountains of Arran, or of Cunninghame, Kintyre, or Cowal—those hills, and the rest of the scenery through which the Hudson pours its waters, have other beauties—beauties of foliage and of verdure—peculiar to themselves, which preclude any proper or close comparison

between them and the heath-clad hills of the land “of mountain and of flood.” The entire course of the Hudson is said to be three hundred miles in length. It is, however, only navigable for sea-going ships as far as the town which rejoices in the same name as the river, and which is one hundred and sixteen miles distant from New York. For coasting vessels and steamers, the stream is navigable for nearly forty miles farther, or as far as the rising city of Troy. In width it varies considerably. For fully twenty miles above New York the breadth is about a mile, but while passing through the romantic region appropriately termed the Highlands, the beautiful river is contracted into narrow limits, while the mountains rise on either side, many of them to a height exceeding a thousand feet. Occasionally it expands to a width of between three and four miles.

CHAPTER V.

“ — I love not nature less,
But man the more.” BYRON.

“ Humanum sum ; nihil humanum a me alienum puto.”

CITY AND HARBOUR OF NEW YORK—ENGLISH NAVIGATION LAWS—POPULATION AND PROGRESS OF NEW YORK—COMPARATIVE VIEW OF NEW YORK AND GLASGOW IN SCOTLAND—OMNIBUS IN NEW YORK—CROTON WATER-WORKS—OPERA-HOUSE RIOT IN 1849—SUMMARY OF MEMORABILIA OF NEW YORK—ROUTES FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA—PHILADELPHIA, &C.—GIRARD COLLEGE—ROUTES FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BALTIMORE—BALTIMORE—MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON—RAILWAY TO WASHINGTON—CAPITAL, AND ITS CAPITOL.

LANDING at New York in the evening, I proceeded to Delmonico's hotel in Broadway, attracted thereto, as has been already confessed, as much by the allure-ment that the house was managed more in the English than in the American style, as by any other consideration. For, while on the principle of *chacun à son goût*, I certainly have no objections either to my American brethren, or to any other body of men, taking their meals in public and at large ordinaries ; nay, while I often, and indeed generally, enjoyed

doing so, and would desire occasionally to practise it at home, were it only for the spirit of observation and sociality it engenders or promotes; and farther, while I have nothing to complain of as to the *cuisine* of America, (although I do think and maintain that it is inferior to that of England,) still, as a practical rule, I do not like the call to be hungry and thirsty at particular hours, just because other people are so: nay more I cannot be so—I cannot so drill my appetite. It was therefore with a satisfaction disproportionate to the event, that I found myself at Delmonico's hotel at free will to breakfast when I chose, dine when I chose, and sup when I chose, and that without the disheartening conviction, that I was thereby allowing all the tit-bits to be consumed by the more regular stagers, who took their places at the *table d'hôte*. In other words, there is no *ordinary* at Delmonico's.

Reader, be not afraid; it is not my intention to weary you with the thrice-told tale, an account of the commercial, I had almost said the real, (but, if I did, neither my Boston nor my Washington friends would forgive me,) capital of the United States of America. But fidelity to my motto of “nothing extenuate,” requires me to say that, were I to do so, I fear my description would scarcely tally with—or at least would not come quite up to—the generally all-eulogistic descriptions given of this great city. For, truth to say, New York at first disappointed me; and that disappointment did not entirely wear off during the

two visits I paid to it ere I left the continent of America. The disappointment of the first sight might be accounted for by the fact that I landed at New York on the afternoon of a miserably dull, dark day, and that for the two succeeding days it rained, if not very copiously, at least so continuously, as to compel me either to refrain from sight-seeing altogether, or to see New York under circumstances anything but advantageous. But the sun shone on the city and its vicinity during the whole of my second visit; and unless it be really true, as I think it is, that New York is not the handsome city it is generally represented to be, I cannot otherwise account for my continued disappointment, than by supposing that the inflated accounts given me by my American friends in Great Britain had raised my expectations to an unreasonable pitch. I have already pleaded guilty to an incapacity (if so it be) of comparing one scene in nature with another, so as to form and declare a preference for the one *over* the other; and as it is with me in regard to natural scenes, so is it also, in part at least, as regards artificial ones. Towns can be more accurately compared than landscapes, and the greatness of cities than the magnificence of nature. But still it is very difficult, in this way, to give a correct idea of any town or city. Each has various points peculiar to itself—points, the non-existence of which, in the place to which it may be compared, precludes the possibility of drawing a correct parallel between the two. I shall not there-

fore try to give my reader a general idea of New York, by comparing or contrasting it with any European town, farther than by saying, that I thought it more like Liverpool than any other town in Britain. Neither will I contrast it with any city on its own seaboard, save by remarking that, for myself, I would prefer a residence in Boston or in Philadelphia to one in New York.

But, while I write thus indefinitely of New York as a whole, I can honestly write more definitely, and in terms of unqualified praise, of many views and scenes in and connected with it. In particular, the bay and harbour of New York rise to my memory as among the most beautiful and commodious to be found in the world. They exhibit a scene of activity and life which is exceedingly inspiring. Formed by the junction or confluence of the noble Hudson with a strait named the East river, (which connects Long Island sound with the harbour,) the bay of New York stretches before and on each side of you, as you stand on the battery, unfolding, with its numerous steamers and other vessels, in motion or at anchor, a seaward view which is beautiful exceedingly. Before you lies Governor's or Nutton Island, with its fortifications. On the left is Brooklyn on Long Island, with its elevated, regularly built streets, displaying all the signs of the prosperity, without the noise, bustle, and confusion of New York itself; and on the right stands Jersey city, also a rising suburb of New York, and the starting point for Philadelphia and the south. Alto-

gether, I know not a view of the city kind that has gratified me more. But, as much of the interest depends on the moving nature of the panorama which stretches before you, and as *that* cannot be communicated on paper, I shall not attempt a more detailed description, but close my remarks on the river and bay scenery of New York, by observing that, whatever disappointment I felt, from having had my expectations *over-excited* as to the architectural beauty of the city, was more than compensated by the gratification afforded by the views of the bay and of the harbour, of the beauty of which I was surprised I had heard so little.

At the period of my visit, the harbour of New York and its vicinity exhibited signs of activity even greater than usual, from the large number of vessels which were then in progress of being built. Whether the activity in this respect had anything to do with the repeal by England of her Navigation Laws, I had no means of accurately ascertaining. The opinions expressed by the different practical men in America I had the opportunity of consulting on the subject, were very various—as also were the opinions they expressed as to the effect of the measure alluded to upon England's naval supremacy and general prosperity — some maintaining that the repeal was destructive of the best interests of Britain; others, that it was certain to advance them very greatly.

Into the much-agitated and all-important question of what is to be the effect of that repeal, I refrain

from entering, simply because of the unappropriateness of its discussion in a work of this nature. But whatever may be the consequences of the repeal of the Navigation Laws of England, and whether that act had or had not anything to do with the ship-building activity apparent at New York in the month of June 1849, the fact still remains, that such activity was very great. At the time of which I write, there were in the course of building, in the ship-building yards of New York, at least twelve steamers. Five of these steamers were ships of 3000 tons each—two of these five at least were intended for the Transatlantic trade with the mother country. Among the other seven steamers, there was one steam-ship of 2200 tons—another of 600 tons, and a third of 400 tons: the remaining four were steamers of the smaller size, intended for river navigation and short distances. Of sailing vessels there were nearly a dozen of large size (above a thousand tons each) then on the stocks, besides a barque of 600 tons and a schooner of 150 tons. These, with the vessels undergoing repair, created, it may readily be conceived, a bustle and activity, in the ship-building department at New York, strongly indicative of prosperity.

When nothing better is to be had, I have oftener than once found interest, if not amusement, in turning over the pages of a Street Directory. Such was my occupation on the morning of the singularly continuously wet day which succeeded my arrival at New York, while waiting the appearance of a

travelling friend, with whom I had resolved to dare the elements in an attempt to see Haarlem aqueduct, and the reservoir of the Croton water-works, in weather but too analogous to themselves. And I am sure there is scarce a city in the world, so much of whose origin and history is to be found imaged forth in the kind of names to be found in its Directory. French, German, Scotch, Irish, and English names (but the latter predominating) recurring alternately, and in reiterated succession jostling each other, proclaim the fact that New York has been peopled from almost all the countries of Europe, but chiefly from Great Britain, just as plainly as such names as those of Patience, Fear, Christian, Experience, Jonathan, Dearborn, Elder, and the like, so often yet found among the inhabitants of Plymouth (Massachusetts) and its neighbourhood, recal the memory of the noble and devoted Puritans who crossed the Atlantic in the little Mayflower, in search of that liberty of conscience and of worship, unjustly and unwisely denied them by an unenlightened monarch and government at home—those enlightened, and at same time *patriotic* emigrants, who, carrying with them that love of country which forms one of the best feelings of the human heart, named their first settlement in the then barbarous land of their adoption—their far-off home across the waters—by the name of Plymouth, after the last port in England from which they had sailed.

New York, or rather the island on which it stands, was first occupied as a place of permanent possession

(having been previously in the occupancy of a very fierce tribe of native Indians) by the Dutch in 1615; but so little did it for a long time progress, that in 1677 it is said to have contained only 2000 inhabitants. In 1800 its population was somewhat above 60,000; and at present its inhabitants number above 400,000, (in 1845 they were 366,785,)—a rapidity of increase nearly paralleled in Great Britain by that of the city of Glasgow, which at the date of the Union between England and Scotland (1707) had but 14,000, and in 1791 only 66,578 inhabitants; while at present it contains a population of fully 350,000.

But the parallel between New York and Glasgow might be carried much beyond a comparison in point of population; and it is aided, and rendered interesting throughout, by the fact that both of these cities are eminently and characteristically mercantile—marts of commerce and emporiums of trade—and that there are not to be found on the face of the globe any two cities whose commercial prosperity is more associated or inseparable. No city in the American Union would suffer more from the breaking out of war between Great Britain and the American Republic, were so unfortunate an event to happen, than would that of New York; and no town in the United Kingdom would sustain more injury from a war between England and America than would the city of Glasgow. As they are thus similar in their interests, as well as in their prevailing characteristics, it is interesting to observe how similar New York and Glasgow

have been in their onward progress. Dating the commencement of its existence from 1615, the American city has—particularly since the date of the English acquisition, and still more since the era of American independence—increased with a rapidity which now enables it to rank among the largest emporiums of the world, there being not more than six European cities of larger size. So far as yet built, the beautiful city of New York occupies but a part of Manhattan Island; but the ambitious design is, that it should eventually fill up the whole: and it is obviously destined to bear out the anticipation of the founders. Some idea of the extent to which New York will then have increased may be gathered from the fact that Manhattan Island is upwards of thirteen miles in length, with an average breadth of about a mile, and contains not less than 14,000 acres of land. This island, formed by the confluence of a strait called the East River, with the Hudson or north river, is generally level, and well adapted for building; though this very flatness is an obstacle to the picturesque beauty of the town.

The position of New York on the map of the world points it out as a place of trade; and of its past success and present progression, in this respect, the stranger needs no further evidence than a glance at its noble harbour and crowded wharves, or a visit to its splendid customhouse—the latter a building of the Doric order of architecture, covering a large space of ground, and built at an expense of 1,175,000 dol-

lars, (nearly £240,000 sterling,) including in this sum the price paid for the furniture and the ground. This fact of the costliness of the New York customhouse reminds me, however, of the propriety of qualifying the above observations, by remarking that, although Glasgow may stand a comparison with the American emporium in some respects, the elegance or expense of her customhouse is certainly not among them. A building more disproportioned or inadequate to the wants of the community, or to the extent of business conducted in it, than is the customhouse at Glasgow, it were difficult to find in any town in the world. In 1811, when the total amount of the duties of customs collected at Glasgow were only £3124, 2s. 4½d., or even up to 1843 (in which year the amount had increased to the sum of £497,728, 10s. 2d., and when Glasgow was advanced from a second class to a first class port) there might have been some apology for refusing, or at least for delaying, to make the customhouse a handsome building. But now, when the duties of customs annually collected exceed the very large sum of £650,000 sterling, (much more than the whole revenue the island of Cuba yields to Spain,) it were surely not too much to expect that the public building in which business of this nature, and of this magnitude, is transacted, should be something, at least, of an ornament to the city in which it is placed.

The chief object in view, in thus drawing a comparison between the advancement respectively made by the cities of New York and Glasgow, was not

only to illustrate the bond of connexion which so far exists between the two that the one may be almost said to reflect the prosperity of the other ; but also to point the attention of our American friends to a fact which, it appeared to me, some of them are disposed to overlook—viz., to the fact that progression has not been all on their side of the Atlantic : while they have been going forward, the mother country has certainly not been standing still. But having thus alluded to the subject, it may neither be out of place nor uninteresting (particularly now that a direct line of steam communication is about to be opened between Glasgow and New York) to give the following tabular statement, made up from official documents, to which I have had access through the kindness of the gentleman in charge of them, showing at one view, and for different years, the proportions existing between the numbers which represent the population, and those which express the respective amounts of the duties of custom, and of revenue, of the river connected with the city of Glasgow.

Date.	Population.	Customhouse Duties.			Revenue of River.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1811	11,046	3,124	2	4½	4,755	3	8
1816	120,000	8,890	18	1	5,843	7	8
1821	147,043	16,147	17	7	8,070	2	2
1831	202,426	68,741	5	9	18,932	0	7
1841	282,134	526,100	0	11	50,666	19	2
1849	about 350,000	640,568	17	10	59,034	14	1*

* In 1847, the Customhouse duties collected at Glasgow, amounted to the still larger sum of £657,834, 19s. 1d. The experience of the

The above facts will be sufficient to test the soundness of my position, that there is much ground for a comparison between New York and Glasgow, in their progress and advancement in commercial wealth and greatness, as well as to satisfy any Transatlantic reader that the Old Country is very far from losing ground in the social or commercial race. But to return to the mercantile metropolis of the great republic.

It is very far from my intention to give a detailed account of what may be called the memorabilia of the commercial metropolis of America; at the same time the notice of a few of the more prominent of them may prove not uninteresting or unacceptable; and their description will at all events show, even to those who may be disposed to regard my American impressions as somewhat too favourable and eulogistic, that it was at least my endeavour to judge for myself—to form my own opinions from what I saw, in so far as opportunity was afforded me for so doing. Whether the opportunities afforded justify the opinions expressed, it is for the reader to determine.

Some writers have drawn, or attempted to draw, a parallel between London and New York. This may be done, but it is scarcely fair. Farther than in their being severally and respectively the two largest cities in Great Britain and in America, there is no proper

opening months of the current year leads to the conclusion, that the amount of the revenue for 1850 will not be less than £700,000, being more than the whole revenue of England in the reign of Henry V.

parallelism between them. To talk of the sights and scenes in New York as equally interesting, and fully as extraordinary, as are the sights and scenes of daily exhibition in that great world of a city the modern Babylon, is simply nonsense—pure nonsense. Such statements, describing New York as displaying many of the characteristics of London, generally originate in a desire to bepraise the former city. They usually emanate from a class from whose exaggerations America and American society have suffered, and are likely to suffer, more in European estimation than they have ever done from unjust criticisms of the many fault-finders, who (adopting old Weller's advice to Pickwick) visit the United States only to come back and write a book about the "Merrikins as 'll pay their expenses and more, if they only blows 'em up enough."

The gentlemen referred to usually visit the United States for a purpose; they go out to pick up facts to square with some preconceived theory of politics or of trade, which they or their patrons are previously pledged to support. Everything is seen, or at least reported, under the influence of a spirit of exaggeration. On the one hand, merely trifling defects become abominable deformities; while, on the other, those things which are simply mentionable as worthy of being recorded, are dignified into marvels to be commented on with admiration. Thus it is that an attempt has been made to describe the Whirl of Life exhibited in New York as like the extraordinary

scene daily witnessed in that largest and most wonderful of all large cities—the city of London : but the comparison is extravagant.

No doubt, there are some points of accord and similarity between New York and London. Of these the number of omnibuses is one. On application to official authority, I find that there are fully one thousand licensed omnibuses now plying in the streets of the modern Babylon. In summer and winter, the particular description of omnibus, as well as the routes of travel, varies a little, there being in spring and summer more of what are considered country vehicles, (omnibuses going to a distance,) and, in winter, more of those which confine themselves to the streets of the town. But as a general rule, the total number travelling the streets of London is about a thousand. Almost all these vehicles are licensed to carry thirteen passengers inside, and nine out; and (as may be gathered from their success and increase) they receive a very large amount of public patronage. Now, regard being had to the size of New York, the number of such vehicles in it is fully as great. In a number of the *New York Post* of November 1849, it is stated by a correspondent, (who described himself as an “old driver of a New York omnibus in one of the oldest routes of that city, for a term of seven years,”) that the entire number then plying in the streets of New York, was 376; and, large as the number is, I fully credit the statement. Standing at the door of Delmonico’s hotel in Broadway, past which most of the

omnibuses drive, I have noted the passing of eighteen crowded omnibuses within the period of five minutes. It did not, however, appear to me that the number of street carriages for occasional hire were as great in New York as might have been expected in a city of the size, and this possibly may, in some measure, account for the unusually large proportion of omnibuses. In London, the number of carriages for hire is very great—so great that in this present year (1850) there are already no less than 2864 coaches and cabs licensed for public accommodation.

Among the notabilia of New York I would include the hotels—the hotels as a class. It is not my intention to enumerate them ; but if the European traveller visiting New York has an extra day or two to spend in sight-seeing, I recommend him to devote it or them to a ramble through the public rooms, and to a general inspection of the hotels. I venture to predict that the result will repay the trouble, and give him some new notions of the people he has crossed the Atlantic to see.

Who has not heard of the water-works of New York?—those works which, in Yankee phrase, are said to be capable of supplying water to drown all creation. An account of a visit to the chief emporium of the New World would certainly be incomplete, were it not to contain some account of this extensive and extremely useful undertaking. The Croton water-works of New York—so called from the name of the river whence they take their rise—commence at a

distance of nearly 40 miles from the city. At this place the waters are collected by a dam of 250 feet long, 40 feet high, 70 feet wide at the bottom, and 7 feet wide at the top. Thence, tunnelling and embanking bring the waters to the Haarlem river, over which it is carried by an aqueduct bridge of 1400 feet long, at an elevation of $11\frac{1}{4}$ feet above tide-mark. From the bridge the water is conveyed (still by a covered archway) to what is called the receiving reservoir, which is situated in Eighty-sixth Street, 38 miles distant from the Croton dam. This reservoir is divided into two compartments or ponds, and is said (and the appearance seems to justify the statement) to contain 150,000,000 gallons of water, and to cover 35 acres of land. From the receiving reservoir the waters are conveyed to the distributing reservoir at Fortieth Street. The distributing reservoir covers four acres, and is said to contain 20,000,000 gallons of water. The whole undertaking is on the gravitation principle, the descent being at the average rate of about $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches per mile. The water is good, though it seemed to me somewhat brownish; and it is said that the supply is equivalent to about 60,000,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours! The whole cost of the work was nearly 14,000,000 dollars — greatly more than double the amount of the original estimate.

The above general description will enable the reader to judge of the magnitude of this noble undertaking. The bridge over Haarlem river is a great achievement

of architectural and mechanical skill—even in these days of engineering wonders. But it is the enlightened policy which dictated such a work that is the most commendable part of the affair. An ample supply of water is of the very first consequence to the increase of a large town; and, in so far anticipating the growth of the city and the wants of the inhabitants, the promoters of the Croton water-works showed a far-sighted wisdom, which is worthy of all praise and imitation. The undertaking was a public one, and the expense defrayed from the city charter-chest, and it is probably a fortunate circumstance that the actual cost was not foreseen. Even as it was, the citizens were by no means unanimous in wishing it undertaken. Out of the 17,330 who voted on the subject, nearly 6000 votes were against the incurring of the expense. At first, the undertaking was not a remunerating one; now, there is a very fair revenue for the amount expended.

When passing the dismantled Opera House of New York, I was reminded of the very disgraceful riot of which it was the scene, and in part the cause, and which had its origin in disputes between Mr Macready and Mr Forrest, or rather in the attack of the latter upon the former. This popular disturbance occurred but a very short time before my arrival in the city; and, together with the Canadian disturbances, and the running down of the steamer *Empire City*, in the North River, (by which upwards of one hundred and twenty persons were drowned,) it formed the prevailing topic of general

conversation in New York. But it is not to introduce any opinion of my own that I have made mention of this matter of the riot at the New York Opera House in May 1849. It is to pay what I feel to be a deserved tribute to the New York press that I have done so. With one unworthy exception, I did not hit upon a single paper that took anything save a very dispassionate view of the affair, or that unworthily attempted to make the subject a pretext for inflaming party or national jealousy. Several of them professed the view that the disturbance in question had a deeper seat, and a more hidden origin, than the mere quarrel or difference in opinion between or about the two votaries of Thespis; but, with the exception I have alluded to, I did not observe that any of the newspapers sought to make an unworthy use of the supposed cause of the disturbance; while many of them ridiculed the attempt made by the excepted print to give to the quarrel the air of a national dispute. And well they might; for surely, and on whatever side the justice of the quarrel may be supposed to lie, it would be as reasonable to make a quarrel between any two men in any rank of life, however humble, the one an Englishman and the other an American, a cause of national jealousy, as it would be so to dignify a dispute between two actors, however eminent in their calling they be. But it was not only in this way that the generality of the American press displayed their candour in relation to this affair. Having, on other subjects, seen in some papers such a truckling to mob-

ocracy, and such an echoing of the mere prejudices of the people in favour of everything connected with their own side of the Atlantic, as did not give me a very high opinion of the newspaper press of America, I confess I was agreeably pleased to find that so many of them came forth so decidedly and at once, in vindication of Mr Macready, and in reprobation of their own countryman—pleased, not, I trust, because Mr Forrest was condemned, but because the defence of Macready argued a love of fair play, which I would fain believe animates Jonathan the son, in America, as much as it does, and has always done, John Bull the father, in Old England. The following passage from the *New York Police Gazette* of 19th May 1849, which might be paralleled by quotations from sundry other New York papers, will explain my meaning:—

“The question,” says the editor of that print, when investigating the causes which led to the riot,* and consequent destruction of the Opera House, “is: who bred the mischief, and who set its malevolent spirit on the face of the waters? These were the evil-doers;

* The difficulty of suppressing this riot—even after a regiment of cavalry, a division of the State Militia, and a battalion of the National Guards, and two pieces of artillery, were employed to restore order—furnishes a powerful illustration of the danger of a mobocracy in a republic. Beginning from an apparently trivial cause, the riot lasted for about six hours, and it was not quelled until twenty-two persons were killed and above thirty wounded—many of the latter mortally. The trial of the rioters lasted three weeks; and the principal ringleader was condemned to one year's imprisonment, in addition to a fine of 250 dollars—a most inadequate punishment, surely, for such an offence.

and to these, wherever we may find them, and whoever they may be, are we to turn with the complaints that strive within us, and to look to for ultimate satisfaction.

“ We are no public accuser, but we do not hesitate to involve ourself so far with contradiction, as to charge this mischief upon Mr Forrest, and Mr Forrest only, and to hold him answerable, in our resentments as a citizen, for all the evil that has taken place.

“ It is he who, having, in his conceit, attributed to a brother actor an opposition which was the caprice of undirected public taste, projected a quarrel, or rather a system of assault, that he has maintained with vicious pertinacity for years, and to which, for the purpose of subsidising prejudice, he has sought to give the colour of a national dispute.

“ The public, however, fully understood his aim; and, despite Mr Forrest’s coarse inflammatory letters, were determined to take no notice of the matter. It was plainly a private quarrel. Mr Macready was unaccused of a single word derogatory to American institutions or American character, and every community in which the rivals had appeared, until their arrival in New York, very sensibly seemed to think Forrest was big enough and rude enough to fight his own battles for himself, and more particularly as Mr Macready, after a single explanation, had made him no reply.”

I would prosecute my description of the celebrities or memorabilia of New York, were it not that per-

sonal experience teaches me that such details are not in general very interesting in the perusal. Contenting myself, therefore, with the following remarks—viz., that I did not find Broadway either so broad a way, or so straight a way, or so shady a way, or so well paved a way, as the glowing accounts of others had led me to anticipate—that a hurried visit to New York University, with my friend Mr Kimball, delighted me very greatly—that, of all the architectural beauties of New York, the tower and spire of the old Trinity Church (situated in Broadway, and the successor of the original structure of the same name founded in 1696, during the reign of William and Mary) has left a most pleasing and abiding impression on my mind of its exceedingly chaste architectural beauty—and that the City Hall, though, on the whole, (combining situation with extent and ornament,) the finest erection in the city, did not please my eye half so much as some other buildings of lesser pretension and note, I shall proceed with my narrative by observing, that it was on a very lovely afternoon, at four o'clock, that I started from New York for Philadelphia.

There are two routes, either of which the traveller may pursue, in going to Philadelphia; and while I went the one way, and returned by the other, I cannot say that I saw any ground for a preference of the one over the other. The one (that by which I went) is by steamer, through Staten Island Sound and Raritan Bay, and onwards by the Camden and Amboy

Railway; the other is by steam ferry to Jersey city, and thence by railway, crossing the Delaware to Philadelphia by means of a ferry. Both routes are cheap, good, and comfortable. The sail through Staten Island Sound and Raritan Bay is pleasing, although the banks are generally low, and consequently tame. The country on either side is well cultivated, and sundry small towns or villages are from time to time seen. There are also a variety of neat villas, or gentlemen's seats. Some of these are of course handsomer than the rest, and several of them display much taste and elegance, both as regards situation and construction. But comparing such places with those to be seen in nearly every part of Great Britain, it were certainly not inaccurate to describe them as being, in general, of a medium character. Indeed, I would say, as regards the whole of the American Union, that its prevailing characteristic is a handsome mediocrity—nothing either very high or very low; so that if, on the one hand, you are but very seldom disheartened and distressed by those exhibitions of poverty so frequently to be seen in the large cities of older and more thickly-peopled countries, you miss also, as ornaments in the landscape, those noble mansions, palaces, castles, and baronial halls, which give such a finish to an English scene—adorning the view, and at same time carrying the mind back into the past with a flood of historic reminiscences. The comparative merits and advantages of the two states of things will be judged of by each reader according to

his or her peculiar prepossessions. But the contrast between the two countries might be carried out in the same way, and to the same result, in reference to many other matters besides the country-seats of their wealthier classes.

Arrived at South Amboy, a distance of twenty-eight miles from New York, you proceed at once by railway to Camden, a distance of sixty-one miles, and then, crossing the Delaware by steamboat, you at once find yourself in the Quaker and Quaker-like city of

PHILADELPHIA,

built on the space of ground lying between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, and at the confluence of the latter stream with the former. Philadelphia, albeit mainly built of brick, is nevertheless a very fine city. The white marble steps and facings to the basement stories of the private houses, give to the whole town an air of peculiar elegance. It is clean to a degree, and it is regular almost to a fault—so methodical, that the rude sketch of it contained in the common road-book looks like a multiplication-table. The streets are in straight lines, those running north and south being at right angles with those running east and west. There is even a precision and a regularity in the manner in which they are numbered or named—those streets whose direction is north and south being numbered as first, second, third, &c., while those running at right angles to them are named after trees, as Walnut, Chestnut, &c. Philadelphia seemed to

me as if it had been laid down by a professor of mnemonics, in an endeavour to ascertain how far it was practicable so to lay out a great city, as to render it utterly impossible for the most obtuse stranger to lose his way in it. There is a large, broad street, called Market Street—so named, from the purpose to which the central space in it is devoted; and instead of feeling the presence of such a name an incongruity amidst the other numerical and botanical ones, you feel it to be a relief, as breaking, to a small extent, the unvarying sameness and uniformity.

Some of the principal streets in Philadelphia are shaded with trees; and I observed at least one square which was all planted, over and throughout, with a view to shade—a hint that might be advantageously acted on, as regards some of the squares in the towns of the West Indian Islands. This tree-planted square in Philadelphia was a genuine square, although some of the framers of the city seem to have entertained somewhat heterodox notions of what constitutes a square; and the only occasion on which I was at any loss to find a locality in this distractingly regular city, was when I proceeded to deliver to a lady resident, a letter of introduction I had been honoured with from her son, a highly intelligent merchant, carrying on business both in London and in New York. The letter was addressed *Portico Square*; and it was only by diligent inquiry that I found that Portico Square was nothing more than one side of a very handsome street

of private dwelling-houses, the square being constituted by the buildings as they fronted to each side of four different streets.

No town in the United States offers more objects to interest the stranger than does the Quaker city. The Fairmount Water-works, and, adjoining, the wire suspension-bridge; the State House, which contains a very good *wooden* statue of Washington, and in which the visitor is shown the room where the Declaration of Independence was signed; the Exchange, a very handsome, imposing edifice, but with only a very small portion of it applied to the purposes of a news-room; the beautiful cemetery at Laurel-hill, and the institution called Girard College, besides various other buildings, objects, and places, of scarcely less attraction, are well worthy of being visited, and will very amply repay the trouble required in visiting them. Leaving, however, most of these objects of attraction to the very general, and, of course, solely laudatory description of them contained in the guide-books, I shall here content myself with a few observations on the Laurel-hill Cemetery and the Girard College, both because they are among the most recent of the additions to the Quaker city, and because they attracted most of my own attention during the time I spent in it.

The cemetery at Laurel-hill, Philadelphia, stands at a little distance from the city, and on the banks of the river Schuylkill. Even in America, a country certainly distinguished by the exceeding beauty of

the last resting-places for the remains of the departed, it is one of the most singularly beautiful and appropriately quiet spots that fancy can conceive. It covers a large space of ground, very tastefully laid off and planted; and, without containing any monuments of great or eclipsing excellence, it has some of exceeding beauty and touching pathos. On entering, the visitor from Scotland is gratified by meeting with Thom's stone statues of Sir Walter Scott, and of Old Mortality with his pony, which have here found a resting-place on the other side of the Atlantic. The monuments are generally, if not exclusively, (for I remember not a single exception,) composed of the white marble which abounds in the neighbourhood, and which is exceedingly beautiful, although it does not seem to take on a very high polish. Among these monuments there are, as the reader may probably anticipate, the usual proportion of broken pitchers, shattered columns, quenched torches, sleeping lambs, weeping willows, and doves about to stretch their wings in flight, to be found in such places. Two tombs, erected to the memory of children, are beautiful in their simplicity. The one contains the simple inscription "Our Mary;" while the other consists of a column on a basement with the Christian names of the three children to whose memory it is erected (as "Jane," "Charles," "Frederick,") engraven on it, each name within a wreath of sculptured flowers. On the top was the oft-repeated

emblem of a sleeping lamb, and below was the quotation from Holy writ—

“Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

The visitor to Philadelphia who omits to visit the cemetery at Laurel-hill will have cause to regret his omission.

The institution called Girard College deserves separate mention, not only for the two reasons above assigned, but also on another and a different ground—viz., because of the controversy of which it has been made the text, as well in this country as in America.

The Girard College, Philadelphia, is situated about a mile from the centre of the town. It is a handsome building of the Grecian character, consisting of a centre and two separate compartments on either side; the whole being surrounded by a wall, enclosing a space of ground little short of fifty acres. The centre building is the one which peculiarly constitutes the College, being devoted to the purposes of education. It is, indeed, a very magnificent pile, having a front of about two hundred and twenty feet in length, and being surrounded by thirty-four white marble pillars, supporting an entablature. The roof is of the same material as the walls of the building. The erections on each side—in all four in number—are intended for the residence of the scholars, the teachers, and professors. The whole is a very handsome affair; but were I disposed to be critical, I would say that

there appears to be an undue striving after an extra degree of plainness and stoical simplicity in some parts, which is not quite in keeping with the general unity of the design.

On inquiring particularly into the history of this institution, chiefly with the view of comparing it with the many institutions similar in their general character which are to be found in my native country of Scotland, and particularly in Edinburgh, I had a copy of the will of "Stephen Girard, Esquire," put into my hands, accompanied by certain information, of which the following statements embody the import:—

Mr Girard, who in his will describes himself as "mariner or merchant," was born at Bordeaux in France, whence, in very early life, he proceeded first to the West Indies, and thereafter to New York, where he arrived somewhere about the year 1775, in the capacity of mate to a trading vessel. From New York, and after passing through various scenes, and engaging in different occupations, all of a very humble kind, Mr Girard proceeded, in 1799, to Philadelphia, and commenced trade there, by keeping a kind of "old curiosity shop"—dealing in old iron and old rigging. It were foreign to the object of this book to follow his career minutely, nor would the doing so repay the labour: suffice it to say that, by industry and frugality, allied no doubt to high integrity and a far-seeing policy as a merchant, Mr Girard rose to the position of one of the very first merchants and most opulent bankers in the country of his adoption, or

indeed in the world; and accumulated so large a fortune that, at the time of his death on 26th December 1831, the pecuniary amount he left behind him was estimated at the sum of from twelve to thirteen millions of dollars, or from about £2,500,000 to £2,708,333 sterling. To the end of his earthly career (and, although the date of his birth is involved in some obscurity, his age, at the time of his death, could not have been much less than the patriarchal one of ninety-five) Mr Girard was devoted to trade; so much so, that it is said in the sketch of his life, from which some of the statistics of this brief notice of him are taken, that his recreation was business, and that he “*died with harness on his back.*” The observation is there made eulogistically, but I daresay there are few reflecting men who will think the eulogy well bestowed. It may have been Mr Girard’s fate to have been involved in business and engrossed with the affairs of time up to the last, the all-important hour, when the “golden bowl was broken and the silver cord loosed,” and his spirit took its flight to the God that gave it, to render an account of the deeds done in the body; and the fact that so it was may not, and should not, render any one a whit less sensible to Mr Girard’s services to the great cause of education, or to the many claims he has upon the gratitude of the inhabitants of his adopted country. But it is to my mind a strange circumstance to chronicle, as one that tends to increase the halo that attaches to a man’s name, that to the end of life he continued so much engrossed with the

every-day business of a passing world—from which he was himself soon to pass away and “be no more for ever”—that he died with the harness of business on his back. Infinitely more to be desired would it have been for Mr Girard, and would it be for all mankind, if, ere going hence, time were afforded, and were taken, to get quit of the “harness,” and to consider the destiny of the unclothed spirit without distraction, and in the light of the future. This, however, is a digression.

By his will, made in 1830, and after leaving sundry very splendid legacies and special bequests, Mr Girard, after narrating that he had “been for a long time impressed with the importance of educating the poor, and of placing them, by the early cultivation of their minds and the development of their moral principles, above the many temptations to which through poverty and ignorance they are exposed;” and that he was “particularly desirous to provide, for such a number of poor male white children as can be trained in one institution, a better education, as well as a more comfortable maintenance, than they usually receive from the application of the public funds,” bequeathed the entire residue of his princely estates to the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Philadelphia, directing them, with two millions of dollars out of said residue, to erect and furnish an institution or permanent college, with suitable out-buildings; and with instructions, after “the college and appurtenances shall have been constructed and furnished,”

to apply “the income, issue, and profits of so much of said two millions of dollars as shall remain unexpended, in maintaining the college according to the testator’s directions.” By another section of the will, the free remainder of the residue of the estate is likewise bequeathed to form a permanent fund for certain expressed purposes, among which is “the further improvement and maintenance of the aforesaid college.” Minute directions are given in the will regarding the male white orphans to be admitted into the Institution—priority of claim being dependent on the locality of birth, in the order of (1) Philadelphia, (2) other parts of Pennsylvania, (3) New York, and (4) New Orleans; and also particular and minute instructions are set forth, regarding the nature and style of the building or erection contemplated by the testator as the college to be built. As regards the latter, the general direction is, that in erecting it the trustees are to “avoid needless ornament, and to attend chiefly to the strength, convenience, and neatness of the whole.” It would require, I fear, considerable liberality and latitude of construction, to say that the building actually reared is in accordance either with the letter or the spirit of the instructions last quoted. The amount expended for building the college, (which, begun in May 1833, was not completed till 13th November 1847) was 1,933,878 dollars, (nearly £390,000 sterling;) so that there was very little of residue of the 2,000,000 of dollars to be applied in terms of the will.

It appears from the will (which also judiciously provides that the boys are to wear no distinctive dress) that Mr Girard contemplated affording accommodation and education for at least three hundred orphan boys, as he directs that "the building shall be sufficiently spacious for the residence and accommodation of at least three hundred scholars, and the requisite teachers and other persons necessary in such an institution." When I visited it, about eighteen months after the completion of the building, the number of pupils enrolled was about one hundred. On looking over a list of them, I was somewhat struck with the number of names of German origin.

Such is a general account of the nature and objects of the institution called Girard College, Philadelphia, of which the traveller will hear much among those who take a deep interest in the cause of education, (and it is simple justice to say that this party is a very numerous, and a very powerful and operative one, in the United States of America,) in the city itself, as well as in other parts of the Union. The mention of it will, in general, be either highly laudatory or very much the reverse, just in accordance with the views of the speaker or of the society, on the much agitated question of the propriety or impropriety of separating or associating secular and religious instruction. But the sketch itself would not be complete were I not to notice another peculiarity of Mr Girard's will, the relation of which will best explain the cause of the difference of opinion to which

I have thus alluded. My attention was somewhat rudely drawn to the peculiarity referred to, from finding that the word "Reverend," on the card of a *compagnon de voyage*, was sufficient to exclude him from being permitted to accompany me on a visit to the college. No clergyman of any denomination can get within the walls. By Mr Girard's will it is provided,—“Secondly, I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister, of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college, nor shall any parson ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the said college.” There can be no mistake about the sweeping nature of this exclusion, but it is only fair to say that Mr Girard adds immediately—“In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatever; but, as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans who are to derive advantage from this bequest free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality; so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting, at the same

time, such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer.”

That such an exclusion, adopted and vindicated on such views, and when taken in connexion with the great national institute of which their author was the founder, should have excited some attention, and led to much discussion, is only what was natural, and what might have been predicted. And it is also, perhaps, only what was to be expected, that, in the controversy they elicited, the real intentions of the benevolent testator has been as much understated on the one side as overstated on the other. At all events, so it is. Those among what may be termed the religious classes, who defend the before-quoted provisions of Mr Girard's will, affirm that it was anything but his wish or intention to exclude religion—the religion of the Bible and Christianity—from its proper and prominent place in the curriculum of education, (and certainly *the practice* in the institution favours this view;) and that his intention merely was to protect the educational establishment he had left behind him from all chance of being made an arena for discussing the conflicting tenets of mere sectarians and controversialists, who, with little of real religion to recommend them, are fond of parading their dogmas on all points of an ecclesiastical nature. While those on the other hand among the same classes, who unqualifiedly condemn Mr Girard, both for the exclusion and the reason assigned in defence of it, as unqualifiedly maintain that the

spirit, if not the letter, of his will, is to exelude religion altogether from his estimate of that education which was in his opinion to fit the recipients of his bounty, “on their entranee into active life, from inclination and habit, to praetise benevolence towards their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry.”

As usual, the truth will be found to lie somewhere between the two extremes. On the one hand, there is nothing certainly in Mr Girard’s will to lead neecesarily to the eonelusion that he meant to exelude the Bible, and the religion of the Bible, from the eurriculum of edueation which he contemplated his orphans receiving. On the eontrary, it might be reasoned that his expressing it to be his desire, that the edueation given should be such as would instil into the mind of the scholars *the purest principles of morality*, amounted to a reecognition of the Scriptures as a text-book—inasmueh as it is the testimony even of infidels, that nowhere are there to be found nobler principles of morality ineuleated on motives so disinterested or so lofty. And the praetice of the institution, both as to the use of the Bible and the use of prayers, seems to corroborate this view of the matter.

But there is surely much to be said on the other side of the question, and with greater effect. If Mr Girard’s will permits the use of the Bible as a text-book, it permits also its utter exelusion. It repudiates altogether the principle of the Divine injunction, communicated to his ehosen people through the instrumentality

of the Hebrew lawgiver, which immediately follows the covenant made in Horeb, and the enumeration of the precepts of the moral law, as there given, and which is in these words—"Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Again, if the provision in question admits of the charitable construction, that its author meant not to question the necessity of an early acquaintance with the religion of the Bible, or even to deny that there was such a unity of doctrinal faith and of agreement, in all great and essential points, among the truly evangelical churches, as permitted the teaching of Christianity, and of the theology of Christianity, as part of the curriculum of education, without its necessarily involving mere sectarianism; yet certainly the construction is only permissible and not imperative. Nay, there is much in the words used to discountenance it. The purest principles of morality are best taught in the revealed word of God. The best way of imparting habits of benevolence, truth, sobriety, and industry, is to inculcate from early life the pure precepts of that gospel which declares the law to be, to love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. And, moreover, Mr Girard's theory labours under this obvious and important imperfection, that, while it contemplates the formation of religious tenets only after the party shall have arrived at mature reason,

it fails either to provide for those who die ere that undefined and undefinable period of life is arrived at, or to take advantage of the flexibility and impressibility of the youthful mind to lead it in paths, or to impress it with ideas, that have a religious direction and tendency.

I have been induced to make these remarks on this somewhat singular feature of Mr Girard's will, because of the great amount of controversy which the subject seemed to excite among a certain class in America, and also because I have heard it commented on, even by Americans, in this country, in such a way as was calculated to give an unjust, because too unfavourable a view of it. That clergymen should not like either the exclusion, or the grounds of it, is natural enough ; and, apart from all religious considerations, I am free to confess that I so much prefer the moderate introduction of men of clerical calling into secular affairs, to their total exclusion therefrom, that I would rather choose that two or three of *different* persuasions had formed members of the board of direction of Girard College, than that they had been each and all of them totally excluded. But the exclusion of ecclesiastics does not necessarily amount to the exclusion of religion. Neither does the expression of a resolution that the objects of his bounty should be kept free from the contamination of sectarian controversy, on the subject of religion, extend to a resolution to extrude Christian theology from the curriculum, or the Bible from the school-room ; and therefore do I conclude as

I set out, by expressing it to be my opinion, that the truth as regards this vexed question of the infidel tendency of Mr Girard's bequest, lies between the extremes of the parties by whom he is lauded and condemned.

There is another and a minor peculiarity in Mr Girard's bequest, in the indifference he shows towards the claims of the classical literature of Greece and of Rome. While he makes the tuition of the French and Spanish languages imperative, he says, in a parenthesis, of the tongues in which Homer and Virgil sang, and Demosthenes and Cicero spoke, "I do not forbid, but I do not recommend, the Greek and Latin languages."

Whether, in other respects, the Girard College, as at present constituted, in terms of the will, is destined to produce the beneficial effects its benevolent author intended, and his sanguine admirers expect, is another and a different question. On expressing to an intelligent friend in Philadelphia, who takes a deep interest in the cause of education generally, and of this educational institute in particular, my idea that there was an opinion gathering strength in my native country of Scotland, that this class of institutions had not been so very successful in producing even the proportion of well-educated men that might have been anticipated, and that the fact that they had been so was to be ascribed to the separation of the boys from the general community, the severance of everything like domestic ties, and consequently the somewhat monkish

feelings of seclusion formed in the course of education, I observed that there was on his lips a smile of incredulity, as perceptible as politeness would permit it to be, and I accordingly went no farther into the argument. Time, however, will show whether Mr Girard's benevolent intentions are to be realised; meanwhile, it is only a fitting tribute to pay to his memory to say, that the idea and its realisation reflect honour on his name, prove him to have been in heart a philanthropist, and entitle him to be regarded as among the benefactors of the human race.

As from New York to Philadelphia, so from Philadelphia to Baltimore, there are two routes of travel, the one along the Delaware to Newcastle, thence by railway to French Town, (on Elk river,) through Elk river and Chesapeake Bay, past the mouth of the Susquhanna, and up the river Patapsco to Baltimore; the other direct by the Wilmington and Baltimore railway, which crosses the Susquhanna. There is little ground for choice between the two, though perhaps the steamboat route is the one which will afford a stranger the greatest gratification, particularly as it affords an opportunity for seeing the entrance to the harbour of Baltimore, which is very fine.

BALTIMORE.

The visitor, for the first time, cannot fail to be much and agreeably struck with the position and appearance of the town of Baltimore. As is generally known, the territory forming the state of Maryland, of which

Baltimore is the capital, was so named in honour of the Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and wife of Charles I. of England. The district was constituted a palatinate under a charter granted to Lord Baltimore, (from whom, of course, the town derives its name,) and was first colonised in 1633 by about two hundred English emigrants. At present the state of Maryland contains about half a million, and the town about one hundred and fifty thousand, inhabitants. The latter stands imposingly on a rising ground on the bank of the river Patapasco, not many miles from the head of Chesapeake Bay; and whether I recall its position, its public buildings, the general cleanly appearance of its streets, or the many fair faces and graceful forms I was privileged to see during my brief stay in it, Baltimore rises to my recollection with a very favourable impression. Unquestionably the town of Baltimore is finely situated, and the ladies of Baltimore are very beautiful. The public buildings and other erections visited by me were—(1) the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a large granite building in the Ionic style, containing two good paintings of royal gift—one the Descent from the Cross, by Puclin Guclin, presented to the cathedral by Louis XVI., of France, and the other representing St Louis burying his officers and soldiers who were slain before Tunis, presented by Charles X., likewise also of France; and containing also the largest organ in the United States—an organ which has six thousand stops and fifty-six pipes: (2) the Merchants'

Exchange, of which the colonnades at the extremities struck me as being in good taste : (3) the Baltimore Museum : (4) the Battle Monument, erected in honour of the men who fell in defence of Baltimore in 1814, which appeared to me a work too elaborate in its design, wanting in simplicity, and displaying but little taste : and (5) the monument erected by the State to the memory of the illustrious Washington. But, following the example I have already set myself, it is not my intention to say more than has been already done of any of them except the last ; and truly the Washington monument of Baltimore deserves a special consideration.

From the number of monuments it contains, Baltimore has been called the Monumental City, and, in so far as America at least is concerned, it would be entitled to the distinction were it only because it contains this noble structure to the greatest of America's sons and statesmen. The monument itself, together with the colossal statue on the summit of it, is composed of white marble. It stands on an eminence, and is therefore well exposed to view in every direction, and it consists of a square base surmounted by a round column of twenty feet in diameter. The base is fifty feet square by twenty-four feet high, and the column (statue included) is one hundred and eighty feet in height. Appropriate and neat short inscriptions, descriptive of the principal incidents in Washington's eventful life, are inscribed on the sides of the basement. The column is hollow, and there is a stair

inside, by means of which the visitor may ascend to the summit, and obtain by so doing a superb view of Baltimore and its environs. Altogether the monument to Washington, at Baltimore, is worthy of the state that reared it, and of the great man whose patriotic services it is designed to commemorate. I have a great veneration for the name of Washington, and sure I am that, were his principles more paramount in the republic of his creation, there would not be so large a display of that intensely selfish democratic feeling of which European travellers often, and it is to be feared oftentimes justly, complain. Washington was a republican, but he was no democrat. Indeed, few men of eminence have expressed themselves more strongly on the dangers of democracy.

Similar circumstances produce similar results, and human nature, amidst all its varieties, is ever the same. Thus it is that the Washington monument of Baltimore, like the better known London Monument of the modern Babylon, has found favour as a place whence to accomplish their mad desires, or end their worldly sorrows, by the insane and the wretched. Of late years, several instances have occurred of persons throwing themselves from the top of the Washington Monument at Baltimore. In the majority of instances, these victims of madness or of misery have been females.

The distance from Baltimore to Washington, the inadequate capital of the United States of America, is only forty miles, and it is now traversed by a rail-

road. On the occasion when I travelled it, the journey occupied three hours; but nearly one-third of that time was lost, through the circumstance of the tender carriage attached to the steam-engine having gone off the rails, dragging the two succeeding passenger carriages along with it. The passengers made a very narrow escape; for, moderate as the speed was, it is little less than miraculous that none of the carriages were overturned. As it was, no personal injury was sustained; and the only real consequence was, our arriving somewhat later than we were expected at the metropolitan city of

WASHINGTON,

the capital of the United States of America. And how unlike a capital city! Previous descriptions had prepared me for finding Washington anything but a fine town. Mr Dickens' humorous portraiture of it, as "a city of magnificent intentions," had amused me, and I thought I was somewhat prepared for the scene itself. But the preparation was insufficient: after all, I was disappointed—exceedingly disappointed. It was not that Washington was smaller than I expected: on the contrary, it covered more ground than my preconception had led me to expect. It was not that the public buildings were inferior to what I had calculated on: on the contrary, they were finer—the noble Capitol infinitely finer—than I had visioned in my mind's eye. Indeed, it is difficult to say exactly why I was so disappointed at the first sight of the

city of Washington. Describing my feelings as graphically as I can, I would say it was at the general village-like appearance of the whole place. And yet even this remark requires much qualification. It was like a large village, and yet it was not. It was like a village in the wideness of its road-like badly-paved streets, and in the contrariety in the styles of the different buildings of which it was composed. But it was very unlike a village, as well in the size and stateliness of most of these buildings, as in the style of the persons and vehicles which were moving along its avenues; and assuredly, when, from whatever point of view, the eye rested on the stately Capitol, the village idea received a check which melted it into thin air.

But it is only when attention is confined to Washington as a town, that disappointment is, or can be, fairly felt; and after all, is there not something unreasonable, as well as unphilosophical, in the idea which necessarily connects a seat of government with a large city? That capitals are generally large towns is very true, and thus natural it is that, when proceeding to visit the capital of a great nation, like the United States of America, the mind is made up for finding it an extensive, as well as an important place. But is it necessary, or even expedient, that largeness of extent, or of population, should be one of its characteristics? and is it not simply because, in this respect, Washington disappoints expectations raised on insufficient bases, that one feels the dissatisfaction

with its general appearance which has been already described ? In 1800, when Washington was made the seat of the United States' Government, there were several large cities in the American Union, any of which might have been selected for capital honours. The town of Baltimore itself is distant not more than forty miles from the site selected ; but the approvers of Washington as a central and separate, though new point, whence to issue the acts of national legislation, made choice of none of these large towns ; and the opinions of such men as Washington, Madison, and Lee, particularly on such a question, must surely be admitted to outweigh all other evidence, and be considered decisive as to the fitness of the spot, (city or no city,) for the end to which it was intended. Moreover, it was in part the fear of dangers incidental to large towns that influenced many of the friends of the new site. In 1783, the United States' Congress were grossly insulted by a mutinous and riotous mob at Philadelphia, which the state authorities and forces were unable to quell ; and were compelled, for the prosecution of their deliberations, to adjourn to the halls of the college at Princetown. This circumstance must have powerfully impressed the then American statesmen with a sense of the danger to their institutions which might arise from the dominant influence of the mob, particularly in a country tending to democracy, and in which the national military force was but small. It must also have tended in no inconsiderable degree to facilitate the carrying, in 1790, of

the resolution under which the district of Columbia, on the banks of the Potomac, was laid off—surrendered by Maryland and Virginia—and ceded to the general government for the purposes of the Union. Originally this district was ten miles square, but it is now much smaller, in consequence of the portion of land ceded by the state of Virginia having been returned to that state again, by the wish, or with the consent, as I believe, of the inhabitants of the ceded portion, who found that the honour of belonging to the metropolitan district but ill compensated for having their local affairs and interests neglected, while their rulers were looking after the more commanding and pressing interests of the whole Union, and conducting the business of the general government.

With the exception of the Capitol, the only public buildings in Washington which seemed to me likely to attract attention, from their possession of any amount of architectural beauty, are the President's house, (attractive not so much either on account of its size or beauty, but because it is the state residence of the head of the republic,) the Patent Office, and the Treasury. The town mansion of the President of the United States—the White House, as it is most frequently, and from its colour, called—is a plain neat building, not unlike the seat of a rich English country gentleman, beautifully situated on the banks of the river Potomac, and surrounded by indifferently kept grounds, extending to about twenty acres. The Patent Office is a handsome, extensive, but unfinished edifice with a Doric

portico; and the Treasury is a very striking as well as an exceedingly handsome erection, having a Grecian front with a colonnade of about 460 feet in length.

And now for a few sentences on the *capitol* of the *capital*. In the opinion of many Americans, this erection is considered not merely the finest building in the United States of America, but not inferior to any senate-house in the world; and although I cannot subscribe to so sweeping a eulogium—and it is impossible for any British subject to do so—I certainly do think, and unhesitatingly say, that the Capitol of Washington is a very imposing as well as a very beautiful piece of architecture. Covering as it does an area of an acre and a half, with a frontage (wings included) of 352 feet, of the height (to the top of the dome) of 120 feet, and standing on a site of considerable elevation above the level of the surrounding country, the Capitol is a very magnificent object from whatever side it is viewed. And it returns the compliment; for the finest and most perfect view, not only of the city of Washington, but of the whole circumjacent country, is to be obtained from the dome of the Capitol. This view is really superb, and it is only from this view that one can get anything like a definite idea of the magnificent intentions of the aspiring Frenchman by whom the city of Washington was originally designed. Walking along the road-like streets, it is impossible to get any such graphic idea. They are not like streets: they are unlike, from

the insufficiency of the paving. Indeed, with the exception of Pennsylvania Avenue, few of them are paved in any way. They are also unlike from their excessive breadth. With roads which are too broad for streets, and too narrow for squares, there is a singular want of connexion among the streets and houses of the city of Washington.

The interior of the Capitol is plain, but still in harmony with the nobility of the exterior. The Chamber of Representatives is a semicircular room, spacious and lofty, and lighted from above; and the Senate Chamber, on the opposite side of the building, is a somewhat smaller room of the same shape. Both are fine as well as imposing in their proportions, and both seem to me excellently adapted for the purposes to which they are devoted. In a different part of the building is the library of Congress, a neat comfortable room of no great size, said to contain some thirty thousand volumes—a handsome number indeed, all circumstances considered, but scarcely worth being chronicled, and communicated as a distinction, when it is remembered that there are nearly thirty libraries in Europe each containing fully a hundred thousand volumes, or more; while the library of the British Museum at London, though only the fourth in Europe in point of extent, contains the extraordinary number of 435,000 volumes. It is, however, not a bad sign of the intelligence of a nation to find them boasting of the extent of their libraries; and, when in the United States, I have often heard what has been called Jona-

than's national sin (a habit of boasting) developing itself in a much less defensible and a much more offensive way, though certainly not from the lips of any of the intelligent of America's sons.

In the lower part of the building, and near the United States' Court Hall, my attention was much struck by what I find I have noted as the American School of Architecture. If the invention of an American, it may fairly be so called. The objects alluded to are several columns or pillars, fashioned to represent bundles of Indian corn stalks, and having capitals representing the grain partially stripped, ripe, and open. The effect is fine, and I should like much to see the design carried out in the erection of a building.

The chief attraction of the interior of the Capitol of Washington, is the Rotunda, or entrance-hall, situated under the dome in the centre of the building. This Rotunda is ninety-five feet in diameter as well as in height, and on the walls of it are six pictures of large size—twelve feet by eighteen. These large paintings severally represent The Declaration of Independence, The Surrender of Burgoyne, The Surrender of Cornwallis, Washington resigning his Commission, The Baptism of Pochahontas, and The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in England, in the little Mayflower. When I visited the scene, there was also a likeness of the President, General Taylor, exhibited in this hall. Of the accuracy and excellence of this painting, not only as a picture but as a good

likeness, I had an after as well as an excellent opportunity of judging.

With reference to the second and third of the pictures thus enumerated as ornamenting the Rotunda of the United States' Capitol, I may, as a British subject, be permitted to question the excellence of the taste which selected for such a purpose two scenes from one side of a war, that afforded so many incidents of a conflicting character. Looking to the fact that, in this very War of Independence, there were so many instances which might be made the subject of pictorial representation to the effect of exciting feelings of a different kind, and also to the fact that so large a party in Great Britain, including the best and most independent of British statesmen, espoused and advocated the cause of American Independence, even in the British Senate itself, (a fact so well recognised in the States, that I find the following to be one of the printed questions put to the students in history in the common schools in Cincinnati, at the examination for the year ending 30th June 1848, "What British Statesman was conspicuous in espousing the cause of the colonies in Parliament?") more truthful as well as more tasteful embellishments might have been selected. But let not my American friends misunderstand me. I make no complaint of their commemorating, in every possible way, their struggle for independence, and the issue of it. That is not only natural, but noble; and the well-known fact that the war which led to that issue was the most unpopular in Great Britain of any

that the British Government ever engaged in, should enhance, instead of detracting from, the pleasure of the commemoration. What I alone complain of is, the selecting, for such national commemoration, individual scenes of personal humiliation out of the numberless incidents of a checkered warfare, conducted against British colonists by the British Government, contrary to the wishes of a large body (if not the majority) of the nation, and notwithstanding the opinions, the remonstrances, and the vaticinations of the illustrious and venerable Lord Chatham, and of a long list of British statesmen of world-renowned eminence. But having resolved so to commemorate the war in question, nothing can be said against the choice of the subjects, particularly by a nation whose places of public resort, and even the streets and squares of whose towns, are filled with mementos, in names, in paintings, and in memorials, commemorative of the many victories by land and by sea which go to make what has been so long considered the national laurels of England. Although the act of Burgoyne (in delivering up the force under his charge) was compelled by circumstances, and accompanied by a condition of safe conduct that entitle it to be regarded rather as a "capitulation" than as a "surrender," there can be no objection to the use of the latter term if its employment gratifies our American friends. Nor can it be objected that they should make choice of this event, and of the subsequent one of Lord Cornwallis's surrender of his army of six

thousand men, to the combined forces of France and of America, in preference to choosing a subject for representation from such scenes as the taking of New York, the battle of Germantown, the siege of Ticonderago, the battle of Briars Creek, or even the less decisive affair of Bunker's Hill, or, indeed, any of the varied scenes of the unfortunate and unnatural contest in which the tide of success between the Royalists and the Independents so often fluctuated.

When upon the subject of the extent of the desire shown by some of our American brethren to over-estimate the doings and daring of their ancestors in the War of Independence, or to obtrude unnecessarily, and with but little taste, the topic in the presenee of a British subject, I may be permitted to make a remark which has often occurred to me in reference to the American Declaration of Independence. Few documents are so vaunted by our Transatlantic brethren, and few documents deserve to be so lauded, if it be regarded simply as the crowning act of a nation's struggle for liberty. But viewed with reference to the contents of the document itself, I have said, and I do say, that it is very far from containing either an accurate or a dignified statement of the causes which led to the violent separation of the American colonies from the parent state. In particular, it charges upon the King of Great Britain, as an individual, grievances and complaints, and a refusal to give redress, which the framer of the act himself knew well were the

results of the doings, not of the king, but of the ministry. Not only so, the Declaration of American Independence charges the King of Great Britain with crimes and with conduct, with acts of cruelty and of perfidy, of which there is not even the shadow of a pretence for alleging him to have been guilty. In adhering to and supporting a ministry who persisted in carrying on a war with our then colonies, notwithstanding one of the most powerful and talented oppositions that any ministry ever had to encounter in the British senate, and even after that war had been shown to be unpopular and distasteful to the great mass of the nation, George III. did undoubtedly act unwisely. But the act of carrying on the war was that of his ministers, not of himself; and the framer and approvers of the American Declaration themselves knew well, as statesmen, that in a constitutional country like England such was necessarily the fact. Why, then, was not the statement framed in accordance with the fact? I fear the alone answer is, Because, in the then state of the public mind, both in America and in Great Britain, it secured more sympathy to affect to represent the contest as invoked, caused, and consummated in the manner it had been, through the headstrong tyranny of a wayward and unfeeling despot. But George III. was no despot; and, whatever his other faults or failings, cruelty and perfidy cannot with truth be classed among them.

The matters and scenes above referred to, however,

are now long byegone with the generation in whose time they were transacted. The incidents connected with them have become matters of history, on which future generations will pass their verdict; and whoever was to blame—either in the beginning, in the conduct, or in regard to the issue—the wise of both countries seem to be agreed in this, that it is fortunate, both for the parent state and the severed colony, that the separation took place at the time, if not in the manner in which it did.

In the immediate vicinity of the Capitol of Washington stands a gigantic statue to the memory of him who has given his name to the city. The inscription on this monument is dignified and simple. On the one side “First in war,” on the other “First in peace.” The statue is colossal, and the attitude striking. Measures are likewise now in progress for erecting in the capital a national testimonial, on a very extensive scale, to commemorate the services and virtues of this the greatest of the framers and defenders of the American confederation.

A transition from the description of the capital of a nation, to the consideration of the form of government, is so natural, that explanation of motives for the introduction of the latter subject were unnecessary, did not the obvious importance of the topic justify the mention of the fact, that the views to be now recorded are the results, not merely of impressions formed when in America, and from what I saw there, but of a study of the republican constitution of the United

States, years before I put my foot on their shores. Before visiting the great republic, I enjoyed some acquaintance with the writings of its distinguished jurists. I had read myself into the belief that the constitution of the Federal Union of America ranked very high among the achievements of modern wisdom. A close inspection of the machinery in actual operation has not dispelled this opinion, although it has modified it on all points, and corrected it in some.

When, in the year 1787, twelve years after their Declaration of Independence, the deputies of the then United States of America finally agreed to and subscribed the Deed of Constitution, a course was adventured on, and a form of government ratified, for which there was no favourable prestige in the history of the past. Confederated republics have never yet reached an old age of national existence. Not to occupy time and space by more than a passing allusion to federal unions obscurely mentioned in the pages of more ancient history, it suffices here to refer to that of the Grecian republics, whose early dissolution arose more from the corroding influences of internal jealousy, and from conflicting interests, than from the violent assaults of foreign aggression ; or to the confederation of the United Provinces of Holland in later days, which only found an end to domestic dissension by taking refuge in a monarchical form of government.

It was not, therefore, in the light of the past that the fathers and framers of the American constitution

could gather their hope of permanency for their young republic. They adhered, however, to their resolution to form a united confederation; and prejudice itself cannot deny that nobly was that resolve carried into execution. Nay more, if ever a republican form of government was to succeed, it was surely in such circumstances as were here combined. Never, in the annals of the world, was the experiment made under happier auspices, or with brighter and better founded hopes. One solitary cloud dimmed the azure brightness of the horizon of the young republic. The existence of slavery, in about one moiety of the States, was the only source whence there could be dread of danger to the constitution; and, "small as a man's hand" as that cloud was, it could only be the far-seeing who could from it derive the presentiment, that something might yet occur to raise a conflict of interests and of views sufficient to put an end to the close union and entire harmony that, in 1787, bound together the confederated states. Otherwise, all bade fair for future domestic peace and weal. The authors of the constitutional articles were men of cool heads and patriot hearts; and the tender republic was to be tried on a clear stage, in a new world, and afar from those conflicting elements of kingly or of oligarchical growth, which might have impeded its development had the formation of a confederated republic been attempted in any part of Europe. Nay more—the success of the experiment has, up to the present hour, justified the anticipations of the authors

of the American constitution; and I entertain a strong opinion that, if from any source serious danger menaces the confederacy of the United States, and threatens to disturb its integrity, this fact arises more from the effect of inroads which have from time to time been made on the principles of the constitution, than from any defect inherent in that document itself. I have said that, from a somewhat early period of my life, I had been a student of the constitution of the United States, and that, although not an advocate for republican forms of government in the abstract, I had, ere I visited the Union, formed a high opinion of its wisdom. Indeed, it would be difficult to frame a more complete form of republican government than that of the American Federal Union; or to point out a cause of difficulty which is not comprehended, and provided for, in some part or other of the seven articles of the constitution of the United States, or of the amendments thereon. In republican theory, it is perfect. But has it been as perfect in its operation or execution? It certainly has not; and the reason it has not been so is, in the opinion of the writer, to be found, not in any defects in the constitution itself, but in the manner in which its working has been interfered with by conflicting claims, set up by individual states, on the general plea and principle that, in joining the Union, they had reserved their independency. In particular, the nullification doctrine strangely but ably advocated by Mr Calhoun, as the organ and mouthpiece of the Southern States, and, since his

declaration of it, resorted to on every occasion of a difference between the general government and an individual state—ofttimes for the most unworthy of party purposes—strikes at the very vitals of the constitution of the United States of America. By that doctrine it is maintained that, when the federal government, sitting in Congress, shall pass a law which, in the opinion of any individual state, exceeds the powers conferred by the constitution, it is the province, and within the power, of the legislature of that state to stay the progress of the law, by declaring it to be of no effect—by nullifying its operation within such state's own particular territories. It is true that the existence of this alleged state right has never been formally recognised; indeed, to some extent it has been repudiated by the general government. One of the most brilliant efforts of the truly great Webster has been devoted to illustrating its incompatibility with the very existence of the general government. But the snake is scotched, not killed. From time to time it is constantly recurring and rearing up its head, impeding the action of the legislature, and destroying the supremacy of the constitution. Great Britain treated with the United States' Government relative to the amicable settlement of a question of boundary, of little value to the Republic, and still less to England. A reference of the dispute was made between the two high contracting parties. But the negotiations were almost marred, and the two countries nearly involved in warfare about some miles

of mountain land, because of the interposition of a third party or negotiant in the independent state of Maine ! Again, the federal government of the United States established a tariff ; but the terms of it pleased not the State of South Carolina, and that independent member of the ill-cemented body politic disapproved of, and consequently nullified the law. The consequence was an alteration of the general tariff, to conciliate one recusant or refractory state, and (for at the time it seemed a probable thing, from the attitude assumed by the powerful State of South Carolina) prevent the possibility of an interneecine war. Instances to the same effect might be multiplied, but these two suffice to illustrate the general position which is at present the alone object in view.

But it is no defect in the “ constitution of the United States ” that gives rise to these and to other difficulties in its practical working. All the consideration I can give the subject leads to the conclusion that, apart from the general question of slavery, which is one *per se*, the only source of embarrassment is, that while, by the letter of the constitution, sufficient powers have been conferred on the general government, that spirit of party which is the bane of any country, and especially of America—in which there is always so numerous an army of placemen, hangers-on, and expectants—has led to the putting forth, on the part of individual states, of claims to a degree of “ independence ” and “ reserved right,” which is absolutely incompatible with the full, free

exercise of the powers conferred by the constitution upon the central government. To give power to arrange all matters of "duties, imports, and excises," is of no great use, provided those to be most affected by their operations are to be entitled to declare the arrangements null after they have been made. To be authorised to make treaties, and "regulate commerce with foreign nations," is of little avail, if the individual member of the confederation whose territory may be most affected by the treaty or regulation is entitled to interpose its veto, or equally effective refusal of accession or acquiescence. And authority "to establish post-offices, and make post-roads," is but an empty permission, if the general government are not permitted to assess for the formation and maintenance of such utilities, save under the risk of having the law nullified by some individual state, which may be unwilling to bear its share of the expense.

In a word, it may be too much to say that the doctrine of nullification and the democratic theory of reserved state rights is destructive of the American union; but it is certainly not too much to affirm that they contain elements of dissension, and that, carried to their legitimate extent, they may prove utterly inconsistent with all vigour of government. A general governing power, fettered by such a restrictive principle, can scarcely expect to continue "powerful at home and respected abroad." That these effects have not been more clearly manifested in the past history of the great republic of America, I attribute

to these causes—that, welded together in love and mutual forbearance by the trying ordeal of the Revolutionary War, the original states of the confederation were long ere they permitted the agitation of any question that would disturb their consociation or repose; that it has been the good destiny of the United States to have had at the head of their affairs, with but few exceptions, men of patriotic hearts, sound heads, and tried business habits; and that, whenever conflict has been likely to arise between the general government and a refractory state, some judicious means have been found for reconciling the recusants, or evading the difficulty without bringing the question to a decisive issue or arbitrament. Even while I write, the monster republic is assailed with a greater difficulty, and a stronger chance of disunion, than it has had to encounter in any of the darkest years of its bypast history; and sure am I that there is no one with a heart to feel, and a capacity to understand, who fails to admire the efforts of American statesmen of all creeds and classes to allay the storm, and to find out, if they can, some standing ground of honest and honourable compromise and mutual concession.

But the preceding observations on the constitution of the United States are not intended to convey the impression that, in the writer's opinion, the American Republic is in imminent danger of being dismembered and disunited. No doubt the day of separation may come—anticipating the future destinies of the land of “stars and stripes” by the analogies of the past, it

would seem almost a certainty that the time when it will be divided must arrive. Looking to the already vast extent of the United States' territory, and to the great additions lately made thereto, the conclusion is scarcely to be resisted that, at some period or other, it will form the abode of more than one of the nations of the earth. Reflecting on the entire separation and severance of the pecuniary interests, and the difference in the personal habits of the northern from those of the southern states, it would seem a strange event that such materials could be permanently welded into an enduring entireness; and, considering the firm stand assumed by the respective champions of the two great parties that now contend for dominance, it would seem hopeless to expect that the day of disunion among the heterogeneous materials comprised within the great union of North America can be indefinitely postponed.

But, despite these admissions, I am not one of those who anticipate an early secession of one part of the confederacy from the other—nay more, (and while I by no means think that a peaceful separation would materially interfere with the rapid advancement, either of the north or of the south, of the east or of the far west, or lead to those anarchical results generally predicated as likely to follow the dismemberment of the American confederation,) I would, were I an American as I am a Briton, regard a severance of the Federative Union, albeit an amicable or at least a peaceful one, as the greatest calamity

that could possibly befall my great and rising country. I cannot conceive that there is an American to be found who is not more or less imbued with this feeling. What heart does not respond to the thrilling sentiments beautifully expressed by Mr Webster, when he says, "Who is there among us that, if he should find himself on any spot of the earth where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, 'I am an American, I am a countryman of Washington, I am a citizen of that republic which, although it has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear and have not heard of it, who know anything and yet do not know of its existence and its glory. And, gentlemen,'" adds he, "let me reverse the picture; let me ask who is there among us that, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilised countries of Europe, and was there to learn that this goodly form of government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united, that a death-blow had been struck upon the bond of union, that they themselves had destroyed their chief good and their chief honour—who is there whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there who would not cover his face for very shame?" There will be no doubt about the beauty of the passage I have thus quoted, and there can be as little doubt of its truth. Throughout this record of my impressions, I have endeavoured to avoid saying anything as to the peculiarities of mind and manners exhibited by the Ameri-

cans as a people—not deeming the time spent by me among them sufficient to justify prominent allusions to such matters. But I have already elsewhere remarked, that there are few privileges an American citizen views with such complacency, as his membership of the Union—the privilege of calling himself a citizen of the American confederacy. This fact lies too much on the surface to escape the notice of the most casual observer. The Englishman, the Scotchman, or the Irishman have each their separate subject of glorification connected with their several lands of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, even while they unite in the anthem of “Rule Britannia.” But the national boast of the genuine American is, not that he belongs to New York, Massachusetts, Kentucky, or Ohio; it is that he is an American—a citizen of the United States’ confederation—a native of the country which gave birth and fame to Washington, and a denizen of that land whose standard is “the star-spangled banner.” This feeling is the chord so beautifully and effectively touched by Mr Webster; it is one very generally prevalent throughout the United States, and the extent to which it prevails is one of the causes to which I look for a greater permanency to the Federal Union of America than has been by some thought probable. Even slavery itself—even the restlessness of the North under this blot on the national escutcheon, and its anxiety to wipe it off, conflicting with the determination of the South to stand by and to support

it—will not suffice to countervail against the principle to which I have referred. In the last war with Great Britain, the States stood together at a time when their union was most severely tried, through the fact of the war being adverse to the most obvious interests of at least one section of the confederation; and, dark as is the cloud which at present menaces the integrity of the American Union, I do not doubt but that, under the auspices of such men as Clay and Webster, some measure of compromise and conciliation will yet be found, consistent alike with the principles of the North, the honour of the South, and the safety of both. No doubt, this question of slavery is the difficulty of the American Union. It is the “Irish question” of the American Legislature. Nay, more, it has difficulties connected with it, or arising from it, separate and independent of the question of the integrity of the central power, which has been already shortly considered. The very manner in which so very keen a discussion upon the American slave question has been grafted on the consideration of a motion for the admission of California as a member of the Republican Union, proves how important and how intense the feeling which pervades the States upon this subject undoubtedly is. California having herself resolved on a constitution which excluded slavery, there was no absolute necessity for mixing up the question of her admission into the family of states with the general topic which divides the North from the South. It might be natural, but it was not

necessary so to do. It might have been avoided, had the South and its Congressional leaders so willed. If there be, in the form of California's application to be admitted to the privileges of brotherhood, anything irregular and at variance with the constitution (as Mr Calhoun alleges,) it was easy to have discussed the motion or resolution on that ground alone ; and precedents are to be found in the admission of earlier states of the confederation, which might have been held authoritative on the subject. But that the fact was not so, and that the application of the American *El Dorado*, or golden region, has been made the signal for sounding the tocsin on the question of slavery throughout the Union, powerfully and eloquently evidences the strength of the feelings entertained upon the subject, by the two great parties who divide between them the influence of the confederation. That such has been the case is to be attributed mainly to the South, and, in part at least, it is charged against them as a fault. I have elsewhere expressed a sympathy with the position in which the inhabitants of the Southern States (many of them privately and on principle opposed to slavery,) feel themselves to be placed. But, at the same time, they are chiefly accountable for the excitement which at present agitates the Union ; and, inasmuch as the question which has created it is one which seems to have been at present raised without adequate cause or imperious necessity, the originating of it may be regarded as a political mistake, and consequently a fault.

But whatever its destinies for the future, prejudice itself cannot deny that the past history of the American Federal Union has been one of scarcely paralleled prosperity. For above sixty years it has been found compatible with, if not conducive to, the most rapid advancement in wealth and in population that was ever recorded in the historic annals of any people. Since its constitution was subscribed by the Deputies in 1787, the Republic of North America has acted with a closeness of union, and a rapidity of increase, which contrasts most strikingly with the internal wars and back-going tendencies which have been at work to retard the advancement of the numerous republics to be seen in the southern portion of the same great continent. That such has been the good destiny of the North American Union is, I apprehend, mainly to be attributed to the wisdom of the articles of its constitution of 1787, and to the strength and solidity of the central power thereby created. Of that constitution it was remarked by Franklin, at the time he signed it, "I consent to this constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best;" and by Washington himself, the chairman of the Convention, that, "In the aggregate, it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch." The words in which these great men thus couched their eulogy of the production they were themselves mainly instrumental in fashioning, may seem to argue something like moderate expectations of well-working and permanency. It is therefore all the more satis-

factory to know that, tested by the experience of nearly two generations of men, the federal constitution thus ushered into the world—after a few months' seditumt of the deputies who formed it—has been, if not productive of, at least entirely consistent with, an unusually large amount of national prosperity and advancement in all that adorns or dignifies a national career.

With these few observations on the sources whence alone danger may be anticipated to the integrity of the constitution of the United States, I again declare myself an admirer of that constitution; and it is because I am so, and that I desire its stability and continuance, that I bring my notes upon it to a termination, by remarking, by way of moral—That he who would conserve the permanency of the federal union of the American States, must strengthen the hands of the General Government. For reasons greatly too numerous to permit of their consideration being adventured on here, there are no grounds for fear of the central power proving too strong for that of the individual states of which it is the keystone; but there are at least some reasons for supposing that the centrifugal forces of the independent members of the body politic may prove too powerful for the centripetal attraction which directs their energies towards a common centre.

CHAPTER VI.

“ But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world’s tired denizen.”

BYRON.

“ May Government never degenerate into a mob, nor mobs grow strong enough to become governments.”—SAM SLICK’S TOAST.

LEAVING WASHINGTON—RETURN TO NEW YORK *via* BALTIMORE AND PHILADELPHIA—NEW YORK—ROUTE TO BOSTON—NEW ENGLAND RAILWAYS—THE PILGRIM FATHERS—CITY OF BOSTON—HARVARD UNIVERSITY—CEMETERY AT MOUNT AUBURN—TOWN OF LOWELL, ITS ORIGINAL FOUNDATION, RISE, AND PROGRESS—LEAVING AMERICA.

LEAVING Washington, after an inspection of its environs sufficient to satisfy me of the fact that, although the site of the city is well chosen, the land by which it is surrounded is poor, and incapable of high cultivation, I returned to Baltimore, thence to Philadelphia, and thence to New York, adopting, as I have already said, a return route from Philadelphia different from the one I had taken in my way up to the capital. I have however already said, regarding both the “monumental” and the “Quaker” city, all that I think likely to interest the general reader, and my

return journey was not marked by any peculiar incidents, or by the sight of any particular novelty.

The return to New York afforded me an opportunity of visiting such scenes in it as had been omitted (through want of invitation or of suggestion) on the occasion of my first visit. Amongst these was the place of resort known to the New York populace under the cognomen of "the Castle Garden," a place of public entertainment erected on a mole, and connected with the "Battery" by a bridge. This mole was formerly occupied as a fortress, to aid in protecting the harbour; but it is now made use of as a place of amusement, the area of it being chiefly occupied as the site of a great amphitheatre, capable, the guide-books say, of containing ten thousand persons, and certainly calculated to give sitting or standing room to a multitude little short of that number. Attracted thither by the announcement of an Oratorio, and the seductive promise of the melodious strains of a brass band of surpassing excellence, I wandered to the place, alone and unknown. Farther, however, than hearing the beautiful anthem of "Old Hundred" very creditably played, and enjoying its performance much, (albeit the sound of the instruments was somewhat interfered with by the noise from the eating and drinking of the numerous parties who were engaged refreshing nature within the gigantic erection,) there was nothing seen or heard within the Castle Garden of New York that would justify or require more prominent notice.

The inquiring visitor to the commercial emporium of America may be induced to direct his investigations to the state of crime and pauperism in that city ; and if he does so, he will be somewhat startled on the subject of the latter, particularly if he has left the Old Country under the idea that, in coming to a new one, he has left destitution behind him. In a report to the municipal authorities of New York by Mr Matsell, (the chief of the New York police,) in 1849, it is stated that, in eleven police districts, there existed 2955 children without the visible means of support — homeless, houseless wanderers, who are forced, either by their parents, or by poverty and want of protection, to the perpetration of crime for their subsistence. Mr Matsell further states that, of these, two-thirds are girls of from eleven to sixteen years of age. The free coloured population of New York, in particular, is a class that largely contributes to fill the ranks of mendicity. The condition of these poor people is indeed, and in many respects, deeply to be deplored. Looked down upon and despised, as they unquestionably are by the great mass of the white population, they form a kind of Pariah tribe amidst the rest of the community. Though freemen, they cannot be said to possess, much less to enjoy, the inestimable blessings which the term “ freedom ” conveys to the mind of a resident in these isles, where

“ No slave ever trod.”

And if one-fourth of the details heard by me, from

intelligent influential residents in the city of New York, were true, the statement of Mr Haynes (one of the senators of South Carolina) is not very greatly exaggerated, when he said that "there does not exist on the face of the whole earth a population so poor, so wretched, so vile, so loathsome, so utterly destitute of all the comforts, conveniences, and decencies of life, as the unfortunate Blacks of Philadelphia, and New York, and Boston." In the same speech (delivered in 1830) Mr Haynes says, "I have seen, in the neighbourhood of one of the most moral, religious, and refined cities of the north, a family of free Blacks driven to the caves of the rocks, and there obtaining a precarious subsistence from charity and plunder."

Having remained a short time longer in New York, during which I confirmed or corrected opinions formed during my first visit, visited some additional scenes, enjoyed the society of kind and esteemed friends, saw enough of the New York ladies to convince me that the reputation they enjoy for elegance of deportment and beauty of countenance is fully warranted, and had some opportunities of satisfying myself as to the handsome, nay, extremely luxurious manner in which the mercantile aristocracy (and it is beyond all question that there is both an aristocracy of birth and an aristocracy of wealth in the great republic) of New York in general live, I proceeded in the steamer Massachusetts to Stonington, *en route* for the city of Boston, the chief town in Massachusetts, and the capital of New England.

The sail to Stonington is through the once famed and much-dreaded strait which lies at the west end of Long Island Sound, about eight miles east of New York, and which is called by the more descriptive than polite name of Hell-gate. The passage is narrow and tortuous; and a bed of rocks below, which extends quite across the river, causes the water to boil and struggle with considerable violence. But Hell-gate, however useful to terrorists in days gone by, or advantageous to novelists as a weapon of excitement in later days—or of however difficult navigation, even now, to sailing vessels—has to the traveller by steam, and in such a vessel as the good steamer *Massachusetts*, lost not only its danger, but all the romance of its interest. Whether it was my sense of security, or my recent introduction to the whirlpool of Niagara and the rapids of the St Lawrence, that produced the result, I know not; but the result certainly was, that, during the passage of the Hell-gate, or Hurl-gate, I felt neither an extraordinary shaking, nor any unusual sensation whatever, as, racing with another steamer, (which eventually outstripped us,) our steam-ship hurried through the turbulent waters, beating them down with her paddle-wheels, and tossing them aside, as if in her impatience to get into the more open sea.

The sail from New York to Stonington—a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles through the entire length of Long Island Sound, and with Long Island on the one side, and the State of Connecticut on the other

—is exceedingly pleasing. It did not, however, in my case at least, afford anything farther to chronicle, either in the way of description or of narrative.

From Stonington the traveller proceeds by railway to Boston, the distance being ninety miles. This railway was unquestionably the best, and the best appointed one, I travelled on during my excursion through the United States. I might with truth add, that my good fortune in this part of my journeyings was not confined to the excellence of the railway travelled on. It extended to the fellow passengers—ladies as well as gentlemen—whom I had the pleasure to meet with as fellow travellers on the Stonington and Long Island Railway. This passing tribute is due to one family party in particular, to whose intelligent courtesies I was, as a solitary stranger, indebted in this part of my journeyings, and who considerately and politely offered me much information I might not otherwise have so easily procured. Save that the individual members of the travelling party referred to were residents of Boston, or its neighbourhood, I had no proper means of ascertaining who or what they were. But whoever they were, they embodied much intelligence, as well as much beauty. But it was not only on this occasion that, in the course of my tour, I had been indebted to natives of the good city of Boston. Even before reaching New Orleans, an accidental rencontre had led to an acquaintance with two young fellow travellers, both of them from Boston, and with whom I parted in the Crescent City with

considerable regret. Again, at the Springs of Saratoga, I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman of the same town, whom I had afterwards the pleasure of meeting in his native place. So that, although I could not go the length of an English friend—one who, while he carried about with him most of the excellencies, entertained also not a few of the sturdy prejudices of John Bull—when he asserted (even from the few specimens of Bostoniana we had met with when travelling together) that the Boston men were decidedly the most gentlemanlike in person and in manners of any in the Union, I was in every way predisposed for favourable impressions of Boston and its inhabitants. Indeed, so strongly was my temporary companion impressed with this idea of the superior republican graces of the Bostonians, that he one day said to me at Niagara, in reference to a somewhat distinguished party, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, who joined the dinner table—“I feel sure these people are either English or Bostonians.” Whatever the citizens of Boston may think of the compliment, I can assure them it was a very high one in the opinion of its author. But while I cannot, in justice to my friends in sundry other cities and towns of the American Union, give the inhabitants of the capital of Massachusetts so exclusive a place in the field of American intelligence or elegance, I can honestly say, that my limited experience of Boston and its society has left a most favourable impression on my mind, and excited in me a strong desire to repeat my visit.

But it is not merely on account of the society of Boston, or of personal reminiscences connected with some of its denizens, that I drew near the capital of Massachusetts with more interest than I had approached any other locality in the American Union. In visiting the seaboard of the State of Massachusetts, the English or Scottish traveller must surely feel that he is approaching almost to hallowed ground.

The Pilgrim Fathers—where is there the understanding that can appreciate liberty of conscience, or the heart that can denounce oppression, or feel for the oppressed, that does not sympathise with their struggles, and respect their heaven-directed and heaven-supported heroism? On an autumnal day in the year 1620, one hundred and one persons, men, women, and children, all inclusive—themselves the winnowings of a larger body who had previously made the same attempt, but had been obliged to put back owing to the frailty and unseaworthiness of their ships—set sail from the port of Plymouth in England to cross the broad Atlantic in the *Mayflower*, a vessel of only one hundred and eighty tons burthen. These emigrants became so for conscience sake; and that they felt in all their intensity those ties of country and of home which are to be found in nearly every human breast, may well be gathered from the fact, that one of the earliest acts done by them after their arrival at their far-off home across the waters—done even while as yet distracted by the pressing temporal necessities of their position—was to draw up a voluntary declara-

tion, or deed of constitution, in which they acknowledged themselves the subjects of the pedant monarch whose blind adhesion to a fancied prerogative, and whose insane attempt to establish an impossible uniformity, had driven them forth to the then inhospitable wilderness of the New World. In this document, these early English settlers of America expressly set forth that their voyage had been undertaken "for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian name, and the honour of their king and country." The "Pilgrims," by whom this work of Christian colonisation was adventured on, are correctly described by the United States' historian, Bancroft, (vol. i. p. 307,) as "Englishmen, Protestants, exiles for religion, men disciplined by misfortune, cultivated by opportunities of extensive observation, equal in rank as in rights, and bound by no code but that which might be imposed by religion, or might be created by the public will."

About the middle of November in the same year, the small but resolved band came in sight of the American continent. The land at which they first touched now forms part of the state of Massachusetts; and even here there is something to indicate that the bark which bore them was heaven-directed. When they set out from England their intention had been to proceed southward, at least as far as the mouth of the Hudson river, and there to settle, somewhere, in all probability, about the place where the town of New York now stands. Had they succeeded in this

design, it is little less than certain that one and all of them would have fallen victims to the comparatively numerous and warlike Indians who were afterwards found to inhabit Long Island and its vicinity. But no such danger awaited the little band in the more northern haven into which Providence had sent them. The territory about Cape Cod, and for a long distance inwards from the coast, had been sometime previously devastated by a pestilence, under the withering effects of which nearly the whole of its savage occupants and original owners had sunk into the tomb. So much had the country been depopulated that, (to use the graphic but touching phraseology of the journal which describes the proceedings of these colonists during the first winter of their location in America, when narrating the results of an exploring expedition immediately after their arrival,) “after this we digged in sundry like places, but found no more corn—*nor anything else but graves.*” It seems to me that there is something in this worthy of being pondered over. The Pilgrims had left their native land—the land of their forefathers, and of their fondest associations—and crossed the broad Atlantic to a far-off country, of which they knew little more than this, that it was a land of vast extent, and comparatively uninhabited; and a land in which, in some way or other, their own country claimed a right of property. They had done this for conscience sake, and because they would not give way to a compelled uniformity in matters of public worship, when they thought it sinful so to do.

And now that the step was taken, the God they served had guided their bark in a direction somewhat contrary to their intentions, and so as to prevent them from being either themselves butchered by savage cruelty, or compelled to assert their independence by force, and to commence the establishment of their commonwealth with hands imbrued in the blood of the previous occupants of the soil. The pestilence had driven out the Red man, irrespective of the white man's approach. His lease had been brought to a termination by the hand that gave it him, and the Pilgrim Fathers of New England were the appointed successors to the Red man's inheritance.

But it were altogether out of place to prosecute here this interesting subject any farther, or to follow the career of these earliest emigrants to New England, from the formation of their first settlement at Plymouth, (so called after their English port of departure,) on the shores of Cape Cod Bay, in 1620, till, by their own expansion, and the introduction of other and not in all cases favourable or congenial elements, their descendants and successors expanded into the numbers that now occupy the fertile townships of the states Massachusetts and Connecticut. Neither would I have it to be inferred that, in so adding my humble tribute to that of others, in vindication of the high principles and noble motives that animated the first settlers on the New England shores, and that induced them to seek for themselves and their descendants a home on the other side of the broad Atlantic, I desire to elaim for

them any higher measure of praise than I would for the many equally noble and devoted men who saw it to be their privilege, as well as their duty, to remain in the country of their forefathers, to contend against a spiritual despotism, and to fight for the establishment of entire liberty of creed or conscience—not only for themselves but also for their fellow countrymen—and who, by so remaining and so contending, achieved their end. Were it requisite to make choice between the two, and to apportion to either class, at the expense of the other, the greater meed of praise, it would be a difficult task to perform. If the Puritans who emigrated encountered the storms of the Atlantic in a small vessel at a stormy period of the year, together with the dangers and difficulties of establishing themselves in a new and barbarous northern country at the commencement of a winter season, they, by so doing, secured at once for themselves and their descendants entire freedom of person and of conscience, besides escaping the dangers of an unequal contest with a bigot king, a subservient ministry, and an oppressive priesthood. If the Puritans who remained at home escaped the storms which the little *Mayflower* encountered on the voyage across the then unfrequented Atlantic Ocean, or the difficulties which beset the Pilgrims, particularly during the first winter of their settlement, they encountered persecution, and penury, and prison (besides worse evils) at home, and they did this not merely for themselves, but for others. Thanks be to God! both succeeded in their endeavours.

The one laid the foundation for liberty of conscience and of worship in the desert, the other established the same principles on the ruins of a spiritual despotism.

But, not to prosecute the subject farther, I have deemed myself justified in making these few remarks as to the parties by whom, and the circumstances under which, this part of the continent of North America was first colonised, because I regard the Pilgrim Fathers of New England as the noblest body of pioneers that ever went forth from any land on a mission of liberty; and to account sufficiently for the interest with which I have long viewed all that relates to this particular portion of the American Union.

BOSTON.

The city of Boston, however, was not established by the first of the Pilgrim emigrants. The parties who settled it may, indeed, be distinguished from the emigrants by the Mayflower by "some shades of theological opinion." Nor was it until 1630, ten years after the arrival of the first pilgrims at Cape Cod, that Boston was settled under the auspices of a company constituted in England under the title of the Massachusetts Company, and holding a charter from King Charles I., who, it has been remarked, strangely enough "established by this charter an independent provisional government within his own dominions, at the very time he was seeking to overthrow the chief privileges which the British constitution secured, and was enter-

ing on a contest which involved the absolute supremacy of Crown or Parliament."

I had almost feared disappointment on the occasion of my visit to the capital of the five populous states included within the limits of New England. Having heard so much of it and of its beauty, from natives and others, I scarce expected that it would come up to the ideal formed of it. But it was not so. I was much pleased—in many particulars delighted. The situation might not equal the preconception; for, although the town lies in a kind of creseent around the harbour, and the country beyond rises gradually, yet the rise is neither so regular nor so great as to give a fine view of the city from any part of the streets or harbour. But the private houses are so handsome, and so well appointed; the shops are so good, and apparently so well stocked; and the inhabitants, male and female, seemed, as a body, to be so well dressed and cleanly, and withal so cheerful and healthful, that, at the very first promenade and drive I had about the town of Boston, I was most favourably and agreeably impressed. Moreover, there seemed to be the union of an academic air with a business-like activity about this city, that I had not observed in any other of the towns of the United States or of Canada. But perhaps it was the knowledge of the fact that Harvard University was in the immediate neighbourhood, and that I had the honour of an introduction to one of the Professors there—to Professor Longfellow, whose contributions to the literary world have given him a deserved fame,

which is as great in Europe as it can be in America—that threw such a classic halo round my first impressions of the city of Boston.

Among the many celebrities of Boston, seen by me on the occasion of my visit, I find in my note-book prominent mention made of the following :—(1.) The common ; a verdant park containing above forty acres of ground, and having in the centre of it a pond with a recently erected *jet d'eau*. This pleasure ground is situated in the western or more fashionable part of the city, for Boston has followed the European, if not the invariable, rule of moving westward. In its vicinity are the residences of some of the principal inhabitants of the state, together with a mansion displaying greater antiquity than its neighbours, and shown among the lions of Boston as once the residence of John Hancock, the first President of the United States of America, and one of the most conspicuous men of the Revolutionary period. (2.) In the same locality stands also the State House of Massachusetts, from the lofty dome of which is obtained a remarkably fine view of Boston and the surrounding country. In this State House there is a pedestrian statue of Washington, from the studio of Chantrey. Of all the statues of Washington in which America abounds, this appeared to me to be the most natural, easy, and graceful. It reminded me not a little of the statue to the British statesman, George Canning, to be seen in Westminster Hall, and it impressed me fully as much as did that other beautiful production of Chantrey's art.

When on the subject of statues to Washington, I may here record a remark I find entered by me among my memoranda, shortly before I uttered the unwelcome "farewell," when leaving the shores of the United States. Nearly everywhere you go, there are statues to Washington—stone, marble, and even wood, are put in requisition, to multiply representations of him. All this is very right. No one contemplates with greater veneration than I do the character of the great and good George Washington, and no one more earnestly wishes that statesmen, on both sides of the Atlantic, were more gifted with his noble, disinterested, and far-seeing spirit. In a word, I fully acquiesce in the whole of Henry (Lord) Brougham's eloquent eulogium, and entirely concur with him when he says, after quoting Washington's latest words—"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." Therefore would I say to all, and to his countrymen especially—Commemorate Washington and his heroic virtues in every possible way; display by all means you can—by pictures, by monuments, and by statues—your veneration for his name. But there is no necessity for stopping there. *Toujours perdrix*—without any intermixture—is apt to produce a feeling of sameness, if not satiety. There is no necessity for

confining yourselves so much as you have done, even to Washington. No doubt, as yet, the United States of America has not a very lengthened catalogue of illustrious names. The comparative shortness of her course, as a nation, precludes the possibility of her having such a list. But still she has many names which well deserve not only a place in a nation's gratitude, but some substantial token of a nation's regard. Even among Washington's military compatriots, there were several men deserving of some national testimonial or tribute of respect; and young as the United States of America are as an independent nation, she is nevertheless rich in the possession of various names of high rank in the annals of literature, art, and science, to the commemoration of whose labours, for the benefit of their country and kind, some part of the funds and of the gratitude of the nation might fittingly be devoted. To speak of such men, in reference to the whole of the American Union, were too wide a field. But to confine the observation to this particular state of Massachusetts. Among the earlier founders of the state as a colony, the name and fame of Governor Bradford stands deservedly high. He was the first historian of the Pilgrim Fathers, and he died in 1657, "lamented," says Mather, "by all the colonies of New England, as a common father to them all," and leaving behind him a library of 275 volumes, which may be considered as the first library of which mention is made in the chronicles of America. In the same early list will be found also the name of

John Winthrop, the first governor of the colony established under King Charles' charter, on the site now occupied by the city of Boston: of whom it has been remarked, that his character for ability, religion, and moderation was so generally appreciated, that "he was admired not only throughout New England, but in the mother country, and at court;" and of whom Charles I. observed, "That it was a pity that such a worthy gentleman should be no better accommodated than with the hardships of America."

No doubt, a marble monument, erected to the memory of Bradford, adorns the spot on Burial Hill, Plymouth, where lie the mortal remains of himself and of his son; and in the King's Chapel burying-ground, Tremont Street, Boston, there is a monument over a grave, which records the fact that there repose the ashes of "John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, who died in 1649." But it seems to me these tributes are of too private a nature, considering the claims and excellencies of the men whose memories they are designed to perpetuate; and that, with their monumental taste, the Bostonians might devote some part of their funds to the adorning of their really fine city with testimonials to men like these. Or, to come down to more recent times—to times when America had assumed a separate identity, and an independent position as a nation—Benjamin Franklin, at once one of the most celebrated philosophers, and one of the clearest-headed politicians, of the age in which he lived, was a native of Boston;

and the late lamented Justice Story, if not a native of the city or of the state, at least lived and laboured in Boston for a large part of his life. With such and similar claims upon their gratitude, the inhabitants of Massachusetts have certainly no reason for arguing that their commemoration of the merits and services of their ancestors is confined to Washington by the necessity of the case. Similar remarks might be made in reference to many of the other states of the American Confederacy; and, without questioning for a moment the propriety of erecting so many testimonials to the name and fame of the "Liberator," it were only as well and as creditable to remember others of the great departed.

The name of Boston savours strongly of the old England reminiscences, which Governor Winthrop and his fellow colonists brought with them to the woods and wilds of America. The Indian name of this particular locality in which the town stands was Shawmut, or the Living Fountain; and the circumstances which are supposed to have led to the selection of the spot, were the vicinity to the sea, the abundance of pure water, and the swelling though not lofty summits afterwards called Copps Hill, Fort Hill, and Beacon Hill, which, being three in number, have in their turn given rise to the name of Tremont, with which the streets, hotels, squares, and places in Boston, and some neighbouring towns, are so very liberally supplied.

But passing in rapid review, (1) Harvard College,

which is situated about three miles from Boston, and is the oldest college in the States, (having been incorporated in 1638, in consequence of a legacy of £779, 17s. 2d. left for the purpose by the Rev. John Harvard,) and which, from a beginning so humble, has risen so far that it now comprises an academical institution, halls of law, of divinity, and of medicine, with several libraries containing together about 40,000 volumes; (2) Faneuil Hall, left to the town by a gentleman of the name of Faneuil, which contains a portrait of Washington, and also one of the donator of the building; (3) The Custom-House, a large fine building in the Doric style of architecture; and other objects to which the stranger's attention in Boston is generally, or will be naturally directed, I would linger for a little over an attempt to describe Boston Cemetery, situated at Mount Auburn.

I have already said that, during my visit to the United States of America, I saw many burying grounds of exceeding beauty and appropriate quietude; and I trust it is not a mere appetite for melancholy musings, but a principle which declares it to be true wisdom to mingle sadness with mirth, that has engendered in me somewhat of a taste for visiting such scenes. But whither it be that my frame of mind, at the time I visited Mount Auburn Cemetery, predisposed me to be favourably impressed with the characteristics of the scene, or that I was peculiarly fortunate in the society in which I visited it, certain it is, that I know of no last resting-place for the

departed, that rises to my mind as containing more of the elements of an appropriate scene of repose, after the turmoil and the care of life are over. It was on the evening previous to my leaving America that I so visited the Cemetery at Mount Auburn. Causes personal to myself had depressed my spirits to a somewhat unusual degree; and in complying with my request, by taking their afternoon drive in the direction of Mount Auburn, and in visiting the cemetery in question, my kind friends Mr and Mrs A—— conferred on me as great a favour as they could have done, and acted in entire accordance with the complexion of my wishes.

The Mount Auburn Cemetery of Boston embraces a large space of ground of a very undulating character, well covered with wood, and containing several ponds of water, dells, and glens, and everything to adapt it for the purpose to which it is devoted. The grounds are laid out with much taste and simplicity: there is more than the usual amount of taste and of variety among the tombs and monuments, and they are not as yet too numerous to detract from the rustic beauty of the calm retreat. Its characteristics are neatly embodied in certain lines I observed in an American newspaper—lines recited by the Rev. Dr Dowling of New York, when dedicating another cemetery, and which are the composition of a daughter of the reverend speaker:—

“I’d lay me down where the spring may crown
My tomb with its earliest flowers,
Where the Zephyrs stray, and the sunbeams play,
’Mid the peaceful cypress bowers.”

Within the bounds of the Necropolis is a place named Consecration Dell, a lovely little spot where Justice Story delivered the inauguration discourse when the cemetery was opened to the public. In the vicinity of this dell appropriately stands the family monument, erected over the grave of the speaker of the discourse—the able, erudite, and excellent Story—a distinguished jurist, whose accuracy, learning, and ability are as widely known, and I trust as generally appreciated, in Great Britain as they are in America. The tongue that inaugurated the locality is silent, but the genius, wisdom, and worth of the speaker “liveth and speaketh for ever.” The monument over Story’s grave is exceedingly simple, and the inscription on it is neat and appropriate,—

“He is risen—he is not here.”

In another part of the grounds stands a semi-public monument, erected to the memory of the distinguished and accomplished Dr Channing, (long one of, if not the most eminent of, the divines and pulpit orators of America,) by a few of his Christian friends. So runs the inscription. In this burying-place there lie also the remains of the well-known phrenologist, Dr Spurzheim, who died at Boston when on a tour through the United States, in the promulgation of his peculiar and favourite theories.

In the vicinity of Boston, within twenty-six miles of it, and connected with it by railway, stands the manufacturing, or as it may be correctly termed the factory

town of Lowell, of which so much has of late years been written by travellers from Europe. It is not my intention to add much to the mass of statements made by these writers, having introduced the subject simply to mention one or two facts connected with the origin of Lowell, which I have not seen in any other published work, and which I believe are only generally known on the spot or in its neighbourhood.

The parties to whom belong the honour of having originated the undertaking which led to the foundation of the city of Lowell, are the late Patrick T. Jackson, and the Honourable Nathan Appleton of Boston, now or lately one of the senators for the state of Massachusetts in the upper house of the United States legislature. It was, I believe, when travelling in Europe that the idea first presented itself to the mind of Mr Appleton. At all events, after his return to Boston, it occurred both to him and to Mr Jackson that there was an opportunity for introducing the manufacture and printing of calicoes into Massachusetts; and in the summer of 1821 they together made an excursion into the neighbouring state of New Hampshire, in search of a suitable locality in which to commence their operations, but without finding any which equalled their expectations or their requirements. On their return to Massachusetts, the idea suggested itself of purchasing the stock of the Patucket Canal on the Merrimaek river (which had been originally constructed in 1793 simply as a channel for boats and rafts round the Falls) so as to secure it as a means of turning the

machinery of the factories to be erected ; and to purchase also such lands as might be necessary for the purposes contemplated. At this stage of the arrangements a Mr Kirk Boott was taken into the projected enterprise ; and the matter progressed under his management and agency until a company was formed, under the name of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, which may be regarded as the germ and foundation of the present city of Lowell. This was in 1822 ; and while there was then only one company and a population not exceeding 200 people, Lowell now contains above 30,000 inhabitants, and there are about a dozen different joint-stock manufacturing companies carrying on business in it in a very extensive way. It were foreign to the character of a work like the present, to enter into details regarding the names, constitution, capital, or operations of these several companies — although there are abundant published materials to be had in Boston to enable a very clear statement to be given on the subject. But it may not be out of place to mention that, notwithstanding the productions of Lowell being protected in their American home markets from the competition of foreign goods of a similar or substitutive character, the interest payable on the stock of none of the companies is greater than that which may be obtained by lending money on the security of lands and houses, and does not exceed that paid on the stock of most of the joint-stock banks of Scotland. This appears from a printed tabular statement I saw when in Boston, and

from which I noted down the general result. But this fact does not detract from the merit of the men who, with far-sighted policy, saw the capabilities of Lowell as a fitting location for manufacturing operations, and acted upon their anticipations. In a letter addressed by the founder, Mr N. Appleton, to the Middlesex Mechanics' Association of Lowell, (in reference to their request that he should sit for a portrait of himself to be placed in their hall,) Mr Appleton mentions that, when he and his enterprising associates first visited the scenes of their intended operations, in November 1821, one of the party remarked that some of them might probably live to see the place contain twenty thousand inhabitants. The prediction, extravagant as it seemed at the time, has been realised. Mr Appleton himself has lived to see Lowell contain thirty thousand inhabitants, and there is every prospect that he will yet live to see within it double that population. For the sake of his country, as well as for the sake of those more closely connected with him, it is to be hoped that he may be spared to do so.

Some time back I remarked, that it was on the evening of the day previous to my leaving the United States that, in the society of the gentleman above referred to, and of his lady, I visited the cemetery at Mount Auburn, and that my feelings on the occasion were in keeping with the scene. They were so, despite the cheering thoughts that on the morrow I was to resume careering over the waters on my return to Old England and to home; and also despite—or

rather, I should say, in consequence of the kindness of my reception in America—kindness which I had experienced in almost every part of it—often from total strangers. But I was now to leave America with but little probability of ever again revisiting it ; and notwithstanding the pleasure with which I regarded a return to my “ain countrie,” I am not ashamed to confess that it was with many painful emotions that I contemplated doing so.

As to the reception and treatment in America of so humble an individual as the Author of these volumes, all that is to be said may and will be recorded in a single sentence. From the period when I first put my foot on that continent, until I left it, I received much unvarying kindness, not only from those to whom my credentials introduced me, but from the inhabitants of the country generally ; and, if I did hear or overhear at any time remarks of a nature calculated to wound my feelings, or perchance my prejudices, as a British subject, it was from the lips of comparatively ignorant and illiterate persons, and usually when the utterer knew as little about the person who overheard him as he did about the subject on which he was speaking. Let me add that I felt it to be my duty to reciprocate in civility, and—without disguising my unfavourable opinions, if circumstances naturally led to an expression of them—not unnecessarily to obtrude them where their exposition was profitless or uncalled for. I heartily concur with the statement of the author of a little book on the United States,

lately published, when he gives it as the result of his experience, that “the citizens of the United States do not dislike Englishmen individually—on the contrary, they are rather disposed to like them, and to pay them most respectful attention when they visit America. Their dislike is to John Bull, the traditional, big, bullying, borough-mongering and monopolist,” (he might have added prejudiced) “John Bull.” Neither do the inhabitants of Great Britain dislike their brethren of the United States: “on the contrary, we are disposed to like them, and to give them a cordial welcome amongst us. But our dislike is to Jonathan — bragging, annexing, and repudiating Jonathan.” These respective antipathies are surely equally well founded: but the intelligent of the two nations have nothing in common with such absurd extremes, and nothing to do with them, unless it be to make them the subject of mutual amusement. Sprung from the same Anglo-Saxon ancestry; speaking the same copious and energetic language; and seemingly, and in a very especial manner, intrusted by Providence with the execution of the same glorious task—the spreading of peace, commerce, Christianity, and civilisation, over the two greatest divisions of the globe—it must of necessity be the wish of all the wise, as well as of all the good of either land, that the two nations should ever be found acting in concert in wise and well-directed efforts for the accomplishment of universal weal; and that, in the language of the American toast, “the Atlantic

which rolls between them should ever prove a pacific ocean." If, therefore, all or any of my attempts at a portraiture of the scenery or society of the United States of America, should seem to any to be somewhat too eulogistic, I can only deny the impeachment, refer to my motto, and declare, in the words of the immortal bard of Avon, that

"All my reports go with the modest truth,
Not more, nor clipp'd, but so."

CHAPTER VII.

“ Where is the true man’s fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heavens—wide and free.”

AMERICANS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS — AMERICAN SLAVERY —
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—EMIGRATION TO NORTH AMERICA IN
GENERAL, AND TO THE UNITED STATES IN PARTICULAR.

I AM now leaving the shores of America, and, save in so far as other subjects have presented themselves in natural connexion with the narrative of my journeyings, I have endeavoured to confine myself to what I personally saw, heard, and encountered, during my trip from Mobile Point to Boston ; at the same time, and in as few words as I could convey my meaning in, endeavouring to give to my reader the impressions formed at the time by my experiences, modified and corrected by after reflection. In doing this, I have done all that was contemplated. If I have done it at all well, I have done as much as my ambition prompted me to attempt. But, nevertheless, I feel that I have

not touched on many topics which the reader may very naturally expect to find treated of in a book of travels in the United States of America. In particular, I have not professed to give any opinion as to the general tone of society in America, either as regards mind or morals. Neither have I thought myself justified in characterising, or rather in caricaturing, the phraseology and conversational style of our Transatlantic brethren: and last, and certainly not least among my omissions, I have not said anything, either as to the past history, the present condition, or the future prospects of the slave question in the great republic. One or two remarks on each of these subjects will sufficiently explain at once the cause and the extent of these somewhat singular omissions in a European work which professes to treat of the United States of America. As to the general tone of male and female society in America, in relation to mind and manners, I may have formed—nay, I did form—my own opinions in the different places I visited; and it is but fair to say that, from what I saw, these opinions could not be otherwise than highly favourable. But still I have not professed to give the reader any information on the subject. My stay was too short, and my opportunities for judging too limited, to permit of my arriving at any general conclusions on questions lying so far below the surface of society. As regards the national manners in America, all I feel justified in saying is, that, in so far as I saw, the same principles of action prevail in

private life, the same circumstances produce the same results, the same motives give rise to the same actions in America as in England; and that he or she who would be considered a lady or a gentleman in America, would be considered equally entitled to the distinction in England, and no more. In reference to the oft-quoted and much-caricatured peculiarities of our Transatlantic friends, I would say that I heard nothing of the alleged *general* use or misuse of words not in an Englishman's vocabulary, or of English words to mean things and ideas different from the things or ideas we would understand them to mean in Great Britain. No doubt there are, in the conversation, and even in the writings of some Americans, occasional uses of words which sound unwonted to the English ear; but, in most cases, it would be difficult to prove that the use so made of particular words or phrases was at variance with their etymological meaning and strict significance. Again, among the general travelling public of the United States, one frequently hears such words as "fix," "settle," "dander," "calculate," "guess," "reckon," &c., applied in a manner that it is of course impossible to justify or defend. But the conversation, in good society, is as little interlarded with expletives, or with solecisms in language, as is the conversation of similar society in Great Britain; and sure I am that, limited as was my stay in each place, I could point out domestic circles in Boston, and in several of the other cities of the American Union, where the use of the extraordinary words and

sentences, which many of my countrymen think to be ordinary characteristics of "Yankee phrase," would be viewed with as much surprise as they would be in the most courtly circles of queenly England. It is all very desirable to write agreeable, piquant, and readable books, but it is too bad to sacrifice truth at the shrine of effect, for the purpose of making them so.

Equally laconic, but for a very different reason, has this book been on the great subject of American slavery. I cannot indeed say that slavery and the slave trade are subjects which I had not attempted to study—in truth they have occupied my thoughts, and been to me subjects of reflection, before I went, and also when in, as well as after I returned from the United States of America. But I have purposely refrained from entering on the large and important topic of American slavery at any length, or from adding to the much that has been written by other writers upon it—and that not only because of its magnitude and importance, but because of some other reasons which I shall shortly and honestly mention—even though I do so under the impression, if not the fear, that they may surprise and disappoint some of my friends on both sides of the Atlantic, if not on both sides of the question.

It may sound strange to say, that too much has already been written and said on the subject of slavery in the United States of America. But, in a certain sense at least, such appears to me to be the fact. At

all events, I am prepared to take the responsibility of saying, that the inconsiderate zeal of abolitionists in this country, and, still more, in the Northern States of America, in writing and speaking without due consideration of the peculiar position of their brethren who are the owners of the slaves in the Southern States, has raised up a spirit of determination to uphold and continue the system of slavery, which will tend to retard the result it was designed to promote. The spirit so excited may be a fitful one, but no one who has visited the Southern States of the American Union but must admit that it was and is a very determined one. The publicity and violence of this external warfare against slavery has, as it were, roused the pride and excited the energies of the slaveholders, thrown them upon the sympathies of each other, and prepared them to act more resolutely, and more unitedly, against what they conceive to be an unjust and an unwise attempt to involve them and their fortunes in sudden and irretrievable ruin. An unwonted energy pervades their speeches and their actions; and instead of permitting themselves to consider the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the systems of free and of slave labour, they start at once with the assumption that the latter is the one which it is their interest and their privilege to defend. Desirous as I am to see slavery abolished all over the globe, and anxious though I be that such a glorious day should speedily come, I do regard the position of the slave-holders in the Southern States of

the great republic of America with much interest and some sympathy. What they are to do with their slaves, or for the proper cultivation of their lands, after emancipation, are questions which have been often put, and never yet satisfactorily answered. It surely must be somewhat galling to the men so situated—around and among whom slavery has rooted itself as a domestic institution, intertwining itself with every part of their affairs—to find those of their own confederation, removed from all chance of personal participation in the dangers or the difficulties of a change, or still more those of a distant clime but kindred tongue, coolly promulgating sentiments, and even using more indefensible means, to swamp all their hopes, frustrate all their plans, and destroy their properties, if not their lives. It is difficult for parties situated as the southern planters of the North American Union are, to give their adversaries the credit for a disinterested and a wise philanthropy, in thus continuing to urge on the work of emancipation without regard to consequences, or adequate preparation against unfortunate results; and there is room for, if there be not reason in, the taunt of Colonel Haynes, when he says of the emancipationists of the north, that, while “they do not indeed throw themselves into the flames, they are nevertheless employed in lighting up the torches of discord throughout the country.”

But I would not have it understood that I am to any extent, or in any degree, a defender of American

slavery; and least of all would I have it supposed that I would desire the day of slave emancipation in America to be indefinitely postponed, or protracted for a single hour beyond what is necessary for the preparation of the community, and of the slaves themselves, for the greatness of the change. I am aware that this view of the matter, that even this style of reasoning, will be distasteful to not a few whom I esteem and respect, and whose motives, at least, I admire; and I know that I may be told, that this argument of "wait a little longer" is just the very one that has been repeated from the commencement of Grenville Sharpe's crusade against slavery down to the present time. But, conscious that I have no sinister view in using it, and that I am recording opinions formed dispassionately and on the spot, after ocular demonstration as to the existing state of things in the West Indian colonies of Britain, of France, of Denmark, and of Spain, I repeat it as my conviction that, were there less noise made on both sides of the Atlantic as to the emancipation of the slaves in the United States of America, it would conduce to the present comfort both of the slave and of the planter. Such discreet forbearance, while it would not retard, might probably accelerate the very event which the noise and clamour is intended to bring about. That the period of entire emancipation is on the wing, and rapidly approaching, I cannot doubt for a moment. The whole tendency of the social economy of the United States is in that direction. The true interests

of the whole country lies that way, and the general spread of light and intelligence must necessarily lead to the same conclusion. Nay, more : the increased and increasing influence of the northern or free states, renders the permanence of the present system a matter almost of impossibility, unless, indeed, the Union itself be made to give way for the prevention of the result. Indeed, I question if there be one sensible thinking man, throughout the length and breadth of the American Union, who would venture coolly to say that the time is never to arrive when African slavery will be finally and for ever abolished throughout the length and breadth of the Continent of America. But there are yet difficulties and dangers in the way—difficulties and dangers to the present slave-holders, and difficulties and dangers as regards the slaves themselves : and again I say, that, from what I saw of the determined state of public feeling on this subject generally prevalent in the United States, and in particular in the more Southern States, I feel that there is great chance of the time of final emancipation being deferred through the action and reaction of inconsiderate zeal. To those who take an interest in the question of whether this matter of American slavery is likely to be determined by the increasing comparative influence and power of the free states over the slave-holding ones, the following table, which exhibits the relative political strength of the two, and indicates very distinctly on which side the scale preponderates, will not prove uninteresting :—

FREE STATES			
STATES.	Electors for President.	Whole Number of Votes.	Average Vote for each Elector.
Maine,	9	87,000	9,666
Massachusetts, . .	12	134,409	11,200
Rhode Island, . .	4	11,155	2,788
Vermont,	6	47,907	7,984
New Hampshire, . .	6	50,104	8,350
Connecticut, . . .	6	62,365	10,394
New York,	36	453,431	12,595
New Jersey, . . .	7	77,735	11,105
Pennsylvania, . . .	26	367,952	14,152
Ohio,	23	328,489	14,282
Indiana,	12	152,752	12,729
Illinois,	9	125,121	13,902
Michigan,	5	65,016	13,003
Wisconsin,	4	39,166	9,791
Iowa,	4	24,303	6,074
Total,	169	2,027,006	11,994 *
SLAVE STATES			
Delaware,	3	12,399	4,134
Maryland,	8	72,355	9,042
Virginia,	17	91,719	5,395
North Carolina, . .	11	78,473	7,133
Georgia,	10	92,346	9,234
Florida,	3	7,777	2,592
Alabama,	9	61,845	6,871
Mississippi,	6	52,459	8,743
Louisiana,	6	33,588	5,598
Texas,	4	12,468	3,117
Arkansas,	3	16,888	5,629
Tennessee,	13	123,124	9,471
Kentucky,	12	116,861	9,738
Missouri,	7	72,748	10,392
Total,†	112	315,050	7,545 *

* Average number for each elector.

† South Carolina electors are chosen by the Legislature.

For the right understanding of the preceding tabular statement, and to enable the reader to deduce from it the conclusions which it warrants, it may be expedient to take a rapid survey of the leading characteristics of the political system of the United States of America—particularly as it certainly is not of the simple character generally supposed.

In particular, the mode of electing the members constituting the three bodies of the state politic is essentially different—each from both the others. The members of the House of Representatives, the Senators, and the President, are all elected on principles which differ materially. The House of Representatives (which for the present consists of 230 members, and is renewed by election every second year,) is chosen by ballot, and from the whole body of the people—one member or representative being allowed to each state, for every 70,000 inhabitants which it contains; so that the more populous the state the larger its share or voice in the general government, in so far at least as the lower branch of the legislature is concerned. The members of the Senate, or Upper House, (who hold their seats for six years,) are, however, chosen in a very different manner, and on a very different principle. They are elected by the local legislatures of the individual states composing the Federal Union; and two senators being allowed as the representatives for each state, the smaller or less populous states have here as large a share in the government as their more important companions, of

denser population or more extended territorial possessions. The mode of appointing the President, again, is a kind of union between the two systems of election applicable respectively to the "Commons" and "Lords" of the United States' Legislature. The President of the United States of America (probably the most important office in the world the elevation to which is by election of the people) is chosen every four years; and while, in strict significance of language, he may be said to be elected by the people, his appointment does not proceed directly from them in the same manner as does the appointment of the members of the House of Representatives, or Lower House of Congress. The President is chosen by electoral colleges. Of these colleges there is one for each state; and the number of members composing it is regulated by the joint number of the representatives and senators which the particular state sends to Congress. Thus Maine, having seven representatives and two senators, has an electoral college composed of nine; Rhode Island, having only two representatives and two senators, has an electoral college of four; while the populous State of New York, having thirty-four members of the Lower House of Congress and the usual quota of two for the Upper, has thirty-six members in her college for the choice of the President. The effect of such an arrangement, in throwing political power into the hands of the more populous states, is too obvious to require illustration or to justify argument.

From this brief explanatory statement, it will be understood that the first figures in the preceding table on page 252, show the number composing the electoral college of each state, the second the number of votes in the state, and the third the proportion subsisting between the two. When it is further mentioned, that the whole votes of each College go one way, and according as the majority sway it, (thus, if New York Electoral College contains twenty Whigs and sixteen Democrats, the whole of her thirty-six votes will go for the Whig candidate,) the value of the table, as an indication of how the scales of power preponderate, will be sufficiently obvious.

Nor would the view be complete without noticing the very rapid increase, of late years, in the political importance of the north-western states of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin, all of them slave-repudiating. A few years ago, the political influence of these six states was scarcely either known or felt. Within eight years, they have increased in population in a ratio of 40 per cent. Now, their votes for the President, and their voice in Congress generally, is much more than sufficient to swamp those of the old southern slave-holding states of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana. In 1840, the population of the north-western states was about 2,900,000; in 1850, it is certainly not less than 4,500,000. If they progress for the next ten years as they have done for the last eight, their votes for the Presidency will outweigh that of all the slave-holding

states together, even should the future increase of the latter be according to the ratio of the past.

Do not these simple facts speak volumes on the question of American slavery? Do they not lead irresistibly to the conclusion that, provided only the Republican Confederation of North America continues—if the American Union only survives the fierce assaults at present making against its integrity, and holds together for ten years longer—the increase in the political power of the northern and western states will have made them so preponderating—so overwhelming—as to enable them to carry triumphantly any measure they may determinedly resolve on? And is there any one, either in the United States of America or in Great Britain, who seriously doubts that, if these free states of the Union had such transcendent power, it would not be employed, first indirectly to discountenance and suppress, and thereafter directly to destroy, slavery and slave-dealing, throughout the whole of the republic? If there be, let him attentively peruse the language of complaint, on the subject of northern and western aggression, and of slave-concealing and removing, even now used, on the part of the southern representatives, in the American Congress.

Another plain corollary from the above fact is, that anything that goes to increase the number of the free states, must necessarily tend to precipitate the above anticipated *dénouement* and result. It is only in this view that the southern states of the Union are justified

in the strenuous opposition they are now making to the introduction of California into the republican brotherhood, with an anti-slavery manifesto emblazoned on her constitution. Even one state will make a serious difference, particularly as the south can have but little hope of recruiting her ranks by territorial additions. It is scarcely necessary to add that, if ever the "Canadian annexationists," aided by republican influence, should succeed in their difficult attempt, the fact of their doing so would very speedily, and for ever, settle in the negative the question of slavery and the slave trade, all over the great continent of North America.

Such are a few of the reasons which have induced me to exclude, in a great measure, from the pages of this work, the so much agitated question of American slavery. Even had I the space, the statistics, and the inclination, for its full discussion, I am satisfied that nothing which my pen, or even more able ones, will now write upon it could accelerate the event so much to be desired, although it might tend to irritation of feeling, or perchance retard the issue, or aid in surrounding it with disastrous incidents with which it might not otherwise be attended. But, even while I do so, I rejoice in the conviction that events are progressing in their natural and necessary course, that must inevitably lead to the wished-for result; and that, provided only the Union be preserved in its integrity, there is every prospect that, ere many years shall have passed away, we may receive intelligence of the passing of

some measure of “ American abolition and emancipation.”

But there is another question relating to England and America—one which affects and concerns the interests of both nations, or at least the interests of a highly valuable and important class of the communities of both countries, to which I gladly turn before closing my remarks—I mean the question of an international copyright law between these two kindred nations of the world. This is a subject to which I profess to have paid some attention, ere I left my native country ; to which I also directed much of my attention while in the United States ; and to the attainment of right views regarding which, I have been aided by information supplied by professional friends on both sides of the Atlantic : so that, if my opinions be unsound, and my arguments inconclusive, I have certainly no proper apology to plead for giving them to the world.

In considering the question of an international law of copyright between England and the United States of America, which would have the effect of protecting the works of the authors of the one country from being reprinted *verbatim et literatim* in the other, and there sold without his (or her) consent or participation in the profits in any way, it seems to me that the natural way of treating the subject will be to consider—1. The reasons which render such an international law, particularly between these two countries, desirable or the reverse ; 2. The principles on which

the question of the law of copyright depends ; and 3. The effects that may be expected to arise to the literary communities of the two nations from the enactment of such a law. Distinct views on these three points will, I apprehend, place the subject in such a light as will enable any one to form for himself at all events an intelligent and a dispassionate opinion on this important question.

From the manner in which this topic of an international law of copyright between England and the United States of America is often treated, as well as from the spirit in which it is occasionally discussed, it would almost seem as if America stood alone in her refusal of reciprocal legislation on this interesting subject, and that such refusal amounted to a denial of that protection which, in point of morality, she was bound to accord. Now, it is only placing the argument on its proper basis to say, that this is an erroneous view of the matter. The United States neither stands alone in her refusal to grant to foreign authors, as regards works published abroad, a copyright protection within her own limits, nor is there any propriety of language in affirming that there is a positive violation of the rules of morality in her refusal of a reciprocity of legislation on this subject. It is the importance of the question, when considered in relation to England and America, that has given rise to this erroneous idea in connexion with which it is often viewed, and which I would here in the outset desire to remove. Speaking the same language, sprung from

the same ancestry, personally interested or excited by the same histories, references, and reminiscences, the work adapted for the one people is, by the necessity of the case, equally accessible as well as intelligible to the other. There is here no translation required. The book, as published for the one country, addresses itself to the people of the other; and thus it is that, while Byron, Scott, Macaulay, Alison, Dickens, &c., have as ready a sale in America as in England, Longfellow, Cooper, Prescott, Irving, and Bancroft, are as well known in Great Britain, as if they had all been born and educated beneath the skies of England. In literature the two nations are, in point of fact, virtually the same; and hence the magnitude of this question of copyright, considered in relation to them—which very magnitude has excited a keenness of discussion that has led to views and expressions having no proper application to the question. To talk of “piracy” when characterising the act of a publisher, in the one country, in printing and publishing without the consent of the author, a book originally published in the other, and to stigmatise as literary “pirates” the parties so republishing, is to misapply terms, and to do so in a way which is anything but calculated to aid the cause such statements are generally intended to serve. The fact is, that the question here at issue cannot be determined on any abstract principles of morals, right or wrong. No doubt, and under one view of the question, a strong case of hardship towards literary men may be made out; and, being so, it may be made to

form a legitimate argument and an important element in an attempt to arrive at a right determination on the question. But the question itself is surely one of expediency ; and, the sooner this is seen and admitted, the sooner are we likely to have it settled on a satisfactory reciprocal basis. As an independent nation, the United States are quite entitled to refuse to concur with England in any measure of international copyright, if they see fit to do so, and if they can do so without injustice to any class of their own subjects, whose interests they are bound to protect. Whether it is their policy so to refuse, and whether American statesmen can so refuse without trampling on the rights of members of their own confederation, are separate and important questions. But, in so far as Great Britain and her authors and people are concerned, I cannot see that they can charge America with injustice towards them, whatever view she may continue to take upon this subject. Therefore would I lay it down as the basis on which the question is to be here discussed, that, as an international one, it is only to be properly determined on considerations of expediency ; so that they who look here for the hard terms so often applied to our Transatlantic brethren, in relation to this matter, will look in vain. If, even viewing the matter on this basis of expediency, it can be shown that, in reference to their refusal to reciprocate with England, the United States of America are acting inexpediently and unwisely—inasmuch as they are repressing literature throughout their own border

—doing injustice to their own authors—retarding the progress of their own literary school—and refusing encouragement to that very class of foreigners whom it were both their dignity and their interest most to encourage—I think I shall have done more for the real advancement of the question than if, contrary to my convictions of international law, I were to endeavour to show that a refusal to reciprocate on this subject were the perpetration of a violation of the *comitas gentium*. The true doctrine of the *jus gentium*, in reference to the length to which one independent state is bound to recognise the laws or rights of the subjects of another in any respect, is, as it is laid down in the third law of Huber, * where he says—“That the rulers of a nation act up to the principles of international law and comity where they admit that the laws of every people, exercised within their own limits, should have *everywhere* the like force, *in so far as they do not prejudice the power or rights of other states or their own citizens.*”

If anything were wanting to my mind to satisfy me that it is an error to view this question as one involving, on the part of America, (in her refusal of a system of reciprocity,) an absolute negation of a claim for justice towards foreign authors, it would be the fact that the most eminent men in England have taken opposing views, even when the subject has been considered with reference to this country alone. Although

* Huber, lib. 1, t. 3, De Conflictu Legum, sec. 2.

it may now be considered as a question settled in the negative, it was a question long and ably, as well as anxiously, discussed in the courts of Great Britain, whether there existed a copyright at common law, and irrespective of statute. Indeed, the decisions on the the point were at first conflicting. In the case of *Miller against Taylor*, of which a very copious report is given in Sir John Barrow's "*Reports of Cases decided in the King's Bench*," (vol. iv. p. 2303,) the question was originally decided in favour of the existence of a common-law right. In that case the question was very elaborately discussed, it being in general maintained for the plaintiff that there is a real property remaining to authors after publication of their works; and that they only, or those who claim under them, have a right to multiply the copies of such their literary property at their pleasure for sale; that this is a common-law right which has always existed, and does still exist, independent of, and not taken away by, the statute of 8 Anne, Cap. 19. While for the defendant the general answer was, "That no such right of property remained in the author after the publication of his work; that the pretension of a right at common law was a mere fancy and imagination, for which there was no ground or foundation." In that case the judgment was for the existence of a right at common law—a right founded on the principles of equity. But in the subsequent case of *Donaldson against Becket*, decided 22d Feb. 1774, in which the question came up before the House of Lords, upon an appeal from a decret of the

Court of Chancery, (founded on the judgment in *Miller's case*,) and after the opinions of the whole judges upon the point had been taken, it was finally settled that, if such common-law right ever existed, it had been taken away by the statute of Queen Anne; and that an author's only remedy was in virtue, and on the condition, of that statute. True, the majority were also of opinion that a right at common law had existed anterior to the passing of the act; but very learned opinions were likewise expressed on the other side, and very unanswerable arguments were advanced in support of these opinions.

Now, if it has thus been held, even in this country, and considering the question solely with reference to British subjects and to British interests, that there is now no remedy for the author whose work has been pirated save under the statute of Queen Anne; that, on the principles of common law, he cannot now maintain action either of injunction or interdict, or for damages; and that it is much more than questionable whether such common-law right ever had existence—how can it with justice be said that the American publisher, reprinting in America the published work of a British author, printed in this country, is, in so doing, guilty of a violation of the principles of international law? Without carrying the argument any farther than this, it surely follows that, if there be good grounds for doubting the existence of any right of property competent to an author over his work, after he has given it to the world by publication, on the principle of the com-

mon law of England or of Scotland, (and in a late case, decided in the Sheriff Court of Renfrewshire in Scotland, it was held that, in Scotland as in England, copyright, or the right of property in literary compositions, rests not on common law, but on statute alone,) then there can be no ground whatever for maintaining that the term piracy, with any strictness of propriety, can apply to the conduct of the foreign republishers of a work brought out in England. At all events, the circumstance that the facts of this matter are as I have shortly detailed them, should modify the severity of the strictures with which the subject of American reprints has been occasionally discussed. I am not ignorant that, while the law in this country denies and repudiates the principle of copyright save under the statute, there are many ingenious arguments that might be adduced to show that the law ought not to be as it is. Neither am I unacquainted with many of the able pamphlets written to vindicate the existence of a principle of copyright apart from the statute. In particular I have perused the elegant and eloquent work on the subject, entitled "Present State of the Copyright Question," from the pen of Mr Sergeant Talfourd, with whose observations it is scarcely possible not to sympathise. But it is not my province or intention to argue the question: what I desired was, to draw attention to the fact that the law in this country is as I have above described it; and to point attention to it as a reason why, in considering the question of international copyright with America, I shall not follow the course

of characterising a refusal of reciprocal legislation on the subject as a denial of a claim for justice, or a violation of those principles of equity which are as binding upon nations as they are upon men. Let it be granted that, if America chooses, she has a right to continue her present course of supplying the literary appetite of her increasing population mainly by the reprinting of English works, without the consent of the authors who have given them to the world. But her right to do so, and the wisdom of her policy in so doing, are two different things: and I apprehend there will be but few who will be disposed to defend the wisdom of that policy, after they have attentively and dispassionately considered the present effects produced by the want of an international copyright, and contrasted these with the consequences which must necessarily ensue from the introduction of such a measure.

We have seen that, as regards the question of internal copyright in Great Britain, the first legislative act passed for the regulation of the subject was the excellent statute of Queen Anne, chap. 19, (enacted in 1710,) which gave to the author or proprietor of a then previously printed work a copyright for twenty years, and to the author of a book not then printed a copyright for fourteen years from the date of publication: while, if the author was still alive at the expiry of that period, his copyright revived and extended for other fourteen years. By another act (54 Geo. III. cap. 156, passed in 1814) the provisions of the statute of Queen Anne, and of other relative acts, were recon-

sidered, and the terms for unpublished works was extended to twenty-eight years, and if the author survived that term, till his death, and other provisions made. These statutes, with certain acts relative to the drama, and to public lectures in colleges and universities, comprised what may be called the internal or municipal statutory law of England on the subject of the right of property in literary compositions after publication, up to the year 1842, when the statute 5 and 6 Vic. cap. 45 was passed for the "amendment of the law of copyright." By that enactment, which recites and repeals the two acts of 8 Anne, cap. 19, and 54 Geo. III., cap. 156, above referred to, the term of continuance of the copyright was somewhat changed. The provisions in this respect now are, that the copyright shall exist for the author's lifetime, and for seven years after his death; while if these two terms—the lifetime and the subsequent seven years—expired before the lapse of forty-two years from the first publication of the work, then the protective period extends to the whole period of forty-two years. Other provisions are made with regard to the publication of posthumous works, and also relative to the conditions upon which the right is to be secured, for which reference must be made to the act itself. Upon this statute now rests the law of copyright in reference to the writings of British authors first published within the limits of Britain's own extensive dominions.

By the statute 1 and 2 Vic. cap. 59, an attempt

was made by this country to establish an international copyright, by providing that her Majesty may, by an order in council, direct that foreign authors, or their "assigns," shall have a copyright in their works within her Majesty's dominions. That statute has since been superseded and amended by the late legislative enactment of 7 and 8 Vic. cap. 12. The provisions of this act it is unnecessary to notice more in detail here, (particularly as they must be alluded to below,) farther than to say that they carry still farther out the general provision of the 1 and 2 Vic. cap. 59, which the latter act repeals.

Thus far of the laws on the statute-book of Great Britain on this subject of copyright, municipal and international; and I shall have exhausted the short mention of these required for the argument in hand, when I state that the law which prevents the importation into British foreign possessions of the reprints of books first "composed, written, or printed in the United Kingdom," is to be found in a place where it might not readily occur to look for it—viz., in the statute 8 and 9 Vic. cap. 93, entitled "An Act to regulate the Trade of British Possessions abroad," where it forms a solitary clause among a multitude of others relating to everything but authorship, books, or matters of a literary nature.

It were out of place to enter here into any elaborate exposition of the judicial decisions by which the true meaning of these legislative enactments thus referred to have been illustrated and determined. But as the

question of the existence of a copyright in foreign publications, irrespective of the international act, has of late years been the subject of much and learned argument in this country, while the decisions which that discussion have evoked are not at first sight very consistent with each other, perspicuity seems to require a brief notice of the most prominent of the judgments, and of some of the principles which they may be held to have settled. The older cases of *Miller v. Taylor*, and *Donaldson v. Beckett*, have been already referred to. These may be regarded as settling the principles of municipal copyright in this country, and as deciding that it is now entirely rested on statutory law. As regards copyright in foreign compositions, in *Chappell v. Purdey*, (*English Jurist*, vol. ix., p. 495,) it was decided in the Court of Exchequer that where a work was first published abroad, and by a foreign author, such author could not afterwards acquire any copyright in this country under the statute 8 Anne, cap. 19, and 54 Geo. III. cap. 156. But by a subsequent decision of the Court of Common Pleas, in *Cocks v. Purdey*, (12 *Jurist*, 677,) it was ruled that a foreigner the native of a country in amity with Great Britain, the author of a work composed abroad, which was published *simultaneously* in England and on the Continent, had a copyright in the work. This judgment was afterwards followed by the Court of Queen's Bench in the case of *Boosay v. Davidson*, (13 *Jur.* 678,) wherein it was found, on this point, that there is copyright in this country for the works of a foreigner

published in this country *without having been before published abroad*.

On the faith of the train of decisions of which those above mentioned are the leading and the most important ones, it was at one time held that, even under what may be called the municipal copyright acts of Great Britain, a foreigner, the native of a country enjoying peaceful relations with England, (in the language of the law books, an "alien friend,") might, by himself or his English assignee, secure the benefit of a copyright in this country, provided always he did not first publish abroad. In this way a very liberal interpretation was given to the copyright law of England. The obvious effect was, that if the foreigner was a native of a country which recognised a copyright within its own dominions, he might by simultaneous publication, (*i.e.* publication in both countries, not at the same hour, but in *any part* of the same day ; for it was found that the legal rule here is *de minimis non curat lex*;) secure a copyright in both countries. But on an attentive perusal of the whole decisions, ending with the case of *Boosay v. Davidson*, it will appear that the question of the applicability of the statutes of 8 Anne, cap. 19, and 54 Geo. III. cap. 156, to the writings of foreigners, was not fully brought up or discussed. At all events, in the subsequent and very recent case of *Boosay v. Purdey*, (13 *Jur.* p. 918,) the Court of Exchequer, upon a careful review of the whole authorities, and a very elaborate argument upon all the statutory provisions, determined and

decided that "a foreign author or his assigns" are not parties within the meaning, and cannot have the benefit of the statutes 8 Anne, cap. 19, and 54 Geo. III. cap. 156, as those acts were intended for the encouragement of British talent and industry, by giving to authors who are British subjects, either by birth or residence, or their assigns, a monopoly in their literary works, dating from the period of their first publication here.

It is by the writer believed to be the opinion of most lawyers in this country, who have devoted any measure of attention to this important subject, that the decision last above-mentioned is undoubtedly a sound one, as embodying a correct view of the statutes which it interprets. Further, in the present state of the copyright law of other countries, and of America in particular, it is satisfactory that our law stands as has thus been held. If the judgment destroys a preconception that the copyright law of England is based on principles of extreme liberality towards foreigners or their assignees, it at all events places the matter on a much clearer, more consistent, and more definite footing, than it seemed to rest on under the operation of the decisions by which *Boosay's* case had been preceded.

It may thus be regarded as settled law that, save under the existing international copyright act, 7 and 8 Victoria, cap 12, (and the statutes made mention of in it,) there can be no copyright in this country for the untranslated writings of a foreign author.

But that valuable act is sufficiently liberal ; and, in pointing at a spirit of national reciprocity on this important subject, it does all that can be done, consistently with a due attention on the part of Great Britain to the rights and interests of the numerous and valuable class of men who compose her own literary school. By that statute, the Queen is empowered by an order in council to authorise a copyright in the works of foreigners ; and, after due and full provision as to the conditions of the order and of the grant, an enactment is made in section 19, which points out both the object and the extent of the whole statute. It is there provided that “ neither the author of any book, nor the author or composer of any dramatic piece or musical composition, nor the inventor, designer, or engraver of any print, nor the maker of any article of sculpture or other work of art as aforesaid, which, after the passing of this act, may be first published out of her Majesty’s dominions, shall have any copyright therein, nor any exclusive right to the representation or performance thereof, otherwise than such (if any) as he may become entitled to under this act.”

After this rapid sketch on the present state of the law of copyright in literary productions in Great Britain, let us now, as shortly, notice the present position of that law among our Transatlantic friends in the American republic.

In the United States of America, there is no international copyright law whatever ; and the internal or

municipal copyright is regulated by an act of Congress of 3d February 1831, in which the provisions, with regard to works first published in America, are very much the same with the earlier law of this country as embraced in the statute of Queen Anne extended by the subsequent act of 54 George III. cap 156, with regard to books brought out in Great Britain. The right is granted to citizens or residents, and is given for twenty-eight years, with an extension of fourteen years if either the author or his wife or children survive the term of the original grant. By section 8 of this act, it is expressly declared "that nothing in this act shall be constructed to extend to prohibit the importation or vending, printing or publishing, of any map, chart, book, musical composition, print or engraving, written, composed, or made by any person not being a citizen of the United States, nor (or) resident within the jurisdiction thereof;" and the next section limits the protection of unpublished manuscripts in the same manner.

Contrasting the two systems, it will be at once seen that the main distinction between them consists in these particulars: that, while in Great Britain it is essential to copyright that there has been no *prior* publication elsewhere, in the United States of America that requisite is not included. But second, while in this country there is provision for giving to a foreign author—the native or inhabitant of a country which recognises a reciprocity of legislation with Great Britain on this subject—a copyright in his work in this

country, there is no such provision in United States law. Had the latter country adopted the cosmopolitan policy of England, (which is leading the way in this as in everything else,) the copyright of new works might be secured to authors in both countries ; but the stipulation of " citizenship, or residence within the dominions of the United States at time of publication," is of course a fatal barrier to any such attempt. As a British subject, I am thankful when I say that the barrier is not of English, but of American formation.

Thus, at present, stands the law of these two countries in relation to this subject. There is nothing to prevent the works of British authors, printed in England, being reprinted and sold in America without their consent ; neither is there anything to prevent the works of American authors, published in America, from being reprinted and sold in England, without the consent of such American author being obtained, or even asked. An author publishing in either country has no way of securing to himself any benefit from the sale of his work in the other, save by some such ruse as that of bringing out, in addition to his original work, an edition with such notes as may, through the medium of a third party, be the subject of copyright in the other country ; or, by the mode often adopted in the United States by the English magazines, of introducing into some of the numbers during the year articles from the pens of American writers, which articles, being previously made the subject of copyright

in America, cannot be reprinted by any one there, save with the proprietor's consent.*

But while the laws of the two countries thus operate in the same way against the interests of the literary men of both, there is this substantial distinction between the two—one in which the liberality of the mother country contrasts favourably with the more exclusive policy of her gigantic offshoot—Great Britain offers a reciprocity of privilege, and it is America that refuses it. England says, give my literary children an equal privilege in your territories, and I have already passed an act under which I will give your authors copyright privileges throughout my dominions. But the United States refuses to listen to the proposal, and by her provision of "citizenship or residence," limits her copyright to the authors belonging to, or living on, her own soil.

Now, among the effects that would be produced by an international law of copyright between the two countries—or, to speak more accurately, among the beneficial results that would arise were America agreeing to reciprocate the liberal policy of Great Britain on this subject, the following are palpable and beyond question :—

* I was told, in Boston, that the proprietors of *Blackwood* had the merit of striking out this most legitimate mode of counter-mining the attempts made to deprive them of the profits arising from the very extensive sale of their popular periodical in the United States of America. By securing the services of literary men of the American Confederation, and resident therein, they have not only added to their staff, but secured themselves against reprints in the United States—save with their own consent.

Such reciprocity would secure to the authors of both countries a much larger field for profit, as well as fame ; and, while the writers of both would be thereby benefited, the larger share of the advantage would be to the literary men of America. To them there would be immediately opened up profitable access to a population of some forty millions of people, exclusive of the whole vast colonial empire of Great Britain ; while the similar addition made to the field for the Englishman's operations would be somewhere about one moiety of the number above named. Than the literary men of a nation, there is surely no class of persons who more deserve that attention should be paid to their interests in the general legislation. They are no doubt a comparatively small body, and therefore it is that their voice is so little heard, even in matters in which they are especially concerned. But let not our American friends forget that it was the remark of one of their own earlier Governors—an observation of the first Governor of Massachusetts (Winthrop)—that “ the best part of a community is always the least, and of this least part the wiser is always the less ”—a remark which deserves special remembrance, not only in America, but everywhere else.

While, however, it would conserve and promote the literary interests of both countries that America reciprocated the international policy of Great Britain on this subject, it is most especially for the interest and consequent advancement of her own literary school that she should do so. Compared with that of

England, the literary school of the United States is yet in its infancy. No doubt in this, as in other respects, the republic is making rapid progress; and when adorned with such names as Sigourney, Irving, Baneroft, Prescott, Longfellow, Bryant, Story, Kent, Greenleaf, and Hoffman, it were absurd to question the right of America to take a high position in the world of letters. But still, as contrasted with England, most of her national literary laurels have yet to be gathered; and what can more tend to retard her in this career than placing her literary men at a disadvantage as regards the remunerative character of their productions? Exposed as he is to the competition of another publisher, who reprints an English work of a kindred nature, without paying its author a single sixpence out of the profits derived from its sale, how can the publisher who purchases the manuscript of an American author afford to give a fair or reasonable price for the object of his acquisition? That authors of distinction do not, in general, write from motives of gain has nothing to do with the question. If it had, it might be worth while to stop, to point out the host of facts that are on record which lead to a somewhat different conclusion; but this, at all events, must be conceded—that the supply of literary productions, and the number of men who will devote themselves to literary pursuits in any country, will ever be more or less influenced by the value placed on them, as evinced by the remuneration given them for their labours. Most of the men of distin-

guished literary name in America follow other professions or callings, or are engaged in diplomatic life. The classic and elegant Longfellow is Professor of Modern Literature in Harvard College—Bryant is editor of a newspaper in New York—the United States' historian Bancroft was sent by the cabinet of the United States to this country—Washington Irving went as minister of the United States to Spain; and the same remark may be made with reference to various others of the great names of the literary republic of America. How far this sinking of the literary in the professional and diplomatic character has originated in the non-remunerating nature of literary labour, I do not pretend to say; but, in saying that it has much to do with it, I only state the opinion I have myself formed, and one which is very generally entertained in the United States themselves. I find no fault with the fact. That the field of diplomatic life should be open to the ambition of literary men augurs favourably for a nation. Nay, more; because men are actively engaged in the discharge of the duties of professional or official life, it does not therefore necessarily follow that they have the less inclination, or, apparently, the less time for the prosecution of literary pursuits. Of this we have many remarkable instances. In addition to the American ones I have before mentioned, we have numerous men in Great Britain who may be referred to by way of illustration. Henry (Lord) Brougham wrote the numerous works, treatises, essays, lives, histories, and disserta-

tions, which remain a record of the versatility as well as of the vigour of his powerful mind, while in the discharge of the duties of an arduous profession, and engaged in the turmoil of political life, or after he had commenced the herculean task of disposing of the arrears of business in the Court of Chancery of England; Francis Jeffrey found time to produce the numerous papers which adorn the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, while engaged in the very vortex of his profession as a lawyer—in which profession he occupied the very highest position; Professor Wilson, the world-renowned Christopher North of *Blackwood*, wrote his various poems and novels, in addition to all his numerous and noble contributions to the magazine he so long edited, while discharging the duties of the professorial chair; and to add yet another instance, the historian of Europe, Alison, has not only found time to write the greater part of his great work, but to write many other works, besides numerous and erudite contributions to the periodical literature of the day, while occupying the situation of judge-ordinary, both in civil and criminal matters, in the most populous county—in which is the most populous city—in Scotland.*

* It will give the reader a more graphic idea of the amount of official and judicial duty, ably and satisfactorily discharged by this eminent and popular author, and the zealous discharge of which has not prevented the production of the many works of ability and research which immortalise his name, to peruse the following quotation from a speech of Mr (now Lord) Brougham, delivered in the House of Commons on 29th April 1830, in which he thus makes

Similar examples might be multiplied, but they only prove that professional, official, or even judicial duty does not necessarily debar from literary labour. They furnish no reason why men of letters should be almost compelled to engage in other, and oftentimes uncongenial pursuits, because of the insufficiency of the remuneration received from their publications. Besides, it is to be questioned whether literature will flourish as a separate profession in any country in great vigour, unless there be in it a body—a large body—of men who make it the principal, if not the exclusive, business of their lives; and this cannot be reasonably expected to be the case, if the prosecution of it leads not to competence, if not to something more. If therefore the United States of America would see literature flourish amongst them with additional vigour, let their Congress at once pass a law, similar in effect to the bill introduced into the United States' Senate in 1837, by that able, venerable, and accomplished statesman, the Hon. Henry Clay, for extending the privilege of the act of 1831 to the non-resident subjects of Great Britain and of France in respect of future publications. The result of such a measure would be at once seen

mention of the amount of judicial business transacted in the *civil* court, of which Mr Alison is the judge:—"Taking the number of cases, and the value of property involved in them, brought in the county court of Lanarkshire, which includes Glasgow, it will be found that half a million's worth is adjudicated on annually by that court." If such was the state of matters twenty years ago, the amount, as well as the importance of the business, has more than doubled since the above date.

in the renewed impetus it would give to American literature itself, whatever might be its effects as regards the literature of England.

Another effect of such a measure on the part of America as that now contended for, would be to improve the character of the English works which are generally sold in public places—at railway stations—on board steamboats—and in hotels, in and throughout the United States. Who, that has travelled in the American Union, has not been struck with the inferior, trashy, if not immoral character and tendency of the majority of the cheap publications that are tendered for his acceptance at such places as have been indicated? Nearly all of these publications are reprints of books published in England, and the works of our inferior novelists, productions replete with the marvellous, or with details taken wholesale from the criminal records—books which profess to give the minutiae of what is called European fashionable life, for the gratification of a morbid taste or desire to pry into its secret details; but which carry falsehood on the very face of them—reprints of English translations of demoralising books originally brought out in France—and which are the more calculated to do mischief in that they make a parade of exhibiting the pleasantnesses of vice, only that they may afterwards show that the end was destruction. I appeal to every candid American if such be not a fair and disinterested description of the literary food supplied in public places, and public vehicles of travel,

for the use of the general public in the United States of America. When I went over the rivers and railways of America, there was a temporary improvement on the general state of matters in this respect. The two first volumes of Macaulay's *History of England* had some months before made their appearance from Great Britain, and after a very brief space the work had been reprinted in a very cheap form; and it is but fair to say, that I saw many of these reprints, of this great and good work, in the hands of the traveling stationers and others, and many of them sold at the very low price of seventy-five cents, or about three shillings sterling. But they were exposed for sale side by side with such books as *The Mysteries of the Criminal Records*, Paul de Kock's *Paul the Profligate*, *The Great City*, et hoc genus omne. Indeed, I refer to this sale of the cheap editions of Mr Macaulay's book the more readily, not merely because it is only right to state the whole facts, but because in a conversation I had with an intelligent statesman in America on this subject of international copyright, he pointed to the rapid and extensive sale of such a book as Mr Macaulay's *History of England*, as one of the advantages secured to his country by the non-existence of such a copyright law. Now, even were it so—even did the refusal of reciprocity in protection, by way of copyright, lead to the cheapening of English books of an improving character, and consequently to their being more read by the great mass of the people, it were

easy to show that the advantage is gained at the too costly price of doing injustice to the great body of American literary men, retarding and repressing America in her literary career, and leading to an inundation of cheap books of the most demoralising character. But it is not so. Ere I close these few observations on the subject, I will show that the cheapness of books might be secured in America, without involving any denial of the reciprocity for which I contend: meanwhile, the object is to prove that one of the effects of such a denial is the overwhelming number of cheap publications, of an inferior and an injurious character, which find their way into the hands of the general body of the people, to the exclusion of the better works. If theft it be, (as some argue,) it is a theft of trash. The reason of this is very obvious. If a publisher could not reprint an English work without some previous arrangement with the author of it, such publisher would take care that he did not put himself to the expense of printing and publishing anything that would not stand the test of time and examination; and however the taste of the vicious part of the public may throw the tendency at first, the taste of the general body of a people is sure to come right at last. Silly, immoral, impure works may find a degree of popularity for a time, but in a short space they are sure to become unsaleable. But as cheapness and novelty are (as matters at present stand) the main consideration in the United States, and as the publisher of an English reprint pays nothing

for the right to do so, all he cares for is to print just so many copies of a work as will take immediately, without reference to its inherent merits, or the probable continuance of its popularity,—as many as he can rapidly dispose of before a rival can interfere with a reprint, to deprive him of part of his sales. Were the publisher secured in his possession by a copyright, he would be more careful in his selection of the work to be reprinted, and more regardful of the probability of its finding acceptance with the moral and reflecting, who compose, I rejoice to think, a large proportion of the American nation.

Another effect of such an international copyright—and the last I will trouble the reader with for the present—would be to equalise the price of standard works in both countries ; and, on the whole, also to cheapen such works in both. Here we touch on the kind of argument which is in general use as a reason for America's refusal to reciprocate with England in an international law. It is supposed, and said, that the effect would be to enhance the prices of English books in America, and thus place them beyond the reach of many of the industrious classes. This is a misconception of the probable effects. Whether, even were the result to be a slight or even a considerable enhancement in the price of the works of British authors in the Union, the American statesmen are acting wisely in refusing reciprocity—whether they do right in sustaining a state of things which makes Macaulay, Alison, and Tytler, Hemans,

Wordsworth, and Moore, Dickens, Wilson, and Bulwer, so cheap, that the very cheapness offers an inducement for the American public to read them in preference to Sigourney, Longfellow, and Bryant, Bancroft, Everett, and Prescott, Irving, Cooper, and Dana, admits of very grave questioning. But they do not, by so sustaining the questionable system, get even the supposed advantage. It is not America's denial of international copyright that has cheapened and is cheapening books, but it is America's denial of international copyright that has produced all the injurious consequences to America herself that have been already pointed out.

Other causes than the supposed one have contributed to the lessening of the price of literary productions, not only in America, but in England. In both countries they have been coming down in price for some years past, and they are now in general published and sold at prices so low as to place the best works within the reach of the general body of readers. If, as a rule, books are now much lower in price in the United States than they are in Great Britain, the observation applies chiefly, if not alone, to the reprints of British authors — reprints which are oftentimes brought out with a degree of inaccuracy of type, inelegance of form and of printing, and insufficiency of binding, which makes them truly dearer, at the cheap price, than editions printed and published with greater care would be at the high one. This is another of the effects of the want of a system of inter-

national copyright, between these two kindred nations, of which I would say a few words ere I conclude ; meanwhile the question is as to the legitimate causes which have so much lessened the price of literary productions of late years.

Of these it will be sufficient here to mention these two—the falling in of copyright books by the expiry of the term of protection, and the increase in the numbers of the reading public. The first of these, although important, is of such second-rate influence compared with the last, that it may be passed over without further remark. The main cause of the diminished price of books is the increase in the number of readers, and that authors and publishers have found from experience, that here, as in everything else, an enhanced price produces a diminished demand. Proprietors of copyright books do not now wait the expiry of the term of protection before publishing editions at a price so cheap as to put them within the reach of the general public. Of this the instances are so numerous that the difficulty is in selection. To take the latest I have observed, most of the popular novels of Mr James, and of the equally popular historical romances of Mr Ainsworth, most of which were within the last few years published at the price of £1, 11s. 6d. each, are even now, in the lifetime of the authors, and during the subsistence of the copyright, publishing in London in volumes each containing a complete novel or romance, printed on good paper, with a good clear type, neatly got up,

and *not in columns*, at the price of one shilling. Similar instances will present themselves to every reader, illustrative of the fact that the effect of a copyright in keeping up the price of books of general acceptability has been greatly over-estimated. In short, the price at which the works of our best authors are now usually published, or republished, seems to be very much regulated by the number of the class of readers to whom they are addressed or adapted, or who may be likely to peruse them. Works on law, medicine, or abstract science, or curious and erudite dissertations on philology and suchlike abstruse subjects, are dear—not from anything in the difficulty or expense of publication, but from the limited number of the parties to whom they are more immediately addressed. Works on theology are comparatively cheap, because there is in this country a numerous class by whom they are purchased, if not perused; and books of fiction and light literature are generally cheapest of all, because such works find numerous readers among all classes of the community.

And what, then, might not be expected to arise from the introduction of an international reciprocity system on this subject? Were American authors protected in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and our numerous colonies, and were British authors protected in the United States of America, the number of readers would be vastly increased to both; the authors would be protected from a most undesirable competition; the general price would be reduced, because more books

would be sold ; and only better and more accurate editions would find their way before the public. And, let our American friends ponder this, the advantage in all these respects would greatly preponderate on their side. The field opened up to the American author would be increased in a greater ratio than that opened up to the British one. The undesirable competition which exists at present tells far more against him than it does against the literary men of England. It is in America, not in England, that the great complaint is made of works being thrust before the public with a haste and carelessness which is inconsistent with accuracy : a fact which is powerfully illustrated by this, that some of the first booksellers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, sell many copies of English editions of English books, inasmuch as American gentlemen, making additions to their libraries, often prefer paying the English price for the accurately printed and strongly bound imported work, rather than the much smaller price for the hastily got up and loosely put together copy of the reprinted book. In one of the most extensive publishers in the city of Boston, I was assured of this fact ; and it was corroborated by the number of imported books I saw in the premises ; and confirmed by a sale, in my presence, of an English copy of the two first volumes of Mr Macaulay's great work, at the English price of 16s. per volume, although an American reprint of the book, of as much apparent neatness and largeness of type, and excellence of

paper, lay alongside of it, marked at a price of only one-third the above-named sum.

The introduction of Mr Clay's bill of 1837, and the support it received, shows that there is a class of men in America favourable to this literary reciprocity of legislation between the two countries—a class which is both intelligent and influential. It is to be hoped that their numbers and their influence will increase; and that, aided by the pens of those to be chiefly benefited, their efforts will eventuate in the production of legislative enactments which will treat authors as they deserve to be treated—not as members of this or of that country, or as citizens of this or of that community—but as cosmopolitans, as benefactors of their race, and candidates for the plaudits of the whole family of mankind. As he peruses the immortal productions of their genius and patient research; as he appropriates to himself their observations or their creations, or as he proceeds to furnish his mind from their works with thoughts, and to people his brain with never-dying and ever-delightful memories and associations, who thinks or who cares what country may have given birth to a Shakspeare, a Byron, a Campbell, or a Scott? The country whence they sprung is proud of them, and well she may; but they wrote not alone for her, or scarcely even more for her than for the rest of the world. Their name and their fame is heard over all the earth. Wherever there exists a mind that can appreciate talent, or a heart that can respond to the touch of genius, to that spot

did they address themselves ; and of that spot, wherever it may be, such men may be considered the adopted children. And as I hope it is with the departed as well as with the living authors of Great Britain in America, so I know is it in Great Britain with the literary men of the Republic. Who cares to consider, as he peruses the works of the American Hemans — Mrs Sigourney — or of the graceful, elegant, and able Longfellow, or the vigorous and energetic Bryant, whether the authors of such works are English or American—whether they were born and educated in Boston in England, or in its greater name-child, Boston in the States ?

The only legislation that were fitted for the question of international copyright, is one based upon the above principles—one which recognises, in all its length and breadth, the cosmopolitan nature of literary claims — one, in short, which acknowledges wisdom in the motto prefixed to this chapter, and sympathises with the feelings set forth in its kindred verse,—

“Where'er the human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves ;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair ;
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is the world wide fatherland.”

There is one other subject on which I would desire to say a few words, ere bringing to a conclusion this narrative of impressions and experiences connected

with a visit to the United States of America, and that subject is the question of

EMIGRATION,

and the advantages or disadvantages attaching to the great North American continent as a place to which Europeans, and especially my own fellow-countrymen, may convey those thews, sinews, and other appliances, or that knowledge, science, and capital, which have proved insufficient for their comfortable maintenance in the midst of the greater competition and elbowing of their native land. Emigration from Europe is likely to become one of the leading questions of the day; and without disputing—nay, on the contrary admitting—the great claims, capacities, and advantages held out by the vast continent of Australasia, as a field for the able and the enterprising, it is hoped that the following remarks on emigration to America may prove of some use to those persons whom connexion, vicinity, or other ground of preference, may induce to go there, rather than to the more distant British dependencies of New South Wales or New Zealand.

Never having visited the vast possessions of England in the Indian or South Pacific Ocean, I am, as a matter of course, quite incompetent to institute any comparison between them and the American continent, in regard to the inducements they respectively hold out to intending emigrants. In offering the following suggestions, therefore, it is very far from my intention

to persuade any one to prefer North America to Australasia. Neither is it my intention to make any direct comparison between the United States of America and the noble, varied, and extensive colonial possessions of Great Britain on the American continent, as places of location for parties from this country seeking a home on the other side of the Atlantic. Such tasks are too extensive to be introduced at the close of a work of this nature. Were I to adventure on such comparative views at all, I fear my feeling of patriotism would give a strong bias to my reasoning. As a general rule, I think it most desirable, and most worthy the attention of the Government of this country, that everything possible should be done to direct the torrent of emigration, which has for many years been going on and increasing, towards the shores of our own valuable colonies; and, inasmuch as the vast majority of voluntary emigrants are influenced in their choice of the place to which they emigrate, chiefly, if not solely, by ties of a hereditary or family nature, the plain course would be to give direction and impetus, by making public grants to aid in conveying bodies of emigrants from particular localities of the mother country, and for settling them in circumstances of sufficient comfort on public lands in the colony. Such an arrangement might be accompanied by provision for the repayment of the loan or grant, or of part of it, by small annual instalments out of the profit of the reclaimed lands. The nucleus thus formed, the hereditary and family ties already spoken of might safely be left to work out the rest.

This is an interesting and important subject, but it is not my intention to follow it farther for the present, having made mention of it simply to show that in the following remarks I do not profess to enter upon, much less to discuss, the general question of emigration. My object is merely to note down a few remarks as the results of personal inquiry and observation—remarks which may prove of service to persons who may contemplate emigrating, and who may have determined on America as the scene to which they will remove themselves.

Believing that emigration has its origin in natural causes which no legislation can effectually control, and believing also that any legislative measures designed to restrain it would be unjust and unwise, even if they could accomplish the object aimed at, I think the wisest course is to direct and not to retard, and that the best direction is to circulate information on the subject of American emigration, both to the colonies and to the States.

The intending emigrant to America should, in the first place, make himself well acquainted with the nature of the climate of that portion of the British possessions, or of the Republic, to which he may think of directing his steps. On this subject there is great misconception prevalent. The Southern States of the Union, such as Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia, are neither so hot nor so unhealthy as they are generally supposed to be; neither are the extreme Northern States, or the Canadas, or New

Brunswick, or Nova Scotia, so cold as they are usually supposed to be. As regards the former, while parts of them are too hot and too unhealthy to be comfortable or desirable locations for a European, yet other parts of them, among the hill-country and villages of the western portions, enjoy a temperate climate, which is not merely consistent with, but also conducive to, comfort and longevity. While as regards the latter, it may be safely laid down as a general truth that, though the winters are somewhat colder than they are in Great Britain, they are also much drier; and while they do not exceed, even in Nova Scotia, an average of four months' duration, the spring and summer are characterised by a luxuriance and rapidity of vegetation which adapts the north particularly to agricultural pursuits. Moreover, the chief cities of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, &c., are all to the south of Great Britain.

There are thus, at all events, very great variations of climate in the North American continent, from an almost tropical heat to a great intensity of cold; and these varieties are not to be judged of simply by a knowledge of the latitude and longitude of the particular places: therefore, the emigrant should carefully acquaint himself, through channels on which he can rely, regarding the particulars of the climate of his contemplated location, ere he leaves his native country.

After climate, the selection of soil is the next matter to be attended to. Here the choice is so great as to be very puzzling. In the United States, the price of

the Government lands is one dollar and a quarter an acre. But these lands lie chiefly in the newly-settled states; and I found it to be the generally expressed opinion of intelligent Americans, that the emigrant from Europe would find it more to his advantage to secure lands in some of the older states, even though he should do so by the payment of a considerably enhanced price. If the lands in the new states are lower, there are disadvantages in the thinness of the population, and in the want of roads and markets; while in the older states, if the price of land be higher, there are great advantages in sufficiency of labour and means of transit. Besides, the price of land in the older settlements is not very much higher than it is in the new—at least if favourable opportunities of purchase be watched and taken advantage of. In 1849, while the California mania was in the height of its fervour, and even at a later date, lands were to be had in North America, in localities where the roads were good, the markets accessible, and the institutions of the country, with all the appliances for comfort and even luxury, in a forward state, at very moderate prices—such prices as two, three, or four dollars per acre, according to the comparative advantages of location. Moreover, the purchase of lands in such localities makes the change of country less felt than when it is to a remoter, ruder, and newer scene; and there are always plenty of persons to be found who, from a variety of causes, are disposed to sell their established partially-cleared farms, and either

depart to the south in search of gold, or go farther onwards to clear for themselves a new home on the outer extremity of civilised life, as the pioneers of advancing civilisation.

The above remarks on locality have more peculiar application to the United States; but they apply also to the British possessions in North America. In these colonies also it is true that the emigrant often commits the mistake of choosing a lonely location, in a part of the country comparatively unsettled, when a very little more of original expenditure would secure him better land, in a settled community, and with ready access to markets.

Having formed his resolution regarding climate and soil, let the emigrant look well to the sufficiency of the title he may get to any land he may invest a part of his money in purchasing. In the British possessions this is easy enough; and I have great pleasure in saying, on the information of many professional friends in the United States, that if the matter be properly gone about, it is there as easy. There is an error generally prevalent on this subject in Great Britain. Land titles in the American Union are not environed with more difficulties than they are in this country. There is no reason they should be so; inasmuch as American lawyers, as a body, are abundantly acute and able, and, I have much pleasure in adding, highly honourable likewise. Moreover, the record system is universal in the United States; and the very fact that land is plentiful and cheap

lessens one of the difficulties in settling boundaries.

There are some other considerations that might be suggested as requiring the attention of the emigrant contemplating the continent of North America as the scene of his future home. These would be specified and commented on, were this brief dissertation intended to be a full disquisition on the subject. What has been written is, however, sufficient for the purpose in view, which was to direct attention to the difficulties in the way of emigrants, particularly the poorer class of them, getting that accurate information before leaving home, which is so necessary and so desirable; and to the advantage likely to accrue from the establishment of a proper association for their assistance and protection—not merely up to the hour of their arrival on the shores of the country of their adoption, but when proceeding, after reaching that land, to the particular location for which they are destined. He who has seen the condition of numbers of the poorer class of emigrants, when passing up the rivers either to the North or the South of the American continent, (either up the St Lawrence or up the Mississippi,) on their way to their destination, will appreciate these remarks without farther illustration. Having left their native country with but little information as to the place for which they are destined, save that it is in America, and that they have relations or connexions there—after having been partially robbed of their little all at the seaport of their embarkation—after

having also been misled into taking a circuitous and expensive route to their future home—it frequently happens that these poor people arrive at an American seaport, to be again partially plundered, and put to much unnecessary trouble, inconvenience, and expense, ere they are permitted to reach the particular locality chosen by them as the scene of their voluntary exile. The perishing of thousands of such emigrants by the way adds a feature of deep melancholy to the scenes thus feebly pointed at. Some of the notes in which these remarks originated were written when sailing on the Mississippi, in May 1849, during which month nearly every steamer that went up that mighty and muddy river, with emigrants, lost a large portion of its living freight through the ravages of cholera, and the total unpreparedness of the poor people as regards everything calculated to aid the constitution in resisting attack. Part of them were also taken when sailing up the St Lawrence, from Quebec to Montreal, in the same year, with a steamer which had on board of it a number of emigrants, the remains saved from certain shipfuls that had sailed from Ireland and Scotland, but had suffered shipwreck in the ice. There was no cholera or other epidemic raging amongst these last, but it was melancholy to find, on getting into conversation with them, how ill-defined were their ideas, and how vague were their hopes. Few of them knew anything at all of the peculiarities of the part of Canada, &c., they had selected for their future home, and many of them did not even know in what direction it lay.

Now all this suffering might be saved, were an association formed, established on proper principles, and presided over by men of influence and character, (to give a public guarantee for its integrity,) both in Great Britain, in her colonial possessions, and in the United States—an association whose officers might obtain and circulate all necessary information, and take charge of the emigrants, both ere they leave this country, and after they arrive on the distant shore. It is not my intention here to point out what should or might be the constitution of such an association; but it is candid that I add, that the idea of protecting the emigrant from spoliation, by means of the organisation of an emigration company, while it had its origin in conversations with men of influence and information on the other side of the Atlantic, has been greatly confirmed by considering the constitution of the Universal Land and Emigration Association, formed in London, with branches in America and elsewhere—an Association to which I wish every measure of success, being satisfied that its objects are philanthropic, and its basis sound; and knowing that, even did its beneficial operations extend no further than to the protection of the emigrant up to the period of his arrival at the place of his choice, the amount of good to be effected would be unquestionably great. An attractive feature of this Association, (but one not peculiar to it, though only of late introduction in aid of emigration,) is an application of the principle of life insurance. Under the operation of this principle, the

emigrant who is unable to purchase the land which he designs to cultivate may lease it for life, at the same time insuring his life for a sum equivalent to the value of the fee-simple. Thereafter, an annual payment of the premium of insurance, and of the small annual rent of the land, secures him the possession during his lifetime; while, at his death, the property descends to his heirs, or follows the disposition he may himself have made of it, free and unencumbered, the Association being protected from loss by means of the life policy originally taken out.

It is not for a work like this either to discuss the general question of the necessity and expediency of emigration from Europe, or to follow out the various modes in which systems of emigration may be originated and carried on, of a nature, and in a manner, which will conserve both the comfort of the emigrant and the profit of the capitalist; but there are a few broad facts on the subject which demonstrate the importance of the adoption of proper measures for the regulation of the emigration. Of these the greatest is, that, even while we speculate on its necessity or expediency, it is going on and increasing. Even while we debate the question of whether any withdrawal of labour from the markets of Europe is requisite or desirable, multitudes are deciding that question for themselves, and crossing the ocean, many of them literally in *search* of a new home. Nay, more, the numbers of those that do so are increasing. In 1846, the total number of emigrants from Great Britain was

129,851; in 1847, it rose to 258,270; while, in 1848, it was 248,089. The mass of these emigrants have gone to the continent of North America; and, of those that have gone there, the larger number have gone to the States. With such a fact before us, it is obviously no answer to an appeal for the adoption of measures to regulate this stream of emigration, (so as to prevent its being attended with a sacrifice of life and property,) to say that there is no necessity for emigrating at all. Of that the individuals who emigrate should be the best judges; and it surely augurs a very powerful motive, that whole families, from the greyheaded grandsire to the young man just entering upon that period of life when hope is brightest and love of country strongest, tear themselves from ties of home, and embark by shipfuls to seek a distant home across a hitherto untried wave. No speculation will get the better of the argument which the fact supplies; and therefore it is that every friend of humanity ought to contemplate with satisfaction any judicious measure for conducting emigration in such a way as will prevent its being attended with that loss of life, and squandering of property, the past existence of which is best known to those who have most studied the fortunes of the emigrants, not only up to the date of their leaving this country, but up to that of their arrival at the far-off home of their adoption. No doubt it has been by some urged, as an argument against concurring in measures for the encouragement of emigration, by making it more pleasant and more safe, that we

are thereby aiding in the withdrawal, not of the useless or worthless, but of a very valuable class of the community, and also of much capital, which might otherwise be profitably employed or invested at home. A little inquiry and reflection destroys much of the force of the first branch of this objection; and the same means lead to the conclusion that the second is not so sound, in point of fact, as it at first sight appears. No doubt, many very valuable members of the community do emigrate; but the fact of their doing so is the best evidence of their inability to find profitable development for their capabilities at home; and besides, their departure makes room for others, who would not otherwise be able so to employ themselves as to add to the general resources of the nation. Exceptional cases there are, but these prove nothing against the general rule. Emigrants from some districts might find all the relief their particular cases require, without emigrating beyond the limits of their native land. But it is surely not to be argued that obstacles should be thrown in the way even of the departure of such persons. Liberty to choose for himself the place of his location is one of the dearest birthrights of a free-born man; and the love of country and of home, by nature implanted, and strongest in the breasts of the most valuable of a nation's peasantry and people, is an abundantly safe check against the undue increase of such exceptional cases as have been now referred to.

As to the monetary part of the question, it is of course true that a large sum is annually withdrawn by

the departure of a numerous army of emigrants. But, even without going into a very lengthened investigation, it would not be difficult to show that the impetus given to trade by these very "pioneers of civilisation and of liberty," and by the demand which they aid in creating, in distant lands, for the manufactured commodities of the Old Country, very speedily restores the amount removed, even with the addition of a profit. There is, however, another source of return which is more apt to be overlooked, and that is, the pecuniary amounts sent home by previous emigrants, in their affectionate desire to aid the relatives and connexions they have left behind to leave the crowded fields of competition at home, and join them in the less occupied, though perchance ruder, scene to which they had withdrawn themselves. To the credit of the warm-hearted sons and daughters of Erin be it said, that this is an especial feature in the emigration from the Emerald Isle, nearly three-fourths of the whole expense of emigration from Ireland being defrayed by remittances made by previous emigrants. As to the amount actually remitted I find it authentically stated that the sum paid in the United States of America, in settlement of the passage money of persons going hence, with the amount remitted on the same account through mercantile firms in Liverpool and different parts of Ireland, (exclusive of that which passed through the house of Baring, Brothers, and Co., of which there was no return,) was in the year 1848 upwards of £460,000.

But the facts last mentioned are only subjects for consideration ; They enter not into the general argument of whether it is expedient to adopt measures for the regulation of that tide of emigration which has for some years been so steadily increasing. With many others, I have arrived at the conclusion, that to do so were highly expedient and highly philanthropic.

But while the Government and people of these lands, already abundantly supplied with inhabitants, are thus called upon to aid in the promotion of the comfortable translation of such of their fellow-countrymen as may wish expatriation, those of the lands to be supplied from that abundance have even a stronger call, and a deeper interest, in the matter—although this is a view of the question to which much attention has not yet been directed. If *emigration*, properly conducted, tends to the relief of a too thickly-peopled country, *immigration* properly conducted will tend to the advancement of a nation whose territory is too extensive for its population. In both cases there is the same necessity for the adoption of controlling measures. Emigration may weaken and impoverish when it should only relieve. Immigration may demoralise and debase, when it should only supply the means of subjugating the soil. If in either case evil is the issue, the fault lies not in encouraging the one or in promoting the other, but in the absence of proper measures of regulation or control. As natives of a land whence numbers of the community are annually removing themselves, it is with emigration that the

British public have to do ; and few among them can fail to rejoice at the spirit which has lately manifested itself to adopt measures for the protection and safety of those whom difficulties at home, or any other causes, may induce to seek a new and distant home in any of Great Britain's numerous and noble colonies, or even in other lands.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Lives there the man

Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
When home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.”

SCOTT.

LEAVE BOSTON AND HALIFAX—VOYAGE HOME—ICEBERGS—SHOAL OF
WHALES—SEA-SERPENT AND OLD ENGLAND.

TRITE as is the above quotation, it accurately describes a feeling which more or less pervades every one of whose composition love of country forms a part. We may talk and write of being cosmopolites, and it is right and proper that we should often feel, and generally act, as if we were so. But there is an inner shrine for love of country and home; and strangely constituted must be the heart that can return to the shores of his native land without some feelings of pleasurable emotion. What may be the feelings of the man who has expatriated himself for nearly a lifetime, or even for a series of years, I cannot pretend to say; but this I can affirm, that it was with much satisfaction, excitement, and pleasant

sensation that, the pain of the farewell to my kind friends in Boston over, I found myself on the morning after going on board the steamship *Caledonia*, Captain Leitch, bounding onwards in the course for the white cliffs of Old England.

A sail of some forty hours brought us to Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, which I was agreeably surprised to find both a larger and a better built town than the descriptions of others had led me to expect. The most favourable view of Halifax is from the sea—as it stands on the declivity of a hill of about two hundred and fifty feet high—the sides of which are thus seen covered with warehouses, dwelling-houses, and public buildings, rearing their heads in rows, one over the other, up to the summit. These buildings are interspersed and enlivened with the spires of the churches, and of some other erections; and, amongst the whole, a rotunda-looking Dutch church and the signal-posts on Citadel Hill stand conspicuous. To these elements add the different batteries—the variety in the style in which the houses are built, and of the colours with which they are painted; the rows of trees showing themselves in different parts of the town; the numerous ships moored opposite the dockyard, with the establishments and tall shears of the latter; the merchant vessels under sail, or at anchor, or moored alongside the wharves; the wooded and rocky scenery of the background, with the island and small town of Dartmouth on the opposite shore—and the reader will see at once that there is much in a view

of Halifax, Nova Scotia, which is calculated to gratify a visitor.

It fortunately happened that the day of our arrival at Halifax was the centenary of the first establishment of the town, by the British in 1749, in which year it was founded in order to protect the British settlements in Nova Scotia from the attacks of the French and the Indians. Preparations had been made for the celebration of the day by a salute of a hundred guns, ringing of bells, review of troops, and display of fireworks. Brief, therefore, as was our stay in Halifax, we were privileged to see it in full dress, and the two hours' ramble through its streets presented more incidents to interest and amuse than, in other circumstances, could have been anticipated. Silken and satin badges, in commemoration of the event, had been prepared; and a colonial bard had composed, printed, and published a Song for the Centenary, in lines of great sweetness of versification as well as of considerable poetic power, and commencing with the verse,

“Hail to the day ! when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard with sea-foam all wet;
Above and around us their spirits still hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.”

The public buildings of Halifax are, the Provincial Building, which is about 140 feet long, by 70 broad, and has a handsome Ionic colonnade; the Government House, a somewhat gloomy-looking but substantial stone edifice; and Dalhousie College, a fine

building, erected of free stone. These, and the very spacious and superior dockyards, which cover a space of about fourteen acres, may be said to constitute the celebrities of the capital of Nova Scotia.

Leaving Halifax, we found ourselves once more at sea, steaming onward, at an increased rate, as the vessel gradually rose in the water on the equally gradual consumption of the heavy cargo of coals with which she had started from Boston.

The incidents even of the most agreeable sea voyage do not afford much that would interest in the narration ; and if that be the case even in a sailing vessel—where there is always the rise and fall and direction of the wind as a subject for speculation, and not unfrequently the amusement of fishing for the monsters of the deep, as “slow the ship” is tracking her progress through the waters—far more true must it be when the voyage is performed in a steamship. Still there were one or two occurrences to note even in the voyage in question. We saw numerous icebergs, a multitude of whales, and enjoyed at least the report that something “as long, sir, as a snake” had been seen performing its evolutions in the vicinity of the ship.

Within two days after leaving Halifax we came in sight of the icebergs, and, during that and the following day, a great many such sparkling islets were visible from the deck. Not less than eight large ones were within near view at one time. The sun shone brightly during the forenoon of each day, and it were not easy

to conceive a more beautiful sight than these masses of ice displayed under the influence of his rays. Like most of my fellow-passengers, my attention was particularly directed to the appearance of two of them. The first, to which we approached within the distance of less than a mile, was generally estimated at from 200 to 250 feet high from the surface of the water—although it is a curious study to observe the variety of the conclusions as to the size and distance of objects to which different members of the same party will arrive when the eye alone is the guide. On the upper part the “berg” was of the purest white, as if powdered over with snow, while the base was washed smooth, clear, and somewhat hollow; and the dark-blue wave, as it surged upon it, shone green, or sparkled into foam, in a singularly beautiful manner. When first seen, this ocean-wanderer from the northern seas appeared to all on board as bearing an exact resemblance to a lion couchant; and this semblance it bore during the whole time it continued within view. Ere it faded into distant view, the other I have alluded to attracted the general notice. It was considerably larger in every way than the one already described; and as we approached, neared, passed, and receded from it, the appearances it assumed were ever varying. At one time the exclamation was, How like a perfect fortress of ice! at another, How strongly it resembles a Gothic ruin! These, and the several appearances of mountains, churches, monasteries, Swiss mountain and adjacent goatherds’ cottage, all had their advocates,

and each could appeal to the beautiful object itself for some sort of countenance to the similarity which his own imagination had been partly instrumental in forming.

The danger of coming into actual contact with such stern wanderers of the ocean is, of course, much less in a steamship than in a sailing one; but, nevertheless, it seems but too probable that such was the mode in which the ill-fated *President*, and her whole living freight of crew and passengers, were hurried into eternity: and now, when steaming in the very track in which, in all probability, they were at the time proceeding, and in sight of objects of the same species as those which had sunk them to the bottom, most natural was it that the memory of the gallant *Roberts*, and his ill-fated crew and passengers, should rise upon the mind with much freshness of recollection. So great a length of time has now elapsed since the event alluded to occurred, without any certain intelligence being obtained on which a competent opinion can be formed as to the exact mode in which the *President* was lost, that there is no probability of the truth being known to us, till the day of the revelation of all things—that day when “the sea shall give up its dead.” But that the destruction was a violent one, although in open sea, is certain; and it is little less so that it occurred in the manner I have supposed, and in the darkness of night, after

“The sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters like a veil.”

Even while yet among the icebergs, we saw several

whales, but it was not till the last of the bergs had faded into thin air that we came to the places where it would seem these monsters “most do congregatc.” And there they were in number plentiful—ahead, a-stern, and on every side of us. At some distance they seemed to be reposing on the water—their dark backs alone visible, to an extent of about the size of the back of a horse, or occasionally rolling over in porpoise-like rolls, as if amusing themselves in lazy gambols. As the ship approached nearer—sometimes so near that the bow or paddles were within twenty or thirty yards of the huge animals ere they appeared to observe us—they threw up their tails three or four, or occasionally six feet out of the water, revealed the white underskin beneath, and plunged into the deep abyss, to rise and “spout” at some considerable distance from the ship. One of them performed such-like evolutions within only a few feet of the paddle-box, on which about half-a-dozen of the passengers were standing watching his motions; and, on comparing notes with several of my fellow-passengers, I found the prevalent opinion to be, that, in the course of a few hours, we had seen, within near view, fully a hundred of these fish-like beasts. Of what particular species they were, I did not inquire; and as to the nature of the occupations in which they were engaged, they had so much the appearance of enjoying themselves with their young, in their appropriate ocean-home, that I was reminded of the facetious description of a whale’s probable pleasures, put into

the mouth of Hogg, in the “Noctes Ambrosianæ” of *Blackwood*, where the Shepherd says—“Let me sec—I sud hae nae great objections to be a whale in the polar seas. Gran’ fun to fling a boatful of harpooners into the air, or wi’ ae thud o’ your tail to drive in the stern-ports of a Greenlandman. But then whales marry but ae wife, and are passionately attached to their offspring. There they and I are congenial speerits. Nae fish that swims enjoys so large a share o’ domestic happiness.”

It was on the morning after we had passed through the longest herd or flock of whales, that the incident occurred regarding the sea-serpent, of which casual mention has already been made. But, inasmuch as the first report of a snake having been seen from the deck of the ship, about two o’clock in the morning, degenerated into the fact that, at the hour named, one of the passengers, and the officer on the watch, had observed a motion in the waters which had a strong resemblance to the undulating movement in the waves which would be produced by the rapid swimming of a large member of the serpent tribe, the matter would not have been worthy of allusion, had it not been for the discussion which resulted from it on this *questio vexata*, of the probable existence of some such monster—which is not merely amphibious, as most serpents are, but which is so provided, by natural adaptation, as to be able to make the sea its home, just as is done by the whale and other animals, even of the genus mammalia. To judge from the state-

ments of some of the parties on board, having reference to the personal experience of themselves, or of their own credible acquaintances, there would seem to be little doubt of the existence of some such inhabitant of the "world of waters." And, after the description given of the animal, seen some years ago by a clergyman and others in the Hebridean sea—of the one seen several times, and by different parties, off the coast of North America, and particularly off New York and Boston and the shores of Nova Scotia—of the brute clearly seen and minutely described by Captain M'Qhae of the *Dædalus* and some of the officers of that ship, when cruising in the South Atlantic Ocean in 1848, (not to say anything of the more ancient, but equally graphic account of Pontoppidan,)—it is surely more probable that some such animal exists, than that these various parties have either been deceived themselves, or are attempting to deceive the rest of mankind. The latter idea is now out of the question, and the former seems equally excluded by the very minuteness of the description given by the witnesses themselves. That few such animals have been seen makes nothing against the fact of their existence. They may be few in number, and there may be good and sufficient reason why they are so, or why they are but rarely seen by human eye, although it may be impossible to adopt the theory, that the existing sea-serpent of American fame is "the only ane o' his species noo extant; and, whether he dees in his bed, or is slain by Jonathan, must

incur the pain and opprobrium o' defunckin' an auld batchelor." *

The other incidents of the voyage—the sighting and passing Cape Clear, the going up Channel, the arrival at Liverpool, and the return home, I leave to the imagination of my readers,—thanking them for having accompanied me thus far; and assuring them, that, if they should ever be disposed to take such a voyage, and such a round, it is my fervent hope that they may derive from it as much benefit, and as much pleasure, as it was productive of in the case of

THE AUTHOR.

* See *Blackwood* for July 1827.

FINIS.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
EDINBURGH.

61. 100. 1



L 005 117 695 6

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 083 216 0

